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DOING THE GRAND CANYON

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ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY THE AUTHOR

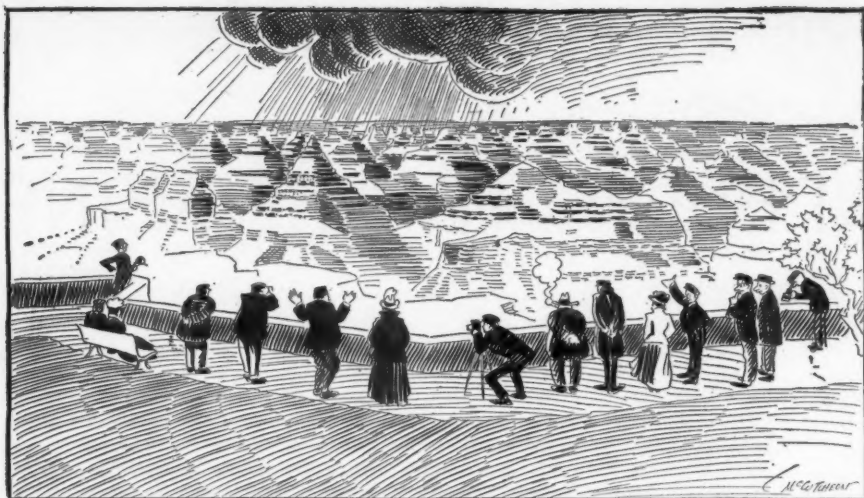


IN describing the Grand Canyon, one should go into a course of literary training and gradually work up to it. He should start off on the Bay of Naples, do that until he has perfected it, then tackle the sunset on the domes and minarets of Stamboul and work on that until he can do it in bogie. Then sunrise on Mount Rigi, the Vale of Cashmir, and other star attractions of nature. Perhaps by this method he might be able to make a try at the Canyon. The great climbers do not begin by ascending a Matterhorn or an Aconcagua the first thing. They do some foothill work first and then by steadily increasing the magnitude of the climb finally are able to negotiate the great peaks. Actors go through years of preparation before they reach their goal—Hamlet well done. Pianists work for years with their ambitions fastened on Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise. Violinists work up to Beethoven's Concerto—and so on. When a writer has tackled everything in the line of fancy descriptive writing, he crowns his life work with a pen picture of the Grand Canyon—called by

some: "The Greatest Show on Earth." For descriptions of the Canyon, see other writers.

The casual tourist approaches the Canyon with some dread. He fears that he will be disappointed. Surely nothing in nature can equal the expectations of one who has read what great writers have written about this wonderful place. He also fears that if he is disappointed, it may probably be his own fault rather than the Canyon's. It would hurt his pride to be considered as lacking in capacity to appreciate the great beauties of nature, and so, to play safe, he resolves to do full justice to the occasion if it costs him all the adjectives at his command.

It isn't much trouble to reach the Grand Canyon any more. A Pullman Sleeper takes you up to within a couple of hundred yards, and you are supposed to walk the rest of the way. As the time nears when you must meet the test of seeing the Masterpiece of Nature, you experience a peculiar agitation of expectancy. The last mile of railroad riding gives no warning of what lies only a few rods away. When the train stops you climb a flight that leads to the hotel and purposely avoid glancing



"In silent contemplation."

over in the direction of the Canyon for fear of getting a premature view which would take away the surprise of the supreme moment. You determine that you shall get all the thrill that is possible in one sudden compact shock.

You register leisurely so that you may compose yourself for the supreme moment when you are to get more sightseeing in one glance than is possible any place else in the world—a hole a mile deep and thirteen miles wide, filled with gigantic mountain peaks painted all the colors of the rainbow and fashioned in such beautiful symmetry as to make them seem like great masterpieces of architecture.

The Hotel El Tovar stands near the rim of the Canyon with a level stretch of a hundred feet lying between it and the very edge. A low parapet marks the edge and a number of benches are ranged along for the silent contemplation of the view. Beyond the wall there is nothing. It is as though the wall marked the end of the world and the beginning of infinity. It is not until the sightseer reaches the edge that the full force of the view strikes him with a shock that makes him gasp. All of his set speeches which he has prepared are forgotten as he stands rooted and trem-

bling before the overwhelming spectacle, afraid to utter the adjectives that seem such meager expressions of his emotions.

Silently he stands, gaping at the frightful immensity of the view, and half shrinking from the dreadful depths that shoot thousands of feet directly downward before him. It is as though the world had suddenly dropped away, leaving one clinging on the very edge, with fascinated eyes fixed on mountains so vast and so unexpected as to seem unreal. The sense of unreality is so strong that one imagines himself standing in the middle of a cyclorama building looking at a painting of highly colored mountains and mysterious gorges, so wonderfully done as to suggest an infinity of space. The silence aids in this delusion, and one half expects to go down some steps out into the noise and reality of a street again.

When you speak it is in the hushed respectful tone you would use at a funeral. Any loud exuberance of speech would be irreverent. You have the same awed feeling, multiplied a thousand times, that one experiences as he leans over the tomb of Napoleon in the great shadowy dome of the Hotel des Invalides.

Along the parapet stand silent figures entranced by the wonder of the scene. On

the benches sit other figures, all spell-bound and awed into silence by the brooding wonder that lies before them. It is like looking into another world—different from anything you have ever seen before.

When I first saw the Canyon a snow-storm was raging over one portion of it. Blue-black clouds were boiling out of the gorges and giving a weird mystery to the Canyon that was anything but earthly. In a moment brilliant red peaks changed to blue as the shadow of the storm swept over them. Great mountains faded in the mist and a moment later reappeared like domes of a city rising from the sea. Off in another part of the Canyon the evening sun was shining brilliantly and down in a gorge a furious rain storm was raging. Stretched before us was all kinds of weather—snow, rain, and sunshine—reminding one of the old-fashioned steel engravings wherein shafts of sunlight streamed down through great boiling masses of silver-tipped clouds—except that instead of black and white, there was blue and dark purple, orange and rosy tint, and wreaths of fleecy clouds whirling in and out of the silent gorges.

I couldn't help thinking of what the old Spanish explorers thought four hundred

years ago when they accidentally stumbled, without a moment's warning, on a scene like this. What a shrugging of shoulders there must have been!

As we sat in the comfortable hotel rotunda that evening, surrounded by everything that goes to make life pleasant and comfortable, there would come moments of silence as though each one was vainly struggling to realize that only a few feet away on the right lay that awful brooding chasm, as deep as the ocean and as profoundly silent as the stars.

The real excitement of a trip to the Canyon lies in the ride down one of the trails to the river, a mile below the rim. Most people go down by the Bright Angel Trail, which leads directly down from the Hotel El Tovar, and on which the round trip may be done in about eight hours. The motive power is mule-back, reinforced by a small switch which seems to have little persuasive effect, but imparts a sportylike jauntiness to the rider.

At nine o'clock the caravan assembles in full view of the hotel, much to the dismay of portly ladies in divided skirts who would

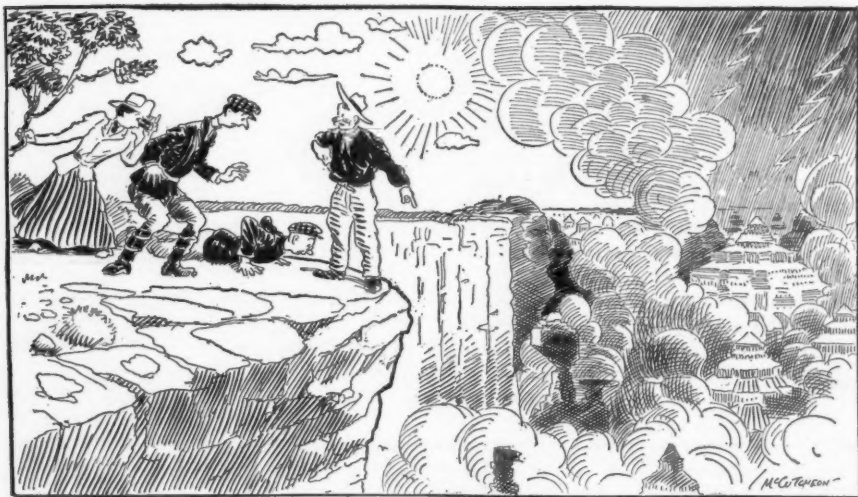


"The start from the hotel."

naturally prefer a less ostentatious start. A cowboy guide has previously determined the number of passengers that the mules are to carry, and one sturdy animal is provided for each passenger. When the latter marches bravely out of the hotel, garbed in borrowed or extemporized riding outfit and with his trusty camera girded about his shoulders, the cowboy asks him (or her) how much he (or she) weighs, and then allots a mule of proportionate strength.

ing up the courage of the whole party. "If she can do it, why, surely I ought to be able to." A few hundred yards from the hotel the caravan turns in toward the Canyon, and the trusty mules with their precious cargoes begin picking their way down the Bright Angel Trail.

The first six or seven hundred feet of the descent is along a snow-covered icy trail that zigzags down at a dizzy angle. Nerv-



"No danger if you don't fall off."

Many a mule has been deceived in the weight of ladies of great atmospheric displacement. There is much laughter and some nervousness as the adventurers launch themselves, or are launched, into the saddles and the cowboy guide starts gallantly off, followed by a stately and very deliberate caravan of old ladies, young ladies, old gentlemen, young gentlemen, and occasionally a child. There is much forced gaiety, but each one is thinking about perils that lie ahead and reassuring himself with the reflection that no one was ever lost in this daring feat, which he now is committed to. The presence of one old lady will have a wonderful effect in brac-

ous passengers shut their eyes and trust to the mule, who they hope is as anxious to get home safely as the rider. Of course, when the mule slips there are anxious moments in which the rider wonders how recently the mule was shod, but the latter does not seem to be at all uneasy about the matter. He picks his way downward with deliberate, businesslike certainty. He is probably thinking about something to eat. A short way below the rim occurs the first adventure. The caravan is halted while a young man takes a photograph of the crowd. When you return in the evening finished copies will be ready for you, if you wish to purchase them. Of course every-



"As they will describe it back home."

body buys a copy, for who would not give the required amount to have eternal evidence of his daring Israel-Putnam-like dash down the Grand Canyon.

The photographer is very crafty, for he posts his camera in a position overhead that makes the trail look twice as steep as it really is. And that will please you, for in



"The dare-devil photographer."

after years when you tell your friends about the memorable ride, you can show them how steep the trail was, and how daring you must necessarily have been to plunge down those ice-bound ledges. Usually, however, the presence in the photograph of some peaceful old lady detracts much from the heroism and dare-devil character of your ride.

Of course there is a certain amount of danger in going down the Bright Angel Trail. In places this path clings to the face of some dizzy precipice and winds down zigzag ledges that make the rider instinctively shrink away from the outer edge. If the mule should slip, all would be over. BUT—the mule doesn't slip, consequently there is no real danger. The trail is never as narrow or as steep as you will describe it when you get back home. If it were, no living animal could possibly make the trip safely.

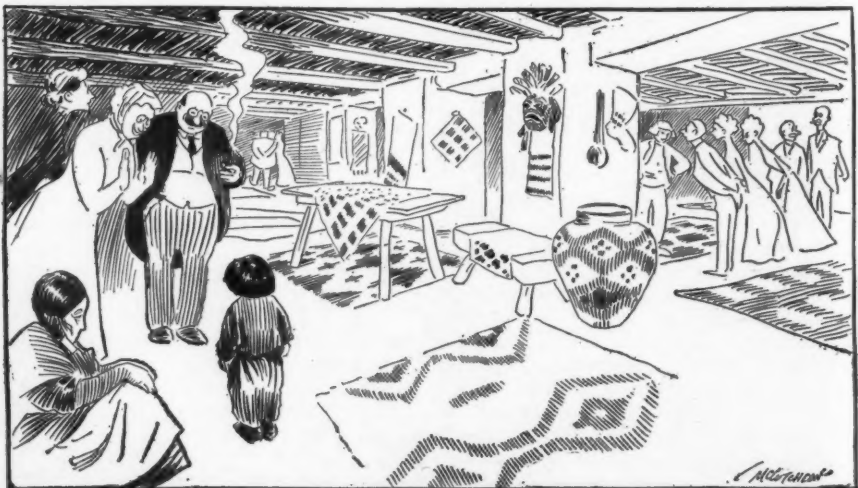
One has many things to think of on the ride down. In the first place, there is the possibility of the mule slipping. That is a thought much patronized by the riders. Then there is a chance of a hundred-ton rock being dislodged some place above and bouncing on your head as it passes skip-

pingly to points below. Then there is the thought of fainting, or of vertigo, and other pleasant things to occupy the time, and last, but not least, the glad thought that no one has ever been killed or seriously hurt on the trail, and that lots of elderly people make the trip without minding it.

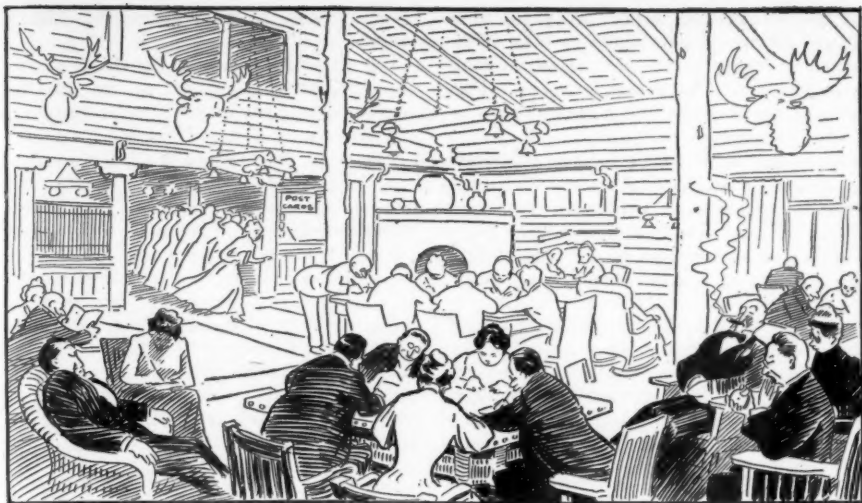
In the meantime the guide is answering time-honored questions, such as: "Was anyone ever killed on this trail?" "How often do you shoe your mules?" "Where do we have lunch?" "How high is that cliff?" "What makes the stone so red?" "How old is the Canyon?" "Who discovered it?" and "Isn't it remarkable how much those mountains look like old ruins of castles?"

The guide cheerfully gives the required information, whether he knows it or not. It doesn't much matter, for the questioner has asked another before getting the last one answered.

Thirty-four hundred feet below the rim is a beautiful broad plateau on which is situated the little collection of tent cottages that are called the Indian Garden. A good spring, a little patch of cultivated garden land, and a sort of a halfway house where cool drinks may be purchased, constitute the settlement. Many people come



"In the Hopi House."



"The picture-post-card hour."

down and spend the night in the tents, thereby getting an experience which enables them to say afterwards, "When I was roughing it out in Arizona." A long ride across the plateau leads one to the brink of the granite gorge, within which flows, fifteen hundred feet below, the angry, sullen waters of the Colorado River. At one time this plateau was laid out in town lots, for the mining prospectors had reported valuable iron pyrites, and they thought that a fine mining camp would be built up. But this discovery was not of value, and the dreams of a Canyon metropolis went vanishing. Nowadays there are only a few mining claims in the Canyon, most of which are valueless, but are held in the hope that the railroad company will buy them rather than have the scenery mused up with holes and dump heaps.

The ride down to the river from the Indian Garden is thrilling, especially the Devil's Corkscrew. This section of the trail—a six-hundred-foot drop down a terrifying zigzag of trail—is not recommended to people who don't like mountain climbing. The path is so steep that riding is unsafe, and the descent and ascent must be made on foot.

By one o'clock you eat your lunch at the edge of the river, with mind somewhat clouded by the realization that you have to go back every foot of that long trip you have come. You do it, however, and at five o'clock the caravan returns like triumphant explorers to the hotel at the top. You look for an easy chair—soft preferred—and discuss with one another your various heroisms of the day.

Sunset is a widely advertised feature of the Grand Canyon. Every promontory that juts out over the chasm has its group of sun worshipers. Adjectives roll out in endless volume as the sun tints the clouds and peaks the most wondrous hues, and the profound depths of the gorges seem even more profound in their purple shadows. Every time a sightseer says something complimentary, a new peak blushes a rosy red. It is an explosion of color, a scrambled rainbow, a thousand square miles of riotous beauty. A man from Indiana who gazed at the scene in silent admiration for a half hour, shook his head and slowly remarked: "Well, sir, it does seem as though the Creator did it just to show what he could do when He tried." In front of the hotel

the parade ground along the parapet is always a favorite spot for those who never tire of drinking in the new emotions that come with each succeeding moment. For the Canyon is never the same. There is always something new to see.

Gradually night closes in, and the scenery lovers return, exalted and tired, to the hotel. An hour later the great dining room is full of busy people, and the large lady who looked so funny in her divided skirts, now appears in a bewitching gown and a slight impediment in her walk.

As we look around at the brilliant room, with its diners from every country in the world, it is hard to realize that we are in a remote desert country and that within one hundred miles are spots never yet explored by man, as well as scores of mountain peaks never yet scaled by adventurous climbers.

After dinner there is the Hopi House to visit. A native dance is scheduled, and an opportunity is offered to those who wish to invest in Indian relics and works of art. The house itself is built in imitation of a genuine Arizona Indian village—entirely of mud and poles—and full of

gayly colored rugs of geometric Indian designs.

But the chief ordeal of the day is yet to come. When you go back to the hotel to smoke a final cigar in comfortable ease, you will observe a scene of frenzied activity. Every table is thronged by busy writers. It is the picture-post-card hour, and people are writing cards to everybody they know. It makes you very ill at ease. The fever is hard to resist, and you feel as though you ought to be at work also. After vainly fighting against it for a while, you give up and join the picture-post-card gang. You buy a dozen because you get them cheaper that way, and then write to your six best friends, and finally finish up the other six by writing to people who will wonder whose initials are signed to the cards.

By ten o'clock the lounging room is empty, and you go away to dream of frightful falls, of mules leaping down thousand-foot cliffs, and of rocks crashing down upon you, inflicting lasting injury. All through the night you have hairbreadth escapes and claw your bedclothes in impotent frenzy. You die a hundred deaths, but in spite of the great mortality you are ready for a good breakfast in the morning.



"—As in your sleep you dream of things infernal."

THE CASE AGAINST THE SUN

BY CHARLES E. WOODRUFF, M.D.



SUN-WORSHIP is probably as old as mankind, and it is much more than a coincidence that Christians should have selected the Sun's day for their *sabbath* or "day of rest."

As long as the adoration was purely religious it could do no harm—indeed, its very survival is evidence that it did some good, for harmful habits, as a rule, do not persist, and the universality of the sun cult is no doubt due to the recognition of his power to inflict injury. Man's deities were always wrathful and demanded constant propitiation. Even yet we are taught to fear God and keep His Commandments, and it is not a stretch of the imagination to believe that sun worship led to ways and means of hiding from the fierce midday rays of the tropics. Of course primitive man had no idea that sunlight was either good or bad, he probably never gave the matter a thought. It was a spiritual affair entirely, and in the control of the priests, but as they were also physicians, they mixed religion and medicine like some modern cults. So it is not strange that the mysticism of sun-worship was injected into primitive medical practices.

The separation of medicine from theology was not entirely due to the specialization which followed the increase of knowledge. They were hopelessly incompatible, the one dealing with spiritual matters and the other with material. The early physicians established a real science based on observed facts and as a result the old mystic ideas were relinquished one by one, but it is amazing that sun-worship kept its hold on the medical profession until the twentieth century. Happily, the last decade or two has witnessed a revolt, and at the pres-

ent time the sun is actually at the bar, under trial for sundry crimes and misdemeanors, which are the more heinous because committed by one in whom we had placed implicit confidence in the belief that his royal highness could do no harm. The case against the sun is now so strongly fortified by witnesses to fact, that the cult seems destined to go the way of all other ancient medical superstitions.

About fifty years ago sun-worship was degraded to the level of a fad in a curious way which illustrated the delightfully inconsequential manner in which we all jump to conclusions. It had long been noticed that many consumptives who were compelled to live in the open air promptly recovered. This was a sad discovery for some physicians, for they were at once persecuted by the orthodox, who exclaimed in horror: "Cold air good for consumptives? Bosh! The disease is so serious that the patients must be carefully housed in close rooms and protected from draughts to prevent 'catching cold'!" So the poor miserable pioneers of the modern treatment were driven out with bitter wrath as enemies of humanity. Nevertheless in time the facts were acknowledged. It usually takes twenty years for the light of new ideas to penetrate our opaque scalps, but this time it took forty, and along about 1880 or so the new treatment was fully established. After thinking over it solemnly for another twenty years, we are now trying to convince the public with our anti-tuberculosis crusades.

Now comes the characteristic part of this revolution. When it was finally realized that outdoor life was curative, every one asked, "Why?" and with one voice we all shouted: "It is due to God's sunshine." It was as clear as daylight, for houses were

dark and outdoors was light, therefore the light must be the curative agent. So we all preached light and more light. No one thought of searching for other causes, for we were so convinced that light was the curative agent that it was accepted as proved beyond the possibility of discussion—and so we did not dare discuss it. Even learned professors said we could not give too much of it, and all the text-books, may Heaven forgive them, advised unstinted light, and even the sending of patients to lands of perpetual sunshine; and all this time, some of the best results were being obtained in mountainous places, where it is stormy or cloudy nearly three hundred days in the year. But in the face of a theological dogma several thousand years old, facts don't count, that is, immediately.

We might as well be honest and confess at the start, that as a matter of fact no one knows how the outdoor life cures consumption. Quite a number of doctors think they have explained it, but their theories are mutually destructive. One says it is the coldness of the air, because the cases improve most in winter, and may even deteriorate in summer. But others, in lands where there is no cold weather, say that cases do best there. Of course we get more oxygen outdoors, but how that acts no one knows, and we escape the impurities of room air, but how they make the disease worse is a sealed book. Some pin their faith to the theory that the appetite is improved so that we eat more and digest better, and thus increase the resistance which goes with good nutrition.

There are a host of curious ideas as to the best kind of "outdoors"; some want it dry, others "extra dry," and others point to the cures in rainy places. Some want a "porous soil," and others are satisfied with no soil at all. Some want an equable temperature, and others advise a variable one; some want it near the seashore and others as far away from the sea as possible. Best of all, there is a growing impression—almost ingrowing, it is so painful—that the light has nothing to do with the case, and, wonder of wonders, a small body of reckless firebrands are actually saying that they have found out that too much sunshine is really injurious! First an English physician timidly whispered that he found that

sunshine produces headache, loss of appetite and depression, then a Colorado specialist said that he had found that fever mounted every time he put the patient in the sun. Then some crazy Frenchmen said that their patients improved faster if kept in the shade and compelled to carry umbrellas when out walking, and, horrible to relate, a specialist in the Southwest has been bold enough to say he found that God's sunshine was so bad that he would allow his patients to have scarcely any of it. These men ought to be more careful, for the medical profession always ostracizes such innovators. We must move slowly, and let the destruction of life go on another twenty years before we dare to give up sun-worship entirely.

In the meantime, to avoid suits for slander, detectives have been placed on the trail of the sun to secure facts proving his disgraceful double life. What has been discovered is truly shameful. For fifty years we believed him to be a life giver and life saver, but now we find him so malignant that he kills whenever he can—a celestial Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In our superstitious worship we even stated that sunshine was responsible for the origin of life, but now we know from geologists that when living things first appeared, the atmosphere was so loaded with clouds that the light never penetrated. The new planetesimal theory of the origin of our globe states that light may have been present, but that life arose in the pores of the soil. So that by all theories life arose in darkness, and living things have been hiding from the light ever since. Some have gone to the bottom of the ocean, some stay in the soil, some hide in the day, and those which expose themselves to sunshine are covered with hair, feathers, or a pigment which the light cannot penetrate in sufficient amount to do harm. Even the plants which depend upon light to get their carbon food, must keep their cells in the dark under the bark, and the tissues of the leaf are protected by the green pigment.

We discovered long ago that unprotected plants, such as bacteria, must live in the dark, and that if we exposed them to light they promptly perished. Sunshine has thus been used as our most deadly disinfectant. The botanists have shown us that this phenomenon is universal, and that

every plant is killed if the light in sufficient amounts penetrates the protective armor. Although the biologists have long been telling us that there is no essential difference between plant and animal cells, the medical profession, blinded by its sun-worship, has been crying, "Bosh! Light may kill disease germs, but it can do nothing but good to animal cells." So we refused to believe that the negro, like the plant, was covered with pigment to hide his cells from sunlight, and we considered Nature a fool to go to all that trouble for nothing better than love of variety. The blond races originating in the northwestern corner of Europe never needed much pigment, for it is one of the cloudiest places on earth, and then when they have migrated to southern lands, where the native is dark, they have thanked God, even while dying out through unfitness to the climate, that they were not as other people are.

There is a widespread delusion that light is essential for animals, even if it is deadly for unprotected plants such as bacteria, but the evidence is all the other way. Such creatures as white ants, for instance, perish on exposure to light even more quickly than bacteria, and the same might be said of the white grubs of ants, wasps and "chestnut bugs," all of which must be carefully protected in opaque nests. Every boy who raises albino mice will testify that they do not live unless kept in darkened places. Polar bears, by the way, are not albinos at all, their exposed surfaces are jet black, and so are their eyes, their white fur being for concealment and to prevent undue radiation of heat. But this rule is universal, the sun kills all unprotected living things, be they plants or animals.

Yet it must be said that diabolical though the sun may be, we must give the devil his due, for he is good in his place. It is this very benefit which has blinded us to his malignancy—his Mr. Hyde self. Here again the scientific detectives have unraveled the tangled testimony and made it understandable. Protoplasm, or living tissue, is a most unstable nitrogen compound or mixture of many such substances. It is so delicate that it must be kept below a certain temperature whose degree varies in different species. Heat is merely a rapid movement of the molecules, and if they are shaken just a wee bit too fast—that is,

made too warm—they fly apart and the substance ceases to be living protoplasm, but becomes dead organic matter. It seems as though light rays vibrate too rapidly to shake the whole molecule, but are able to vibrate the individual atoms composing the molecule. If they are shaken too rapidly, they change their relative positions and thereby change the chemical combinations. This is the actinic effect such as we use in photography, and it has long been known that the shorter the ray or more rapid its rate of movement, the greater is its power to cause these changes. That is why we call the dark rays at or beyond the violet end of the solar spectrum the actinic ones. The more rapid rays from radium or those called X-rays are extremely powerful, and their destructive effects are well known, for every little while the daily papers record the cruel death of some worker in this field.

There have been thousands of experiments with ordinary light and invariably with one result—death if the rays are strong enough. Lamps are now made which give out a cold light very rich in the dark ultraviolet rays, and it is amazing to see how it kills insects attracted to it. They are not burned, indeed, their temperature is not raised at all, but they are destroyed by the actinic change in their tissues. There is now a fairly general agreement among tropical experts that some forms of sunstroke are not due to the heat at all, but to the light, and the condition is an actinic one exactly similar to that in the foolish little insects attracted to these cool ultraviolet lamps.

All this is far from pleasant, you say, and we have long known that people die of sunstroke. How, then, can there be any benefit at all in this sunshine? Well, it is all a matter of degrees, as the thirsty man said when he was drowning. A little water is necessary for life, but a flood is fatal. Similarly, a little light is far different from a fatal dose, and here comes in the explanation of the actinic effect. It seems, according to present theories, that if the atoms are not shaken sufficiently to cause them to fly apart, the only result is stimulation of the activities of living tissues. There are forms of protoplasm that get along satisfactorily without such stimulation, that composing the deep sea animals,

for instance, or that in the cells of the roots and trunks of trees. Similarly man himself can exist with very little or none of it. Indeed, miners are notoriously long lived, if they are not blown up, and we all know old watchmen, who have passed their lives sleeping in the day and working at night. We also know men who exist without tea, coffee, tobacco or alcohol, and who never have their souls thrilled by "play actors," but such men might have really lived more if they had sipped a little of each of these dreadful stimuli. Life has breadth and thickness as well as length; its breadth is the variety of our enterprises and its thickness is the work accomplished per year. Stimuli which widen and thicken life, make it bulk up more, though no sensible man would do this at the expense of length of life.

Similarly we think that we function best if we are stimulated by a little light, not enough to shake our protoplasm into paralysis, as it were, but a daily luminous toddy. By the ordinary Darwinian laws about which we hear so much nowadays, there has been a survival of those whose pigment armor did not exclude all the light. Consequently, in every part of the world we find, as a general rule, that though man is pigmented in proportion to the intensity of light, the pigment does allow some rays to penetrate. A black negro basking in the intense tropical sun gets just as much stimulus from the amount which penetrates as the blond man in the fogs and mists of Scotland. Light stimulus, indeed, is a matter of universal experience. Nothing is more exhilarating than a glorious sunny day after a long spell of cloudy weather. Every nerve is on the tingle, every function is keyed up to concert pitch, thoughts flow easily, work is a pleasure and life worth living. Some of our most beautiful poetry has been written when the direct rays of the sun were beating upon the bare head of the writers, and Northern bards while visiting the sunny Mediterranean have composed immortal lines. Dr. Austin O'Malley, the brilliant physician of Philadelphia, has recently made the significant discovery that practically all of Ibsen's successful plays were written in southern Europe, but those produced in the foggy darkness of Scandinavia or the north of Europe were mostly dreary failures.

So it is quite reasonable to assume that

we are so constituted chemically that we do need the stimulation of light, and that we are not so efficient when we are deprived of it. There are no men who get no light at all, even the miners enjoy some sunshine on their occasional holidays, and so do night workers, and in them we cannot see the effect of long-continued deprivation of light. Arctic explorers, on the other hand, suffer from very serious mental and physical depression during the long winters, but upon the return of the sun they experience an excitement almost maniacal, and that brings up the evidence as to overstimulation.

Though we do need light stimulus, it is an unhappy fact that all stimuli are dangerous in excess, and this is where the sun is a true devil, attracting us by seductive pleasures until we take too much. Let us overstep the mark with our coffee and we pay the penalty in the results of overstimulation—and the same thing happens with light. Exhaustion follows, and it is most marked in the tropics where newcomers are so charmed by the exhilaration that they are completely deceived as to the climate. In time many grow weak and sink into a condition now known as tropical neurasthenia—a condition of extreme gravity, for it may lower all the powers of life, even the power to digest one's food. We have repeatedly sent these cases home not expecting them to live, though recovery has often been as amazing as the original breakdown.

It is now beginning to be recognized that the strenuousness of Americans is due to the same tropical exhilaration, only in minor degree. Immigrants from the north of Europe are stimulated the same as they are in similar latitudes of southern Europe, for it must be remembered that the United States has a range from the latitude of the Sahara to that of northern France. Europeans do not understand this activity, but after visiting us awhile they become just as active. Nor can European physicians understand the ultimate result, that nervous disease, which is so prevalent here as to be almost a national characteristic, American neurasthenia, and the farther south we go, the worse it is. For a century Englishmen have been warning against sun exposure in India as something particularly deadly, but not one of us realized that the valley of the Ganges has the latitude of Florida. Indeed, sun exposure is advised in the United

States even as far south as Charleston, S. C., which has the latitude of Lahore. Northern India is the same as Tennessee, and when it was first stated that we should act the same as experience shows is proper in equal latitudes in India, a foolish retired English physician, a Lieutenant Colonel Giles, of the Indian Medical Service, said it was mischievous teaching, an author, too, who in his own book advised protection against the actinic rays of India's sunshine. How dreadful, then, it is to give sun baths to the naked body in America!

As the light is one of the causes of loss of vigor it must have more effect upon blondes than brunettes, and this has been found to be the case. It is evident that if nature persists in evolving pigment in light countries by her process of killing off the least pigmented, the blondes migrating to such places must have a higher death rate than the brunettes, and here, too, the facts are proved against the sun. Although blondes are perfectly vigorous in the dark north of Europe or in cloudy mountainous regions, they die out from other places even though they have migrated in force. The Vandals, for instance, lasted only two centuries in northern Africa, which is the latitude of Charleston, S. C. The blond Celts have persisted in the northern mountains of Spain, the latitude of the Adirondacks, but they are dying out from the lower level of central France, which corresponds to the St. Lawrence valley. Northern France is still cloudier, and is strongly blond, and large numbers of women from this section were sent over by Louis XIV—indeed, few of them were brunette, but the light types have failed to maintain their numerical supremacy, for the French Canadians are notoriously brunette. This greater death rate of displaced blonds is perfectly intelligible when we realize that they are constantly weakened by overstimulation. They are light drunks and easy victims to all sorts of infections. Statistics show that they furnish more than their share of tuberculosis in central France and the United States, and similar effects are reported from parts of Austria.

Our southern Appalachian system is farther south than any place in the Old World where blonds have survived, yet it has an enormous rainfall and much cloudiness, so that it really resembles the Alps,

where migrated blonds seem permanently established. So we find vigorous blond mountaineers in Tennessee and North Carolina, and there is no reason why their type should not survive some centuries if not permanently—providing they stay there and do not wander into the sunny lowlands where the slaughter is now quite alarming. Scandinavians, blond Irish and blond Jews are reported to be specially liable to tuberculosis in America and difficult to cure, and we are now witnessing the details of the process which has kept southern Europe densely brunette, in spite of a southern drift of blonds which has existed for untold thousands of years.

Homer made his gods and heroes blond, as though it were the type of the upper conquering class of Aryan Greek invaders. The lower classes were as dark as at present. The Romans had the same trick of imputing blondness to the gods and the aristocracy. Fashionable women even bleached their hair to imitate the gods. A recent examination of reproductions of the wall decorations of Pompeii revealed the curious fact that the blonds had perished so long as to have been forgotten. The artists evidently did not know that blue eyes and yellow hair generally go together, and there is not a blue eye in the lot. They are all of dark hue, the same as present-day Neapolitans. Our colonial families were in similar climates and are known by tradition to have had numerous blond members, but their descendants are largely brunette. The blonds have all gone from the Louisiana Creoles. Family names were carried on by the sons lucky enough to be born with sufficient pigment, for that is something we can neither acquire nor have thrust upon us.

It is most unfortunate that no one ever realized that by Darwinian laws each type of mankind was physically adjusted to his climate and out of place anywhere else. We all thought that the differences meant nothing more than nature's love of variety. Consequently we never realized that any diseases could carry off one type more quickly than the others, and no attention has ever been given to this vital matter. Even in tuberculosis, a disease long known to be much worse in misplaced blonds, no records have been kept, and there is no way of determining whether our curative meth-

ods, so disappointing at times, are appropriate for all types. But it is at last being rectified, now that it has been found to be of some importance. We have found, for instance, that among brunette consumptives of all stages, but mostly incipient, thirteen per cent. will die in a year or two, even under the best management in the Northeast, but sixteen per cent of the blonds perish under the same conditions, while in the Southwest both types suffer an increased mortality. Such differences in this one disease are sufficient to change the type of our population in a few centuries.

Nerve specialists are more vitally interested than any others, and are at work to clear up their part of the new field. The New York State Examiners in Lunacy several years ago found that blonds are furnishing more than their share of insanity, which was to be expected if they are injured in any way by light, for they would succumb to those causes of insanity which the uninjured brunettes would resist. Most amazing of all, the last report of the Lunacy Commission shows that outdoor laborers are much more liable to insanity than indoor workers. We have been so blinded by the immense advantages of outdoor life, that we could not conceive of any disadvantage, but we should have known that outdoor employments are suspended in winter—the season in which the consumptive improves outdoors—and are carried on in summer when consumptives do not improve unless carefully shaded. So the outdoor worker reversed the matter; his trade is suspended in winter and he stays indoors when he should be out, and is compelled to work in the heat and glare of summer when he should hide from the sun as carefully as the Spaniards and Italians do in their similar climate. No wonder he suffers a nervous breakdown.

Medical men have asserted that complexion has about as much to do with criminality as curliness of hair, but let us look into this item a bit. Lombroso's idea that there is a distinctive born criminal type seems to be generally given up. Criminals by passion and those who have been taught crime in youth may be absolutely normal in physique. There is no question nevertheless that the habitual criminals are abnormal, or degenerate. This abnormality is due to a weakness of the nervous system

which absolutely prevents steady application. A few are capable of spurts of enormous activity, which apparently exhausts them so that there follows a long period of inactivity, but the great majority are weaklings, parasitic upon society.

Now suppose we take a hundred very blond families and an equal number of dark brunettes and colonize them in a light climate perfectly suited to the brunettes. In the course of time the blonds would disappear, as we have already explained, and in the process they would furnish far more than their share of nervous weaklings who must drift into crime to survive at all. That is the reason we find an undue proportion of blonds among the habitual criminals of New York State; they are the unfit who are disappearing from the population. Crimes of passion, on the other hand, are generally committed by physically normal men, and the brunettes vastly predominate in that class simply because such actions are national characteristics of the immigrants from certain sections of Europe. Consequently we find the brunette foreigner filling the prisons for crimes against the person, while the native born tend to crimes against property, and among the latter class the blonds predominate.

Anthropologists have fully explained the curious tendency to consider criminals as dark as their deeds, but it has no relation to light and does not concern us here. The only thing we need notice is that the proportion of blonds is unduly large among those failing in the struggle for existence—tramps, "low white trash" and habitual criminals. This phenomenon is not found in Europe—indeed, if anything, the brunettes predominate where the population is mixed—but, of course, there must be more blond criminals in a Scandinavian prison than in a Sicilian one. It may seem a far cry from "God's sunshine" to the darkness of a criminal's dungeon, but this newly discovered pathway from one to the other is a serious item in the evidence now being collected.

Let the doubting Thomas visit the Home for the Aged on Blackwell's Island and see those "down-and-outs" for himself. Less than fifteen per cent have brown eyes and nearly half have light blue, the rest being dark blue and gray. To be sure alcohol is the immediate cause of the failure in

nearly every case, but the drink craze is generally a symptom of a dreadful nervous condition caused by something else which has afflicted the blonds several times more severely than the brunettes.

A new indictment against the sun is being prepared in the case of overlighted schoolrooms, and here we have a matter of vital importance to every parent in the land—one which teachers and architects would do well to investigate. Some years ago much attention was given to neurasthenia of small children, for this condition afflicts even infants—indeed, no age is immune. Insufficiency of sleep and of nitrogenous food were the main factors enlarged upon, and then there was also much said about the dreadful system of giving children tasks to be done at home in story time, when their poor little tired delicate brains are least able to do anything, and when forced application is inordinately exhausting. No wonder so many little girls were unable to finish the school year. But we hear less and less of the matter as years go on, and the known causes must have been largely removed, yet still there are occasional serious complaints.

Some years ago it was suggested that perhaps the rooms were overlighted and that the cases were mild forms of tropical neurasthenia, and now the evidence is forthcoming that such is really the case. Of course, during the dark winter months the light may be scarcely enough for vision, but during the lighter season, beginning in April, it has been noticed that a glary day irritates the little ones, who become restless, noisy, insubordinate and disorderly. Let the teacher draw the blinds just enough to cut out the glare and an immediate improvement is evident. There is a great lesson here for our teachers and architects. Parents, too, when their children come home with headaches and "nerves," should bear in mind this cause while they are investigating the reasons, as it might be found that the poor child has just had a "light bath" of several hours' duration, and that every nerve is on end in clamorous protest.

There was formerly a delusion that babies were not healthy unless they had lots of light. Of course it was known that they were healthy when born, in spite of the fact that they had previously been in com-

plete darkness, though few thought of that. So the dictum went forth to take the delicate little bundles of humanity out into the sunshine, and we witnessed long lines of baby carriages in the parks with the fierce rays pelting down in the babies' faces—even in summer—and then we wondered why the little ones cried so much, did not like to be outdoors, and had sore eyes. This dreadful practice still persists.

All this brings up the question of overlighting our homes, for we have carried our delusions so far that our living rooms are often nerve-wrecking solariums. The origin of the custom is another illustration of the way we jump to conclusions on insufficient data. Long ago we noticed that dark rooms, particularly in the slums, were notorious for their dreadful record of tuberculosis. We have piled up all sorts of statistics showing that as the number of windows increased the tuberculosis decreased, and, of course, we believed this desirable result to be due to the light and not the fresh air. The infallible "experts" again set up the cry for "light, more light." They ignored the fact that miners who live in the dark have a tuberculosis death rate less than one-thirteenth of that of granite cutters, who have all the light possible. They also ignored the fact that colonial Americans living in dark log huts were practically free of the disease, but that when prosperity came along, in the early nineteenth century, and we began to build nice big houses, with plenty of windows, then tuberculosis crept in and began its ravages.

Such uncomfortable facts cannot be ignored, and they are piling up the evidence that light alone does not prevent tuberculosis nor darkness cause it, but that other factors are of more importance. For instance, miners have plenty of fresh air pumped to them by machinery, and the darkness does not seem to bother them, nor the dust either—another story, by the way. Granite cutters also have plenty of fresh air and work in clouds of dust, and are exposed to more or less intense sunshine, which should make them more immune than miners if it did any good. Every trade which compels the laborer to work in a hot unventilated room is very deadly—and this irrespective of the amount of light—printers, barbers, bookkeepers, clerks, ma-

chinists and tailors. So we have a clew as to why tuberculosis should have begun such a slaughter in the old American families. When they lived in draughty log huts into which even the snow drifted they were really living outdoors, but protected from the light, and the open fireplace also secured ample ventilation; but in the new house, with its numerous windows and iron stoves, they had overheated and bad air—the very conditions we now know are so deadly. Apparently the extra light did not do a particle of good, nor did the darkness of the well-ventilated log huts do the least harm. As far as any acceptable proof is at hand we are quite justified in asserting that the darkness of the huts and mines is an advantage, and that the excessive light is a harmful factor to both granite cutters and the dwellers in modern overlighted houses.

The amazing thing about our belief in the efficacy of sunshine in restoring or preserving health is that there is absolutely no proof of it. All the evidence so far presented is nullified by other factors, and must be thrown out of court. For instance, well-fed people have low death rates from tuberculosis, no matter where they work: restaurant employees, 11.22; bank employees, 10.58; traveling salesmen, 10.49; masons, 10.29; clergymen, 9.60; merchants, 9.60; lawyers, 9.34; physicians, 8.42; railroad trainmen, 7.56; master mariners and pilots, 6.97; city firemen, 6.66; hotel managers, 5.44, and the death rate in each individual trade increases with the poverty. On the face of the statistics, light does not seem to have any effect one way or the other, and often the benefits of outdoor life are overcome by something else. Thus, teamsters and tailors have about the same rate, and so do bakers and railroad yardmen, and dentists and policemen, and tobaccoists and blacksmiths. It is quite evident that these outdoor workers with all the advantage of cold fresh air must be damaged in some way, and there is no adverse factor known except excessive light. The indoor workers must be benefited in some way in spite of the hot, bad air they breathe, and the only thing known is the fact that they are protected from excessive sun glare. Though this evidence against the sun is circumstantial, it is strong enough to condemn in some courts, and, of course, no judge would ever

accept such testimony as proving that a little sunshine does any good. That point remains to be established, and doubtless will be abundantly proved.

Coming back to our living rooms again, we all remember how our grandmothers were so careful during the lighter months to keep the blinds closed and the houses darkened, and how the little ones were punished for playing in the midday sun without their bonnets. We did not hear so much of nervous wrecks in those days. What a change has come with the sun mania of the last few decades! People imagined that the only way to keep in health was to let in light, and the only way to spend a vacation was in the fierce sunshine, though they often came back so exhausted that it took weeks to recover. We are developing more and more neurasthenia, and as these are the only cases attracted to Christian Science and Emmanuel healers it is quite evident that we have one reason why such "temples of healing" are springing up all over the land. We doctors ourselves have actually been causing some of the cases. If any nervous wreck of a woman doubts this let her try some experiments during the next light season. Let her go South and expose herself to light every day, and then notice the exquisite calm of the first rainy day, and then see if less sunshine outdoors and more shade indoors will not bring equal relief. One of the most absurd customs of rich Americans is to get themselves sick by their craze for light, and then have the doctor send them to a European health resort in some place where the sun shines about once every three weeks. In the restfulness of dove-colored skies they promptly recover, because that was the normal environment of their ancestors for a hundred thousand years. Clouds are God's umbrellas, shading His children. The great spring exodus from America is the result of pleasant experiences of this sort, and we now find hundreds and thousands instinctively escaping our sunny skies every spring for the fogs and mists of northern Europe.

Another phenomenon is found in America. Our Southern sanatoriums are disappearing and the Northern ones becoming more and more numerous. Those in very cloudy places are remarkably successful in managing nervous cases. The most amusing

part of the business—and it is a commercial affair solely with too many alleged health resorts—is the manner in which patients are deprived of even a tiny quantity of coffee which might do them a world of good, and told to take all they can get of a far worse stimulant—sunshine. At the sanatorium no harm is done because it is difficult to get too much light where it is cloudy most of the time, but after the patients return to their more southern homes and continue the treatment, they are sooner or later in a condition necessitating another stay—at two hundred dollars per week and occasional extras.

From all over the northern hemisphere we receive reports that suicides increase with the light, being most numerous in June, and least in December, and moreover investigations long ago showed that, contrary to popular impression, bright sunny days have more than the cloudy. Those who deny that the nagging of excessive light is partly responsible, may cause the death of many a poor sufferer who has deliberately exposed himself to the sunshine in the belief that he would get relief from the symptoms which are driving him to the rash act. It is then a serious matter to check the sun-worship now so popular.

Even history has been reread in the search for new evidence, and the disappearance of some civilizations constitutes a ghastly indictment against the sun. Until anthropology was studied rightly, every conceivable reason was given for the decay of ancient states—too much war as in Rome, too little as in Egypt, too much religion, or none at all, vice as in Greece, or none

at all as among the Asiatic Christians. Now we know that Helen means "white" and the Hellenes were recently arrived "white men" in a brunette country, the Indian Aryans also call themselves white men, and "caste" and "color" have the same root stem. Flindus-Petrie has mentioned five distinct races in early Egypt, but the real Egyptian on the soil, the man with the hoe, is the same to-day as pictured on the oldest monuments. Each Mesopotamian state was built up by a newly arrived people, which in turn was replaced by later arrivals. As a race disappeared so did its civilization. There is no mystery about the decay of the Homeric Greek culture, if we realize that the Hellenes or "white men" disappeared as they always do under sunny skies. There seems to be almost unanimity of opinion that the Aryans were northern European blonds who could not survive far from the ancestral home. They melted like glaciers, leaving their language and culture as a terminal moraine. These ideas will in time creep into the text-books which still teach the Asiatic origin of the Aryans—a theory disproved nearly forty years ago. The sun melts streams of men from the North, as it did the ancient streams of ice.

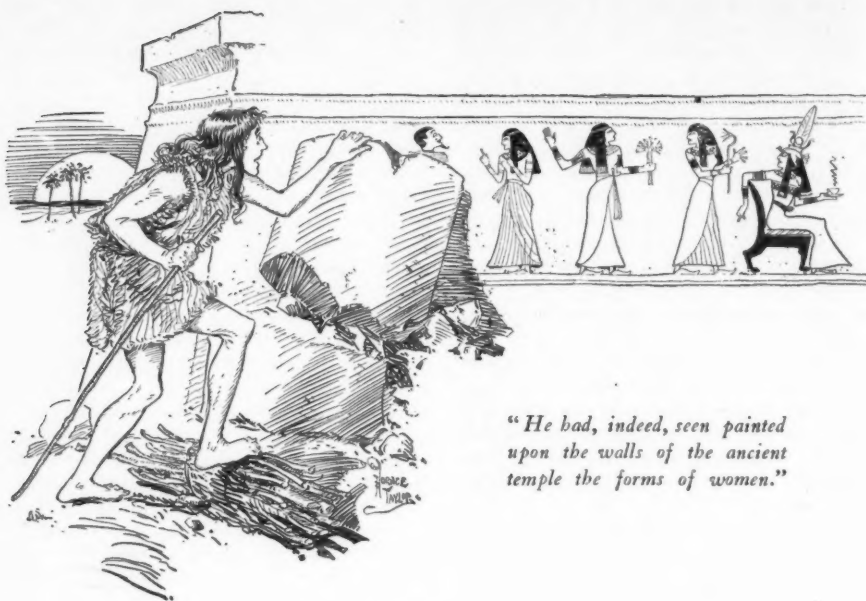
So the case against the sun is becoming more and more clearly proved, and let us hope the day not far off when we will recognize his double dealing, and while accepting the stimulus of a little sunshine, we will hide from his fierce midsummer rays as we would flee from the wrath of God. We do not want total abstinence from light nor deprivation of the love of God.

FOAM FLOWERS

By STEPHEN B. STANTON

THE sea is white with marguerites—
A sudden garden of the breeze,
The driven flowers of the foam
Like gusty blossoms off the trees.

* My hedge is e'en a white-capped sea,
A squall of fresh-blown marguerites;
A floral mere of petalled foam
Whose tempest 'gainst my garden beats.



"He had, indeed, seen painted upon the walls of the ancient temple the forms of women."

THE MONK AND THE MAIDENS

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER FROM CHARLES KINGSLEY'S "HYPATIA"



THOU art late, son," said the abbot, as Philammon approached with his bundle of fuel.

"Fuel is scarce. I was forced to go far. This wood I found far up the glen, before the ruined temple. Alas! I did not enter; but I looked——"

"And what didst thou see? Women?"

Philammon was silent. He had, indeed, seen painted upon the walls of the ancient temple the forms of women—crude archaic paintings—but those of women.

"Have I not bidden thee never to look on the face of women? Are they not the first fruits of the devil, the authors of all evil, the subtlest of all Satan's snares? Unhappy boy, what hast thou done?"

"They were but painted upon the walls."

"Ah!" said the abbot as if suddenly relieved from a heavy burden. "But how knowest thou them to be women, when, unless thou liest, thou hast never yet seen the face of a daughter of Eve?"

"Perhaps—perhaps," said Philammon, as if suddenly relieved, "perhaps they were

only devils. They must have been, I think, for they were so very beautiful!"

"Ah! How knowest thou that devils are beautiful?"

"I was launching the boat a week ago with Father Aufugus, and on the bank—not very near—there were two creatures with long hair, and they were gathering flowers. Father Aufugus turned away, so I asked him why he turned away; and he said that those were the same sort of devils that tempted St. Anthony. And so—and so——"

And the poor boy, thinking he was confessing a deadly sin, blushed scarlet and stammered, and at last stopped.

"O utter corruption of the flesh! O subtlety of Satan!" cried the abbot. "The Lord forgive thee, as I do, my poor child; henceforth thou goest not beyond the garden walls."

And yet, but three days later, the young monk Philammon, a young Apollo of the desert monastery, full of life and health and beauty, was to be seen floating and paddling down the Nile on his way to Alexandria with a message to Cyril, Archbishop of that city. The year was 415. The sun was hot. Never before had Philammon been for one day outside of the desert monastery. He was clad only in a ragged sheepskin bound with a leathern girdle, and his long, unshorn locks waved and glistened in the sun. His hard hands, browned face, and sinewy, sunburned limbs told of labor and endurance. For two days he had been voyaging down the Nile-stream in his little papyrus canoe, alone but for his fears.

As he reached the less deserted portion of the Nile stream he became more and more nervous, for might not a woman be lurking on either bank? At a turn of the stream he had just had a fearful fright and he was still trembling. Something had splashed into the river just before him, and in his involuntary movement of fear he had allowed his eyes to alight upon the splashing object. He still trembled at the thought that it might have been a woman drowning. Luckily it had been nothing but a crocodile.

But now he resolved to take no more such chances, and with that resolution he fixed his eyes firmly upon the bottom of the

little canoe when, at a sudden turn of the bank, he came full upon a gaudily painted barge in which a crew of huge Goths were chasing with barbaric shouts some huge object in the water. One great Goth in the bows of the barge held in his hand a line attached to a harpoon that stuck in the side of the mighty animal, and in the other hand he held another harpoon poised for the throwing. The Goths were the most blood-thirsty warriors of the age. The hippopotamus (for such was the huge animal) is the most terrible animal of the Nile stream, and when wounded it is astoundingly ferocious and vindictive. But Philammon knew no fear. Interested in the struggle, he allowed his little canoe to drift nearer and nearer until, when almost abreast, he descried, peeping from under a decorated awning in the afterpart of the barge, some dozen pairs of languishing black eyes. Instantly, instinctively, Philammon knew they were women's eyes.

With one loud scream of fear Philammon reached forward and grasped the bow of his little papyrus canoe, and pulled it sharply upward to hide his blushing face. In his powerful grasp the bow of the canoe came up, like a horse rising upon its hind legs, but at the same time the stern went down, and his head sank beneath the Nile stream. For a moment his handsome brown legs waved in the air, and then they, too, disappeared beneath that turbid flood.

As Philammon went down he breathed a sigh of relief. For the moment he was safe. But even as he was congratulating himself upon his safety the enraged hippopotamus sprang upon him, and in an instant the man and the beast were locked in a terrible embrace. Luckily Philammon was a bather, and had been accustomed to bathe regularly once every two years except when the year fell on leap year, and he swam like a water fowl; fear he had never known. Not in vain had he been born with web feet. As he and the hippopotamus arose to the surface Philammon closed his eyes against the sight of the women on the barge, and grappled with the huge blue beast, treading water as he struggled.

Thrice he seized the huge beast in his arms and threw it powerfully to the bottom of the Nile stream, but thrice the hippo-



"The slaves let their oars lie idle."

potamus bounced up again, like a huge blue football, and each time the great jaws of the monster opened to crush him. The Nile stream was churned to foam by their struggles. With pretty cries of pleasure the twelve lovely maidens ran to the bow of the barge to better see the struggle, Pelagia the beautiful at their head.

"Never, O Wulf," she cried to the huge Goth that held the line of the harpoon, "was such a sight vouchsafed to the Casarium Sunday school before. We chose the day well for our annual picnic."

"Well, indeed," said the Goth, "unless these rumplings of the water splash into the lunch baskets and wet the veal loaf and cocoanut layer cake prepared by thy fair hands, Pelagia. That would be too great a price to pay for this pretty sight. Mayhap I had better jab the harpoon into this monk and end this fuss."

"Good!" cried Smid the mighty; "for then we shall have a team fit to draw our barge—a monk yoked with a hippopotamus!"

But even as he spoke, and as Pelagia was turning to appeal to Almaric the chief, Philammon heard Pelagia's first words, and, startled by a woman's voice so near, turned to fly. But the hippopotamus was not to be so easily fooled of its prey, and springing forward with its mouth wide it sought to bite Philammon in two with one great bite. The wary monk, however, dodged, and would have escaped entirely had not the jaws of the monster closed upon the end of his sheepskin garment. Wulf laughed long and loud, for then, indeed, began great sport for those aboard the barge. As the monk swam swiftly away the hippopotamus held fast to the sheepskin, and Wulf held fast to the har-

poon line. The slaves at the oars of the barge let their oars lie idle; they had no need to row, for Philammon and the hippopotamus, hitched tandem, were drawing the barge up the Nile-stream at a pace the rowers could never have accomplished. The waves sprayed back from the bows of the graceful vessel, the awnings hung in the self-created wind, the gauzy garments of the Sunday-school class and the hair of the Goths blew back in the breeze, the shores flashed by, and still the monk, swimming overhand, drew the hippopotamus and the barge behind him.

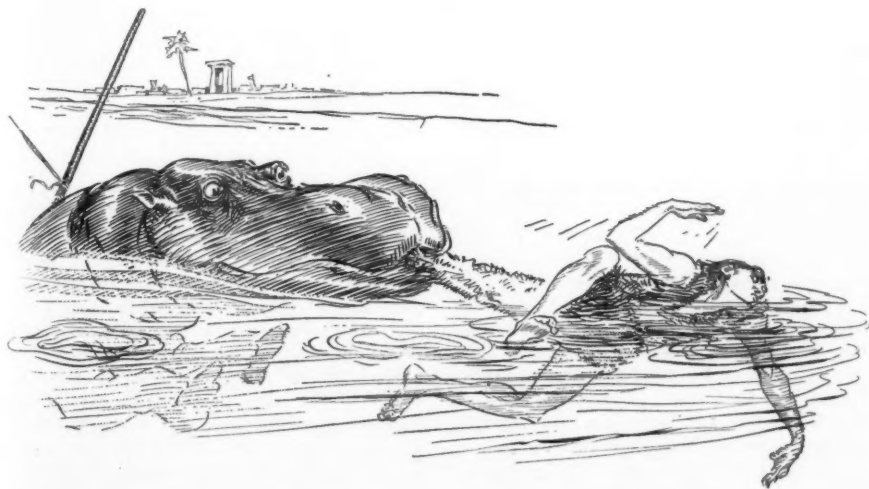
Fear lent strength to his limbs. Would he grow weary? the laugh of Pelagia fell upon his ears, and he found new strength. On and on, hour after hour, he swam, until in turning a bend of the river he came full upon another barge from which blared the sound of timbrel and lute. One glance showed him the deck filled with the maidens of the Upper Nile Sunday school. Retreat that way was cut off. With a groan he turned toward the shore and swam as he had never swum before. How he hoped that the sheepskin would burst loose! And even at the thought he blushed and hoped it would not! It was his only garment.

His feet touched the beach! Twelve

feet up the bank he dragged the ferocious hippopotamus, and then turned to meet it in a death struggle. Twenty feet below the barge ran its nose into the bank.

"Well," said Pelagia, "this is as good a place as any other in which to have our picnic. Get out the baskets, Wulf; and you, Smid, get the ropes and rig up the swings from yonder palm trees. Almaric, fill the pail with water from the Nile stream and make the lemonade. You, Lais and Thais, spread the tablecloths on the sand yonder, and cut the lemon pies. The idea! If that other picnic is not going to land just above us!"

In a moment both picnic parties were disembarked, and busy making their preparations, but Philammon, locked in his death struggle with the huge blue monster, gave no heed. He had his hands full, as anyone who has wrestled catch-as-catch-can with a hippopotamus, either in the arena at Alexandria or in the open, can well imagine. In the first round he seized the beast under the left fore leg and twisted it backward until its head lay along its back near its tail, but the hippopotamus put its right foot in his stomach and upheaved him. The monk then grasped the beast around the middle and, lifting it high in the air, brought it down nose first with all his



"Fear lent strength to his limbs."

strength, telescoping it like a concertina or an opera hat. This he did three times, but each time the cartilaginous membrane of the animal's vertebræ lessened the shock and, resiliently expanding, threw it out to its full length again. And at each attempt of the monk to permanently compress it in

tions had thrown him off his feet the cavorting brute stepped on his stomach, but when this had happened the third time the monk forgot the teachings of Father Pambo and Father Aufugus, and anger blazed in his eyes. Dodging the onrush of the animal he stepped lightly to one side, and as



"The hippopotamus uttered a grunt of surprise."

this way the beast became more furious, dashing here and yon, now on its fore legs and now on its hind legs, but ever with its monster jaws distended ready to destroy the agile monk at the first opportunity.

It was indeed a frightful sight to see the beast capering thus around the poor monk, who was already beginning to perspire with the exertion, and to hear its cries of baffled rage when he rushed in, and grasping it, cast it madly on its nose, and even Pelagia, intent as she was in scraping bits of lemon meringue pie off the broiled chicken, looked up several times with evident interest.

Twice when Philammon's mighty exer-

the hippopotamus pranced by the monk grasped the handle of the harpoon that still stuck in the monster's side, and raising the brute high above his head, like a sledge hammer on its handle, Philammon brought it down with his full strength, nose first. The hippopotamus uttered a grunt of surprise and, opening its jaws, tried to secure a hold on the earth by biting it, but the soil was the sand of the desert, and its only result was a mouthful of sand. Philammon swung this living hammer once more above his head and once more brought it down with his full strength. Again and again he did so, the hippopotamus be-

coming each time blunter on the fore end, and more and more enervated and nervous, until at length the sweat of blood that foretold its death appeared, and with one mighty effort Philammon swung the harpooned beast thrice around his head and then, loosening his hold on the handle of the harpoon, cast the whole affair across the Nile stream, where the hippopotamus landed full and fair against the side of a second-hand pyramid with a dull squish, and fell to earth never to rise again.

Even the Goths and Sunday-school maidens had never seen a blue hippopotamus of the Nile stream treated in this manner, and, although the Goths merely looked and then looked away again, like the stolid fellows they were, Pelagia uttered a little cry of pleasure, and clapped her little hands. She would have begged the monk to do it again, but no other hippopotamus was at hand, and she contented herself with a desire to kiss this monkish hero, whose strength appealed to her love of prowess, while his refinement of manner and beauty of countenance touched her better nature.

But Philammon was thinking of other things. He stood with his arms folded and his eyes cast down thinking of the hippopotamus so lately in its full bloom of youth and beauty, and now, by his hands, somewhat contused against a hard, hard pyramid, and of not much further value for hippopotamic purposes. He sighed, and it was at that moment he heard Pelagia clap her hands and utter her little cry, and glancing up he found himself completely surrounded by the maidens of the Cæsarium and Upper Nile Sunday schools! His face blanched with terror.

For a moment he stood like a lion at bay, crouching with shoulders low, while his fists closed and opened convulsively. There was no doubt whatever—these were women, the things the good abbot had warned him against! A tremor of fear shook his limbs. They were women, and they were smiling! Nay, they were tempting him! On all sides pretty hands were extending toward him things such as he had never seen before, things that were doubtless tools of the devil himself—here a slice of veal loaf, there a glass of pale lemonade, here a chicken wing, there a triangle of lemon pie. From side to side he

turned only to be met by a smile and picnic food. And then Pelagia—Pelagia herself, the most beautiful female person of Alexandria, excepting only Hypatia—stepped inside the ring and took a step toward the panic-stricken monk. Her lips were red and drawn into a smile that was less a smile than a preparation for a kiss, and in her hand she held a bottle of olives with the cork pushed in! Philammon, his breath coming in great gasps, stepped back. Again Pelagia stepped forward.

"Come, boy! Come, boy!" she called, holding the olive bottle temptingly before her.

Again Philammon stepped back, and his foot touched the sandaled foot of a maiden at the other side of the ring. He jumped like one shot, and Pelagia's hand touched his arm. With a wild scream of fear he gave a mighty leap over her head and another over the surrounding ring of females, and in wild leaps went bounding away across the desert.

Instantly the two Sunday schools were in pursuit, and rapidly as the frenzied Philammon bounded the graceful Pelagia bounded more rapidly. Not for nothing had she been born the daughter of a noble Athenian, thrice winner of the Olympic Marathon race! Light as a gazelle she bounded over the desert sands, stopping only now and then to pick the sand burrs out of her ankles, and then starting forward again with a whoop of joy.

Philammon ran like a scared rabbit, and at each whoop he increased his pace, but in spite of all Pelagia gained upon him. The desert was wide, but he saw that before he had reached the hills on the other side she would have overtaken him. For one moment he had the daring impulse to stand at bay, but a glance back showed him that his pursuer still wore her smile and still carried the olive bottle, and he darted forward more impulsively. At the twenty-third mile he began to breathe hard, but Pelagia was still as fresh as a peach. At the twenty-fourth mile he stumbled, and he knew he could not keep up the pace much longer. In five minutes she would overtake him! He gave himself up for lost.

Then, just as he felt that all was over, he saw a few miles ahead a mighty palm tree, and summoning his last strength he

made for it, with Pelagia bounding along but a few feet behind, and with a last mighty bound he jumped half way up the trunk and began shinning. For a moment Pelagia paused at the foot of the tree. She was not dressed for tree climbing. Philammon thought he was saved. But little he knew of women. A woman is not satisfied to have a man neatly treed. Pelagia smiled

what would become of him when she had reached the branches for which he was still climbing? All hope of escape would then, indeed, be cut off. But all escape below was cut off, he could but on and on, and up and up. He glanced up to see how far he had still to go—and stopped short! Above him, in the branches of the palm, sat—a woman!



"For a moment she paused at the foot of the tree."

sweetly up at him and began taking reefs and furls in her gauzy robe, and then, holding the olive bottle in her teeth, she wrapped her alabaster arms round the tree and began to shin after him.

If Pelagia was the better runner Philammon was the better shinner, and he shinned for all he was worth. Again and again he looked down, only to see Pelagia struggling grimly but slowly up the tree trunk. He felt faint and closed his eyes. What—

It now becomes necessary to go back to Alexandria, six months before the beginning of our story. We are there! We will now return to Philammon, who is still clinging to the tree trunk.

"Up! Up!" cried the woman above him. "Hither with me! Your star still prospers!"

The fear-stricken monk trembled. Wildly he looked at the sky and at the wide stretches of the desert, and saw no help in

either. The woman above began cautiously to climb down out of the branches of the palm. The woman below was still climbing slowly upward! In that one moment Philammon's hair turned white.

It was a time when a man must think, and think quickly. Far below him the desert sand gleamed. There are times when a man must resort to desperate measures. Philammon drew from beneath his sheepskin his knife, and with three quick blows cut through the trunk of the palm just above his head, and with a mighty push sent the branches, the upper part of the trunk, and the woman clinging to it, far out upon the desert sand. She fell with a long scream.

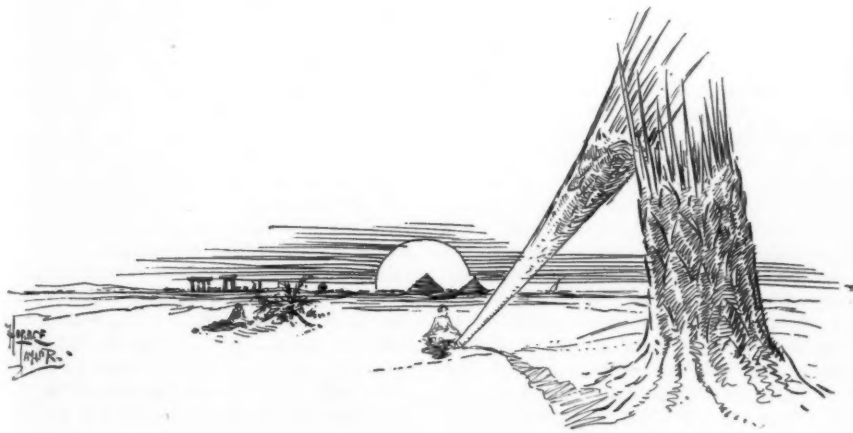
It was indeed time, for Pelagia, laboring slowly up the palm trunk, though she had been handicapped by the olive bottle she held in her teeth, was almost upon him. Philammon looked down upon her. His knife was still in his hand. Reaching down to a point just below his feet he severed the trunk of the palm, and with a mighty push sent the lower part of the palm, to which the shrieking Pelagia still clung, tumbling to the floor of the desert. There was a



"And then all was silence."

sound of breaking glass as the olive bottle crashed against a stone, spilling its contents upon the thirsty sand, and then all was silence.

As the huge red Afric sun sank below the horizon its last rays fell on Philammon the monk, clinging to his small portion of the palm trunk, high in the air, with teeth and toe nails, hungry, alone, but saved!



WHY WALK BACKWARD?

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN



WHY do we persist in coming down the ages in such an undignified manner, with our faces always toward the past and our backs to the future?

Surely the very existence of that rearward landscape, and its steady lengthening before our eyes, ought to suggest to us that we are in motion. If we move; if, as seems apparent, we must move, would it not become intelligent human beings to turn around and see where they are going?

"No man may read the future!"—we solemnly proclaim, when some observation in that direction is recommended to us, and return to our time-honored occupation of reading the past. Read? We study it with passionate enthusiasm; we sound the sea, we excavate the land, we explore and exhume and decipher; we write historical novels, dating back to the Land of Nod; we go in endless procession to gaze upon the tombs of our ancestors and their ancestors; we immerse ourselves in dead languages, plunge into endless researches among buried nations, spend studious lives in uninterrupted observation of the manners and customs of peoples long extinct.

What for? Of what possible use is any degree of knowledge of what used to be—except as a guide to what is going to be? And how are we ever going to dictate wisely as to what is going to be until we turn around and look forward?

Compare the practice of society in this regard to that of one man. Does he spend much time in rapt contemplation of the socks he wore in his infancy? Does he labor in arduous study of his *patois* at two years old, and exalt a collection of his earliest drawings? Is he profoundly interested

in a carefully preserved exhibit of the fragments of his childhood's toys?

If we as individuals gave ourselves up to venerating our past as does society, and showed no more interest in our future than does society, we should become paupers and degenerates.

If "no man may read the future," why study a profession? It is of no immediate use to the student. Why plant fruit trees? Why build ships? Why establish any business?

Let this be recognized—every step of intelligent conduct rests on our perception of the future. It is this which distinguishes human beings from brutes: the degree in which we are able to read the future and guide our behavior thereby. It is this which distinguishes the big business man from the little business man, or the wise man from the fool. The farther we forecast our conduct, the more accurately we anticipate results, the more successful we are. It is laughable, this pompous claim that we don't know anything about the future, when the whole structure of civilized life is based on our knowledge of it.

This knowledge is obtained, of course, by a previous study of the past, by observation of the laws therein noted, and a comfortable assurance that these laws will work as well afterwards as they did before. We find ourselves in a given place, and make a point. We look back some distance, note our position then, and make another point. A line drawn from these two and projected beyond indicates the way we are going.

Individually we make this calculation with ease. "This will never do," we say. "I have this life to live. I want to achieve a competence—to get rich—to attain eminence—to make an advantageous marriage

—to serve humanity." Our plans may be wide or narrow, good or bad, but we know that unless we plan and act on those plans we are mere driftwood in the stream of events; and these plans—be they great or small—are invariably in the future. You can't plan much as to what is done already. Individually we have learned the folly of dwelling on the past.

"Look up, and not down. Look out, and not in. Look forward, and not back. And lend a hand!" says the Grand Old Man of America. May not society, conscious society in its collective action, begin to take that attitude?

We must, of course, have knowledge of the regrettable incidents of our early lives in order to avoid them. We must know what acts were wise and good in order to repeat them. But we must, above all, have some definite purpose and direction, else we cannot even tell what is right to do.

It may be said, and with truth, that society has not yet as much intelligent consciousness as the individuals composing it; but it has some. It has enough to carry on extensive schemes of action, legislative, executive, and others. We, collectively, do things; but we do them with singular disregard for even the nearest future.

One man, no sage, but a crafty, observing person, will note which way a city is growing and at what rate, and speculate in real estate accordingly. But the city takes no such observation. Chicago, carefully collecting all the filth of the city and pouring it into her drinking water, was in the same stage of civic idiocy that a personal idiot would be in who so defiled his own beverage. No person not a genuine idiot would do such a thing—why should the intelligence of a group be so far below that of its members?

The acts of society toward its house and garden, the earth, are like those of any gibbering lunatic. We strip off our trees, and so set our arable land pouring into the ocean; we exhaust our soil and waste our sewage; we behave, in short, as might be expected of an inert consciousness incapable of giving thought to the morrow.

Now suppose that this great sluggish, reluctant stream of people, moving steadily onward in spite of its blind folly, but suffering horribly in the slow and crooked process for lack of foresight, should arouse

itself a little and perform the simple feat of turning around. Suppose it should say: "The years behind me are as nothing compared to the years to come. The sufferings of the past are as nothing compared to the triumphs of the future. We, the people, living here on earth, can do pretty much what we please with it—barring earthquakes! We can make these continents and islands places of boundless beauty and wealth. We can make a different kind of people—and that rapidly. We can improve and develop by conscious action a thousand times faster than we have by drifting unconsciously along the stream of time." That would be an attitude of mind worthy of humanity.

"But," some persons will protest, "this doesn't apply to us. We who live to-day are the only persons to think about, to legislate for." We may even quote that pitiful, senseless protest of the man who said: "Why should I do anything for posterity? Posterity has never done anything for me!"

Apply that to the individual life. Suppose the child should say: "Why should I study to improve my middle life? My middle life has never done anything for me!" Or the man say: "Why should I lay up anything for my old age? My old age has never done anything for me!" Or, still closer: "Why should I provide for my children? My children have never done anything for me!"

We prate about "this little life" of ours, of "man's brief span," we complain that children refuse to take advantage of their parents' experience. Children have never been given that advantage—to any great extent. We do not, as a social body, plan for our children in any adequate way, but leave them to face the same cruel conditions which so discouraged and crippled us.

There is no real reason why we should not change our attitude and project vast improvements. What holds us back is not mental incapacity, but force of habit. It takes no more eyesight to look forward than to look backward. It takes no more intellect to plan for the future than it does to analyze the past. What it needs is that common human faculty, constructive imagination, practically used.

This calls for a little effort at first to

form the new habit, but it is not difficult, and it is extremely interesting. Children manifest this faculty almost without exception; but we have uniformly discouraged it in them. They are full of hopes and plans for the future, eager to exert themselves to reach desired ends; impatient of the present, and quite indifferent to the past.

Now suppose we took advantage of this natural inclination, instead of opposing it. Suppose we began to provide for them a new literature, a literature of that which may be, instead of that which has been; this would help greatly in arousing the world to its possibilities. Even in teaching them the past, we could point out continually the relation between the ages, showing how, if the people of that time had only looked an inch before their noses, they might have avoided this difficulty and achieved that gain. Leading this process up to our present day, it would be a poor mind indeed that would not inquire: "Are we, now, looking an inch before our noses, and living with a view to results?"

The man who has no consciousness save of the present hour is mentally defective. The man who is conscious of his past, but takes no interest in his future, is mentally deficient. And a society is to be measured in this sense like a man.

None of us would be willing to confront a future of shame and failure for America, and feel that it could have been avoided by our conduct. We, who look back with such pride to the vivid past century of our national life, can surely muster up courage enough to look forward to the coming century and plan for it with the same intelligence with which we plan for our children. This would be planning for our children in the largest sense.

The recurrent movement of the seasons enables us to count on their return with assurance. The forward movement of society is as surely to be traced in its long records. But the seasons we cannot alter; social events we can. Ours is not a series of unbroken triumphs by any means. We have risen, under the genetic forces of social evolution, by almost as wild and wasteful a process as developed the lower forms of life. But when the conscious mind steps in, when the telic forces are applied, we have an opportunity quite beyond any race behind us. This conscious action has its

double power, of course; it can hinder as well as help, and there is where the painful record of our history should save us from repeating the same mistakes.

Some things we have learned, such as the evil effects of slavery and the good effects of liberty; but we might easily learn more without taxing our brains. What we need first to realize is the continuity of human life—to see the unbroken stream pour on, under this and that transient distinction due to environment. The next is to see that it has not stopped, but is going far beyond our little present. The third, that we to-day, this one brief generation at present holding the stage—only survivors of all the past—only parents of all the future—are the firing line of progress. Upon what we do depends in large measure the direction of the current, the rate and trend of human advancement.

Few people know or care anything about human advancement, it will be answered.

Precisely. We are not half awake yet. But why not wake up? Why not begin at once to teach our children and to realize ourselves this patent fact of human continuity and permanence? Our personal lives flicker in and out, but social life goes steadily on; and we, being human, have not only the personal consciousness of our own short shrift, but the larger consciousness of the whole great immortal creature, society.

Education, supplying wider knowledge, enlarges our range of consciousness; but so far it has been a knowledge of detached facts mainly, and always of the past. If we educate young and old in processes as well as events; in laws of nature as well as dates of battles; and in the habit of forcefully providing for the future as well as helplessly contemplating the past, we may inaugurate a period of improvement more marked and rapid than any previously known.

"Once upon a time there was a king and a queen," say our fairy tales; and the whole bulk of childhood's loved story books deals similarly with what was—what used to be. The child delights in the vivid pictures, and wishes he lived then. Let us write him splendid stories of what is to be; fascinating stories, vivid and appealing; and when he says, "Oh, when is it going to be like that? Can't we have it so?" we

can tell him, "You can help make it so—it is coming."

We can definitely train ourselves to look forward and not back. We can plan for our little round earth as earnestly as for a ten-acre farm; for our bunch of changing nations as for a group of children. We, whose minds are capable of handling the ages and spaces of astronomy, should not balk at a few hundred years more or less of human life on earth. We can propose, discuss, and accustom ourselves to consider ideas of local, national, and international advancement if we but choose.

Begin with the little children at home and at school. Let them hear of the city and the state as well as of small family affairs and class rivalries. Educate their perfectly natural capacity for large social consciousness; feed it with facts, exercise it

in responsibilities, and delight it with the prospect of splendid attainments.

There is no game on earth so hugely fascinating as the game of life, of human life; no service so exciting, no future so interesting and attractive. When we have fully turned about and walk freely forward, far-seeing and prearranging, hoping, planning, accomplishing, we shall find the whole face of life changed to us. Here is a record of progress to watch from day to day, as we now watch the record of our baseball nines—a race between the nations, beside which our petty contests with boats and horses will seem as small and childish as a baby's rattle compared to a steamship. To be awake to the fact that one is human, to realize what humanity is and what it is doing, to step forward and get into the game—that makes life worth living!

IN THE HOUSE OF THE SOUL

By AGNES LEE

ACROSS the fair coppice the gables appear.
Men pause as they pass,
Saying, "Evil's an alien that holdeth not here
Her shadowy glass"—

Saying, "Here all the day, in the still, ordered hours,
How peacefully roll
Life's azurine rills through escarpments of flowers,
Past the house of the soul!"

Serene at the portal, in sun-lumined air,
The housewife doth sit.
White, white is her garment, and smooth is her hair
As the amber of it.

At evenfall climbs she (the dark is before)
A stair, stealthily.
She glides through a hallway, she opens a door
With her glimmering key.

Lo, memory's room! Lo, the mouldering years!
She locks her fast in.
It feeds on her breast, and she drinks of its tears,—
Oh, the sweet little sin!

THE WAY IT WAS

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE



T was a most terrible position, you know. Positively awful, by Jove! Nothing like it ever happened to me before. I never heard of anything like it ever happening to anyone before. And, you know, if it hadn't been for— But there I go, getting it all back-end first—just like a chap that tells a story by beginning with the point of it, and then goes back and tells the rest of it, and expects people to laugh when he reaches the point again.

Well—eh—so that you'll understand it all, I'll have to begin by asking you if you remember those Western people that came on and took Nigger-Head Island for the summer. Their name was Dunning, you know, and they hired the island from the Van Dorps, who were away all season on their yacht doing Cowes and Kiel and the Land of the Midnight Sun, and all that sort of thing.

Of course all us old regulars gave the newcomers the cold shoulder, for there are every year a lot of impossible people who come on and try to wiggle their way into society, you know; and if you once gave them an inch, they'd take an ell and a couple of furlongs with it. So we paid no attention at all to the Dunnings, any more than we did to all the others. In fact, I don't think we saw any of them, even; at least, if we did we didn't know it.

You remember we were all busy with the small-boat fad last summer—skip-jacks and half-raters and all that sort of thing, you know. And that's where it all began.

I was sitting in the Casino one afternoon, drinking a mint and wondering what I'd do—for it was too hot for tennis or cards or golf or polo, and nobody was about to

talk to—when Ted Burlingame happened to come in. Ted had the small-boat fad until it had become an obsession; he lived, ate, talked, drank, and slept boat. And nothing would do him but that I must come out with him.

There was a stiff breeze blowing that afternoon—and you know I hate the messy little things, anyway, for there isn't a place on one of them that you can sit that you aren't half the time up to your ears in the water, and they splash and bang and bounce and slap and lurch until you feel as though you'd been sitting in a bath tub on a merry-go-round for a year.

Well, at first I told him that was utterly out of the question; that I wouldn't go, and that was flat. But you know Ted. He's one of those chaps that can take you while you're in the act of saying that you won't, and make you will. And by the time I had got through refusing to go we were already at the dock and getting rigged out in oilskins like a couple of volunteer life savers. And while I was just telling him that I had an engagement at thirty, we were paddling out in a dingy to his half-rater; and by the time I had got through explaining that I had to go down to meet the governor at half past four, he had hoisted the sail and slipped the mooring and we were already half way out to the breakwater.

He interrupted me while I was peevishly protesting against such coarse kidnaping by telling me to trim ship; and in another minute I swallowed a quarter of Narragansett Bay and the boat began to lurch and pitch and buck and rear like an unbroken pony.

I was very sore by this time—sore at Ted for making me go, sore at myself for going. But I had to move up to windward

or else get swashed off into the water; so I sat on the weather rail and said things.

You know it was blowing three quarters of a gale—maybe seven eighths; and it looked pretty dangerous to me. And the more so because Ted is one of these reckless navigators that think it cowardice to take in a reef, and everlasting shame to take in two. He'd just as soon as not go across the Atlantic in a life preserver with a leg-o'-mutton sail; and why he wasn't drowned permanently years ago I can't tell. It certainly wasn't his fault.

The waves were running higher than I had ever seen them—that is, from a small boat—great, green things, with ugly white tops; and the half-rater yawed and zig-zagged and dug her nose into it frightfully, while I dug my wet fingers into the mahogany rail and said some more things, when my mouth wasn't too full of water.

But Ted, at the tiller, was having the time of his life.

"Isn't it great?" he yowled through the wind and water. "This is sure living!"

"If this is what you call living," I returned, through a gallon or two of water, "I prefer a cemetery."

No conversation, except inaudible, occurred in the next few minutes. Ted was too busy steering and I was too busy hanging on. One minute the boat was heeled over so far that the boom dragged in the water, and I was looking down on Ted as though I were in a window and he beneath me in the yard; and then the next minute she'd yaw, and I'd have all I could do to keep from turning a back somersault out into the bay.

"Better reef!" I suggested at length.

He shook the water out of his eyes.

"And spoil all this?" he queried, with infinite reproach. "Not on your life! I'm just beginning to have a good time."

I should think that we had sailed a couple of miles up and down, and maybe one ahead, before either of us again spoke.

"There's Nigger-Head!" yelled Ted, pointing with his chin.

I blinked the salt out of my eyes and looked. And just then something happened.

At first I didn't know what it was, for it came so suddenly, you know. Unconsciously I had shut my mouth and eyes, and as the water kept singing in my ears, I

thought vaguely: "My, but this is a big wave!"

But we didn't seem to get through it; and then it suddenly occurred to me that we had been capsized. And as I bumped my head against something hard at about the same time, I was sure of it.

I kicked a couple of times, thus freeing myself of my oilskin trousers. Then, suddenly, my face shot out of water—I saw something ahead of me, you know—I grabbed for it—and then Ted pulled me up on the bottom of the boat.

"Welcome to our city," he said, or some such rot; Ted has a rotten sense of humor, you know.

"You watch me bump that builder," he went on. "What do you think of him putting a stick in her that a little summer zephyr like this would break? He'll get a piece of my mind."

"You better give it all to him," I said, for I was very much put out, you know; and no wonder. "It doesn't seem to be doing you much good."

Well, we sat there straddling the bottom of that boat for ten years, it seemed. Once Ted was washed off, once I was washed off; and once we were both washed off together. Then we managed to get a part of the sheet across, and, drawing it taut, we fastened it to a halyard cleat, so that we had something to hold on to.

We sat there for years, and years more; and finally the wind began to die down.

"Well," said Ted at length, beginning to undress, "I guess I'll swim for it. There are no boats, nor liable to be; they can't see us from the shore; and if anyone on Nigger-Head were going to help us, they'd have done so before this."

"But," I said, "I——"

"Oh," he returned, kicking off his shoes, "you're not going to swim, too. I'm going to send out a Sedan chair, or something, for you." And he dove off into the water.

I turned so that I could watch him. He was sliding through the heavy sea with a smooth, even, overhand stroke; and I knew he'd make it all right.

I watched him until his head became a little black spot in the distance; and then I looked up, to find that the tide had turned and had set toward Nigger-Head, and even now I wasn't more than a couple of hundred yards off shore.

And before I got over my astonishment—for it surprised me as much as though some one had pushed the island up to me—I saw putting off from shore a rakish little white power boat.

Without stopping to think, I stood up on the bottom of the half-rater and began to wave my hand and yell. And then, suddenly, I found myself in the water again.

I came up under the boat—you can't imagine how funny a cockpit looks upside down—and by the time I had worked my way out from under, and up on top, the sweetest voice I ever heard shouted:

"Stand by for a line!"

And by Jove, you know, I stood; and the next minute the line came sizzling through the air and wound around me three or four times, and I was jerked off into the water again.

I suppose I must have gone a mile under water, at the rate of thirty or forty an hour; and then by and by some one grabbed me under the arms, and I was half pulled, and I half scrambled, into a boat.

I lay on the floor of that boat, feeling like one of these little glass bowls full of goldfish and seaweed and things, until some one said:

"Here we are."

Then I got up as far as my knees, and I said:

"By Jove, I'm awfully obliged to you, old chap——"

And then I stopped, for it wasn't a chap at all, you know, but quite the most perfectly beautiful girl I ever saw. She was a beauty, a raving beauty, you know—dark hair, dripping with spray, dark eyes, red-brown cheeks, red, smiling lips, the whitest of white teeth—by Jove, you know, I just lay right down again and stared, and stared, and stared.

"Oh!" she said at length. "Are you hurt, seriously?"

And then, of course, I came to, and I got up. But then I just couldn't help staring some more, and—I didn't.

For she was all in oilskins, you know—a sou'wester (I think that's what they call the bally things), coat, and trousers, from the bottoms of which peeped the toes of little rubber boots. By Jove, it was the prettiest picture that I ever heard of—or anyone else, for that matter.

"You're all right now?" she asked.

I could only nod.

"Then help me make fast the boat," she requested.

Almost mechanically I hitched the painter to the wharf cleat; and then together we scrambled up on the dock, for she was there before I could assist her.

By Jove, you know, but I *was* rude. But I just couldn't help staring. I had always before considered that oilskins were about as becoming a form of apparel as a barrel or a shower-bath curtain. And it surprised me so to learn that they could be as attractive, if not more so, than the best that Paris can do, that I quite forgot myself. And then she blushed, and of course I figuratively kicked myself and began, idiotically, to push the boat away from the dock and pull it back again.

"You must be cold," she said at length. "You should have some dry clothes, and a hot lemonade."

I nodded. Now, for really the first time, I began to feel things, you know.

She stood, prettily hesitant.

"I don't know what I can do for the clothes," she said slowly. "There are just mother and I, you know; and we have all maids, except old Uncle Billy for the boats, and he's taken mother over to the mainland—she had to go to New York—and he won't try to come back until the storm is over. But perhaps you can find something if you look in his room—in there," and she nodded toward the little boathouse. "Try; and while you're getting changed, I'll go up to the house and have one of the maids make a hot drink for you. And hurry," she commanded, "because it's dangerous to be too long in wet things at this time of the year."

With a sincere prayer in my heart that Uncle Billy might have a well-filled wardrobe, I entered the boathouse and began the search.

On the lower floor there seemed to be nothing but all sorts of boat supplies; so I went upstairs. There there was a loft with nothing in it but a rusty anchor and a pack of cards. Uncle Billy's room was next to that.

"By Jove," I said to myself, "I do hope we're at least of a size!"

But we weren't, you know. He didn't even have a bath robe that would fit—or evening togs—or a shooting coat—or any-



Drawn by George Brehms.

"I sat and gasped weakly for full three minutes."



thing. All I could find in that room was the worst collection of old clothes that anybody ever threw away.

I piled all I could find up in a heap in the middle of the floor and began to go over them, one by one.

By Jove, it was awful! Do you know, I went all weak in the knees and hollow in the stomach. If she had been some old frump I wouldn't have cared. But to stand before the most beautiful girl in the world in a costume that would offend a chicken thief—it was sickening, positively sickening, by Jove!

I had almost made up my mind to stay in my own wet ones when a nail that some idiot had driven into the wall settled the matter for me, and I *had* to change.

You can imagine my feelings as I left the boathouse arrayed in a pair of overalls, covered with bright green paint, and that didn't come within a foot of my boot tops, and wearing a jersey full of holes that had on the chest, "Life Saver; Coney Island Bath House No. 1."

By Jove, I was sorry that she hadn't let me stay on the bottom of the boat, or drown, or something like that!

But I was getting cold by this time, and shivery, you know; and I knew that if I didn't go to the house she would come down, or send some one to get me. All the same, I'll wager it took me half an hour to walk up the hundred yards of drive that lay between the boathouse and the cottage.

And I never suffered so in my life as I did for that hundred yards! To think of a Van Pelt, whose great-uncle had been the arbiter of metropolitan fashion for a decade, walking up to call upon the most beautiful girl in the world, looking like a beach-comber! It was terrible.

However, I finally made it.

She was waiting at the door.

"Did you find—" she began. And then she stopped. But she didn't laugh.

"Thank you," I said.

"For what?" she asked innocently.

"For not laughing. . . . And I want to tell you who I am."

She stopped me, flinging the door open.

"Come in first," she said, "and get your hot whisky-lemonade. That's more important than names."

Wasn't that perfectly bully of her?

Well, of course, I went in, hiding myself

as much as I could; and I sat down in the deepest chair, in the darkest corner. A maid brought me the lemonade, and I drank it. And then I felt better, and stretched out my overalls a little toward the drift-wood fire on the hearth, taking care to keep the fire screen as much as possible in front of me.

"Now you may talk if you wish," she said, drawing her chair a little nearer the fire.

"I don't want to now," I said. "I just want to look."

And no wonder; for in a little house gown of some light, fluffy material, with a glimpse of neck and arms and ankle barely revealed, she was even more fascinating, if possible, than in the oilskins.

She moved a bit from the fire and shielded her face with a little hand.

At length she said:

"I'm Muriel Dunning. . . . Tell me how did it happen?"

Well, I told her all about it, you know; and she laughed two or three times—and she had a positively ripping laugh, so soft, and musical, and honest, and good-fellowish.

Then, not unnaturally, we got to talking about people and things, and suddenly she asked me if I knew me! Yes, by Jove! You see, I'd forgotten to introduce myself. And the first thing I knew, she said:

"Do you know Beekman Van Pelt?"

It took me about two minutes to answer, and then I said:

"Why, yes. . . . Slightly."

And then I felt like the bally idiot that I was; though still some of us don't know ourselves more than slightly, do we?

And then I asked:

"Why?"

"Why," she repeated, "nothing particular. . . . Only don't you think he's a good deal of a cad?"

Well, by Jove, I was thunderstruck, and worse than that. Imagine the situation—to be asked, in scornful tones by the one woman in the world who at all interested you, whether or not you didn't think that you were a good deal of a cad!

I suppose I must have sat and gasped weakly for a full three minutes. And then I couldn't say anything.

At length I managed to stammer out:

"But what makes you think so?"

"Well," she said, "when we first came,

like all Western people, we were rather inclined to make overtures—not, you know, because we had the slightest inclination to be identified, or to mingle, with your society, so called; but merely because we craved a little companionship and sociability. We like good people—the right kind of people, you know—and we like to have them like us; and we have rather a good place here, and with the right crowd it could be made very jolly.”

I nodded.

“One day, at the Casino, we heard some people at the next table discussing us; and they were saying that Beekman Van Pelt had declared that these Western bounders and climbers must be frowned down upon. Not that I cared, or care, at all”—her cheeks were a glorious red—“for, I’m thankful to say, we can, and have been, and are, quite contented by ourselves, or with the few friends that from time to time visit us. But it just goes to show what utter cads he and his kind are. Don’t you think so?”

I could just nod, ashamedly; for it was true, you know—though it hadn’t appealed to me quite that way before. And all the extenuation I could advance was:

“But, you see, he didn’t know you.”

“That’s true,” she said; “and if he had his way he never would. And,” she added, with great sincerity, “if I had my way, I wouldn’t, either.”

By Jove, but I was uncomfortable, you know! Of course I couldn’t tell her now who I was, and I couldn’t stay where I was under false pretenses. I didn’t know what to do.

There was not much said for the next ten minutes; and finally, telling me to make myself comfortable, she withdrew.

I couldn’t sit still, you know. So I got up and wandered about the room, and finally I went out on to the terrace.

It ran along by the edge of the water, and from where I stood I could see the place where the half-rater had turned turtle. I could even see the half-rater itself, swashing around in a little cove, invisible from the bay, and only distinguishable from the terrace or the land behind.

All at once I heard a hail. It was hard to see whence it came, for it was getting quite dark now; but at length I managed to see a little white power boat hurdling

through the gloom; and the voice hailed again.

It was Ted Burlingame and his relief expedition!

Well, by Jove, here was another muddle, for if I once permitted myself to be rescued I would probably never have a chance to see her again—for she would never consent to meet me once she knew who I was.

I never thought so quickly in my life; no, by Jove, nor to such good purpose. For I hunched myself into a bent heap, put my hands to my mouth, and in a voice that I tried to make as nearly as possible like that which Uncle Billy may have had, I answered:

“Saw him a hour ago driftin’ off toward the light! Sou’-sou’-east by a half east from here! Couldn’t git him because I didn’t have no boat!”

And then I heard a faint “Aye, aye,” and the power boat phutted away into the darkness in the direction of the lighthouse. And I gave a sigh of relief.

It had just disappeared when she came out beside me.

“I know you’re in a hurry to get home,” she said; “so I’ll just run you over to the mainland myself.”

“Oh, no!” I protested. “Think of the danger. I couldn’t—”

“It’s nothing at all,” she said. “I’ve done it hundreds of times, and on nights much worse than this. Besides, Uncle Billy’ll be there to bring me back—or I can stay all night with the Lansdownes. Come. Shall we get ready?”

By Jove, it was terribly discouraging. Just as I had succeeded in getting rid of one rescuer, I find myself as badly off as I was at first. I didn’t know what to do or what to say.

But gentle Nature stepped into the breach. Suddenly I began to shiver so I almost fell off the balcony. It really wasn’t much of a chill, you know; but it was enough to give me the idea and the means of its execution. So I just devoted the next few minutes to shivering as hard as I could, stopping every once in a while to assure her that it was nothing and that I really felt perfectly well, but just a bit chilly, which was perfectly true.

But people aren’t usually half as willing to believe the truth as something else, so

she insisted that I must go to bed at once, and have some hot whisky-lemonade and quinine, and hot-water bottles and all that sort of thing, you know.

I kept on shivering and protesting that I was perfectly well, and she kept insisting that I wasn't, and gave up all idea of taking me back to the mainland.

It was terribly hard work, that shivering; but I couldn't get over the attack too suddenly. So I gradually let them get farther and farther apart, stopping only just in time to avoid being sent to bed.

And then dinner was announced.

By Jove, I was glad to hear that! I was as hungry as two bears—large ones. But all my hopes were dashed, for she insisted that dinner would be dangerous; and she made me sit before the fire and eat a bowl of gruel and some toast and tea.

And then—well, if it hadn't been for the fact that I was me, it would have been too comfortable and cozy and perfectly pleasant for words. One minute I would be the concentrated quintessence of personified contentment; but then I'd remember who I was, and I'd grow cold thinking how I was going to get out of being myself!

We talked about this and that for a while, but the thought of my being myself was always preying on my mind, and finally I jumped right out of a discussion on the relative merits of handball and racquets with:

"He is a cad, of course. But don't you suppose he might be able to get over it in time?"

"Who?" she asked puzzledly.

"Why, Beekman Van Pelt, of course," I said.

She shrugged her lithe shoulders a little.

"I really don't know," she said, quite indifferently. "Nor, if I am to be honest, do I particularly care."

"But he does," I protested; and then, quickly: "I mean, he *would*. He's not a bad chap, really. He may be a bit of a cad and a bit of a bally idiot—and he no doubt is. In fact, I'm sure he is. . . . But if he should realize his commissions and omissions, you wouldn't hold them up against him always, would you?"

She gazed at me, dark eyes puzzled.

"I can't see why we should discuss it," she said. "He is nothing to me. I am even less to him. It is doubtful if we shall

ever meet, for we shall not come back here again next season."

"But," I protested weakly, "let us consider it as a hypothetical case. *Suppose* you should meet him, and *suppose* he should be ashamed of himself and sorry for his cadishness and bally idiocy, don't you suppose that you could forgive him some time?"

By Jove, I was serious, you know.

She shook her head.

"I'm afraid not," she returned. "You see, such things, I believe, are a good deal a matter of heredity and upbringing. But you were saying—"

"Why, that I know him pretty well, and I feel sure he's ashamed of himself, you know; and that while heredity and upbringing have had a good deal to do with it, most of his shortcomings are caused by ignorance and lack of thought. Now, if I—I mean he—"

Just then there were words in the hall, and a maid entered; and right behind were Ted Burlingame and Bobbie Higginson and Monty Webb and Pell Stuyvesant, and they were all talking at once, excitedly, and telling how they hadn't been able to find me and they wanted to 'phone over to the mainland for Wallingham Van Ness's yacht so they could get a searchlight, and they were most gratifyingly frightened and perturbed.

And then they saw me.

For a minute they stood there, helpless. But for only a minute. And then, the Lord knows, they were quite helpful enough.

"Beekman!" yelled two of them.

"Van Pelt!" yelled the other two.

"Beekman Van Pelt!" yelled the four of them, for all the world as though it were a college yell that they had been rehearsing for years.

Then they became more original, and addedly forceful.

"You old fake!" yowled Ted Burlingame.

"You four flusher!" yowled Monty Webb.

"You bluff!" yowled Bobbie Higginson.

"You false alarm!" yowled Pell Stuyvesant.

And then, do you know, they rushed at me before I could even attempt to explain or resist, and carried me through the French window and out upon the terrace and gave me a giant swing off into the mud.

Talk about man's inhumanity to man! It was nothing to what they did to me. For when I was standing up to my neck in the clinging ooze and mucky water they began to throw potted plants and things at me; and you know, by Jove, I either had to get hit in the head or duck—and one seemed just a little bit worse than the other. Take my word for it, by Jove, it was *awful*!

And then she entered into the discussion; and, believe me, what she said to those chaps I wouldn't want to have anyone say to me, ever. She called them brutes and beasts, and told them about the chill I had had, and how sick I was, and how absolutely lost to all sense of manhood and decency and common humanity they were. And she was magnificent—absolutely magnificent—with dark eyes flashing, and a bright spot of red glowing in the soft light upon each cheek, and her little head high and proud. By Jove, I was so thoroughly obsessed by the sight and by her perfect beauty that I was for a time quite comfortable in the mud. I just stood there and listened; and I'd rather have stayed right where I was, among the jellyfish and clam shells and seaweed and things, for a year than to have missed one little second of that scene.

And those four chaps! My word! They couldn't say a thing! But, meek and ashamed as four apple-stealing infants, they came down on the rocks to get me out. And I managed to pull Ted Burlingame in on his head beside me, and splash up the other three most beautifully, before I permitted myself to be rescued.

Then, of course, I simply had to have another chill, no matter whether I wanted it or not. And at this she turned flaming eyes upon them.

"See what you've done, you brutes!" she cried; and then she ordered them to go to the mainland at once and bring back a doctor; and, with heads hanging, they trotted off like whipped collies to their boat.

Well, of course, the ducking that they had given me finished even Uncle Billy's clothes; and as my own were still wet, there was nothing for it but to go to bed.

And when I was once there she came up, and with her own hand held the whisky-lemonade to my lips, and felt my forehead, and made me take two five-grain quinine capsules, and had one of the maids fill two hot-water bottles, one for each foot—and then, by Jove, I realized that I had become more of a cad than ever. So I 'fessed up.

Well, at first, if the boat hadn't already started, and if I had had any clothes to wear, I believe that I would have had to go, too. But then, all of a sudden, right in the midst of her anger, she began to laugh. And it was such a low, sweet, soft, delicious, comrade sort of laugh that, scared and humiliated as I was, I began to laugh, too. And the maid, with a hot-water bottle in each hand, also began to laugh. And then we all laughed some more together.

Then—well, I don't believe there's anything else to tell—at least anything that's anybody's business except ours—except—oh, yes!—we've bought the island from the Van Dorp's, you know, and we've had steam heat put in—in the house, I mean, not in the island—so that we can stay there all winter.

And she says I'm not nearly as much of a cad as I used to be. By Jove, that's good, you know, isn't it?

THE WAYS

By MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

O H! the way in the wood is hard to find,
But the dear Brown Brook is a guide most kind.
The streets of the city are straight and true,
But they lead not home, as the Brook will do.

A MAN'S ADVENTURE IN DOMESTIC INDUSTRIES

BY G. STANLEY HALL



STALWART young college professor, a friend of mine, lately spent the summer vacation at his home trying to write a book on industrial education for girls, a work not yet published. For exercise, tiring of his wheel, chest weights and dumbbells, and stupid solitary walks, and wishing to use his strength practically, he lately did a week's washing for his family of six under the direction of his laundress, and to her mingled amazement and amusement. He tells me he never learned more, or more rapidly, in the same time, and that neither in the gymnasium, on the tennis court, nor on the golf links did he ever get quite such varied or hygienic exercise.

In the splendid freedom of a collarless, cuffless, unstarched shirt, an old pair of discarded and unsoilable pants held up by a belt, in low slippers, he went about the day before with a large washbag gathering sheets, towels, handkerchiefs, skirts, napkins, under- and night-clothes, from nursery, bathroom, bedrooms, and closets, that the preliminary mending might be done. He applied salt and lemon juice to rust stains, a special acid to ink spots, and other things in bottles for grass, berry, and other stains; he rubbed lard in the greasy places, and soft-soaped some of the most dirty spots and things. He put everything to soak in three set, stone tubs in the basement washroom, keeping the white and cleaner things by themselves; and he also sawed, split, and laid kindling under the big copper cauldron by the tubs.

After ransacking the college library and worrying its chief for literature on the sub-

ject of laundries, only to find that no one had ever put together all that needed to be known, he resolved to assign it as a master's thesis to the next girl graduate who consulted him. But he has suggested it to one only; she told him plainly that she came to college to get away from such things, and seemed grieved and almost affronted lest it imply he thought her incapable of a loftier career. He told her that one of the best commencement parts he had ever seen was at the well-known Oread cooking school, where a girl in a mortar-board hat, but with bare arms, washed one shirtwaist and ironed another before an audience, telling them at the same time what she did and how and why. It was all in vain, for to this the young lady replied that she was not seeking a diploma as a washerwoman, and would die before she would do such a thing in public, and so would all the rest. So that settled it.

Next morning when the college chimes rang six he was already at his work, with the enjoyable sensation of bare feet *à la* Kneipp, and sleeves up to his shoulders.

He ensconced his laundress in a wicker chair in a cool corner, near an open window, to direct. They both agreed that Chinamen who sprinkled clothes with water from their mouths were filthy, and that the steam laundry, which used acids and tore off buttons with machinery even if it did make things whiter, was not suitable for real Vere de Vere families or for climbers who would be true topnotchers. She gave him nuggets of information in a rich brogue about soaps, a kind of lecture so meaty that he wished to stop on the spot and note points.

From the anatomical laboratory my

friend had procured a pair of rubber gloves used in dissections, but soon discarded them. First, he gently punched and prodded the soaking mass in the tub containing the cleanest white things, soaping and wringing a little till his inspectress was satisfied, and transferring everything into the already bubbling cauldron. In the next tub it was dirtier. To get down to first principles, he had discarded washing machines and wringers and went to work on the wash-board, an imitation of which has been cleverly smuggled into the list of gymnasium apparatus under the imposing and euphonious classic name of *sthenico-dynamo-generator*, or chest strengthener. This he found an ideal apparatus for the pectoral muscles and those of the back and shoulders, combining some of the best movements of rowing, parallel bars, and sawing wood. Here, indeed, he felt he had found an athletic bonanza. In wringing there were half a dozen exercises, always on the principle of opposition of the two forearms, and all a distinct improvement upon the hand-wrist-twist-weight-lifter of the gymnasium.

The clotheslines of white cotton, which had been taken in weekly and kept in a bag, were strung on trees over his hedge-protected back yard. Unlike wires they were incapable of staining. After carrying his first tubful, weighing one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, up the steps and some eighty feet, he stretched each garment out symmetrically—not without soiling a few, however, which had to go back—hanging white garments in the sun and colored ones in the shade, fastening each in place with a basket of wooden pins, which he had learned meanwhile could be bought at ten cents for six dozen.

Now the trophies of his toil swung like banners in the glorious wind and sun. Thus he persisted, keeping woolen garments in successive waters of a cool and constant temperature to avoid shrinking, boiling the linen and cotton with a tablespoonful of kerosene, a little blueing, and just a pinch of sal soda.

After three hours, during which he snatched a hasty breakfast, his work was done—soon after nine o'clock—and he had himself photographed, standing before the drapery he had cleansed, proud as a huntsman beside his first bear, or a fisherman with his best catch. At 9.30 A.M. he had

taken a cold bath, redressed, and was at his desk, with a clear head, an exuberant sense of well-being and of having done something, and a bit touched with conceit, leaving to his mentor the more unheroic task of bringing in the wash when it was dry.

To be sure his knuckles were a trifle raw and sore and, athlete though he was, his forequarters were a little tired. But he had tasted all the gamey flavor of camping out without a hot and dusty journey to get there and back. He almost—but not quite—resolved that henceforth he would always do the wash, and not throw away so wholesome and inspiring an opportunity for physical culture to be enjoyed by paid servants. Now at least no washerwoman's union could boycott him. The servant may have dimly felt his thoughts, for as the task went on she passed from volubility to taciturnity and glumness, possibly fearing that she would suffer from future economy and retrenchment. However, the first act of the drama was successfully ended.

I wanted to print the above photograph of my friend as he stood six feet one, weight one ninety-eight plus before and one ninety-seven minus afterwards, deducting his breakfast which he was methodical enough to weigh. His modesty, however, forbids me. Were he the first woman in the land, he declared, he would have been proud to let it appear. He marveled that there were no young ladies perhaps just from the high or normal school or college who would set the world a new fashion, and wondered whether they were all too coy and shy of the many caubs in search of a wife who would chortle with joy and fall at their feet if they had shown this proclivity for the domestic life.

To think of it seriously, why this horror of washing, especially when many society ladies confess to me confidentially that they do it and love it in a small way—privately! Schuyten found in a comprehensive census just published that less than two and one half per cent of the girl students in the teens had ever wished or planned to devote themselves even to domestic life in general, although seventy-five per cent were proposing teaching or other culture careers, and a great majority of them would probably sometime marry—so little does our educational system fit young women for their des-

tiny! How many of them to-day ever did or could do a good washing, or have either the brain, muscle, or endurance for it?

Tuesday, again at 6 A.M., my friend was in the laundry cleaning and firing the stove, and getting out and polishing the flatirons, and preparing three qualities of starch. There was no mangle or roller and all was by hand. In ironing, however, he had to be shown as well as told by his teacher, for this was skilled labor and of a very different order. But he was patient and docile and learned to avoid tearing off buttons, ripping openwork, making holes with the point of his tool, scorching, etc., and got a few points about ironing in creases and folds, to tow up well into plaiting, not to rip delicate tissues, how to use different irons in relays and to tell when each was too hot or cold. At nine o'clock, leaving most of the hardest things to his expert, he arrayed himself in the things he had ironed himself, even a bosom, collar, and cuffs, and was photographed again with his pile of garments beside him, which he then distributed to their places.

Mending he did not undertake yet. His courage was still triumphant, but the heat and the mental and nervous strain had told upon him, and some of his fundamental ideas about woman and her work were a little joggled. He became conscious of a silent sense of superiority on the part of his employee toward him, and wondered if henceforth it might be harder for her to feel all the respect due to the head of the house. Several burns distracted his attention from his study, although he had learned and applied some valuable recipes new to him which might come handy in other circumstances.

His six-year-old girl complained at dinner that the collar of her white dress scratched her neck and was stiff as a board, and the precious pocket in her apron would not open, and he noticed that his own collar was a little limp and spotted, which required him to change it later. His thirteen-year-old girl, in the fluffy-ruffles stage, seemed conscious throughout the evening of something wrong about the one garment of hers he had attempted, and his devoted wife never let him know that some of his chef-d'œuvres had to be starched and ironed over again. She tactfully answered his inquiries during the week whenever he saw

one of his own bits of handiwork in use that all was well, that even the clean napkins did not open too hard, and that it was all the style now to have them so stiff and pasteboardly that they would stay put and almost stand on end.

What puzzled him most of all was how the laundress, who never read a book or an article, and never took a lesson, learned to do all these things, for the effects of never-printed tradition and long practice were hardest of all for this professor of books to appreciate. He ransacked his library in vain to find any trace of the evolutionary history of this art, or to learn the how, when, and where of the development of the instruments and the skill. How accomplishments like ironing could have developed in the race and been transmitted for countless generations without any of the adventitious aid of print, was to him a marvel. Here he feared he must leave a great gap in his book on household arts and education.

Wednesday was cleaning day, and he started off feeling quite himself again. First he took all the rugs from the library to the yard and beat them well and long, learning to stand on the windward side. This, together with rolling and unrolling and carrying them, he found capital exercise, as was taking the furniture out into the hall. Sweeping, too, was dead easy, but going over the floor on hands and knees with a wet rag set back the shoulders, brought out the chest, strengthened the cuculares, complexor, biventer, and erectores trunci, and many other muscles. Almost nothing woman does or can do, he declared, could be quite so hygienic, although going over every part of a chair with a dust rag requires so many positions that it is a close second to floor scrubbing in hygienic value.

Dusting the mantel and bric-a-brac and handling all the books was careful, puttering work, and in doing this he had several lessons in the delicacy and deftness of manipulation required, and also a lesson in charity to servants who have accidents with ornaments. He also learned much of sequences as well as of patience, and even to marvel at the acuteness of perception of his wife, now his overseer, as she detected spots of dust which he had left not only in the crevices but in the openest spaces. Furniture and picture frames, he declared, should

always be plain, with no groovings or flutings; every floor corner should be beveled; there was no use in having so many useless things about for mere ornament; windows should never be opened to let in dust; decorated china and everything *repoussé* and in relief should be eschewed; and books should be kept behind glass cases with rubber-fringed dust-tight doors, with flaps at every keyhole.

When he asked his wife to mark the grade of his excellence in this morning's work, she gravely said that there were three demerits for breakages, that he deserved about forty-five for dusting, seventy-five for wet-ragging the floor, pointing out his defects, and one hundred plus for rug beating and handling.

This ended the third lesson with many new types of physical culture of both fundamental and accessory muscles, and new knowledge and view point of women's works and ways which he had seen from the outside before, but never till now felt or appreciated. He wondered if he ought not to advocate in his book that all intending husbands should be required by law to take the course he was now giving himself before they embarked on the sea of matrimony, a consideration that probably will be amplified in his volume in a way that I think will command the thoughtful attention of housewives who may read it. He fancied that marital ties would be cemented, if the lords of creation acquired such intelligent sympathy and appreciation of their wife's responsibilities as this experience would insure.

After these experiences my friend felt an inspiration to take a vacation the rest of the week, and the next week his wife and children spent with her parents, leaving him alone with the servants. Monday morning he resolved to give a stag dinner to eleven of his friends, to some of whom he had long felt under obligations. He also wished to feel that he could do it alone *en règle*. So after a careful inspection of pantry, ice box, and cellar to note the supply already on hand, and having timidly broached his purpose to the cook, studying from several cook books what courses he wanted, he sallied forth to the market.

Clams on the half shell with lemons and ice were easily provided for; so was soup, with vermicelli and rice, a favorite of his.

For fish, he wished his guests to have each a good brook trout, but found it closed season, with a stringent law well on. The fishmonger told him confidentially, however, that there was a way of providing them at about twice the usual cost, and so he culpably compounded with crime and ordered them. A crown roast of lamb with peas gave little trouble; but, in providing the ice, which in his judgment must have rum, he realized that he lived in a no-license town. But here again the grocer knew a way, and again he became a silent partner in crime. He had set his heart on partridges, at least half a one for each guest; but this the game laws seemed to make improbable, and he could only leave an order to provide them if practicable, otherwise to fall back upon squabs or snipe with mushroom. Thus he became thrice a potential criminal.

The ice cream must be made at home and cast in individual molds, and these he had to find to his taste and buy. Nuts, Porto Rico coffee, sweets, ginger, apollinaris, and other minor items were provided, and wines he fortunately had. And so he went home, with some complacency, after several hours of nerve-racking and mentally fatiguing work.

But now his real trouble began. The cook absolutely balked, and declared she could never prepare all these dishes without the superintendence of the mistress, and that the homemade ice cream in individual molds was impossible. He thought, too, that he detected in her mind lack of confidence in her ability to prepare the trout as he wanted them, and she declared that, if she undertook the entire task, she must have three dollars extra and a helper. Being unwilling to apply to his neighbors for the loan of a cook he set out for an intelligence office, and learned of an expert, whom he at length found in a remote part of the city, who would bestow her efforts for the day for five dollars, but must be supreme. At this his own cook at first flew into a downright revolt, threatening to bolt at once, bag and baggage. But by promising her an extra three dollars, she consented, though with no very good grace, to the conditions. The chambermaid agreed to serve at the table, as she had often done, but let it be plainly seen that she, too, expected to do so for a consideration. He

wished another table girl in the same kind of black dress with white cap and shoulder-strap apron, and she suggested that a friend of hers would be willing to come in for the evening for a proper fee, although she had no uniform. She was found, taken to an establishment, duly fitted out for eleven dollars and a half, and at 7 P.M. my friend sat down to his solitary meal, excited in mind and body, a real case of nerves which perturbed his sleep with painful dreams.

Happily, he little realized what was before him the next day, on which I perhaps ought to draw the veil. I will not enumerate the things found lacking or the orders which came late, or not at all, so that sudden shifts had to be made; nor how his colored man and he were subjugated the entire day and kept running by the cook, who was an empress in the kitchen for ten hours. Nor will I describe the friction between the special and the stated help; the discovery, when the table came to be laid, that several plates and glasses in the sets required were one or more pieces short, and the further shifts, trips townward, and purchases thereby made necessary; how, when he came to don his tuxedo, no clean, broad-bosomed shirt was found save one he had ironed and which it made his very soul groan to wear; how both the trout and squab for some mysterious reason proved one short, so that he had to decline both rather than let one guest go unserved in these courses; how very promptly each invited guest arrived; how long the initial wait before dinner was announced, or how long the delays between several of the courses; how anxious he was throughout, in contrast to the ease and confidence he had felt when giving dinners in which his wife had borne all the burdens he was now bearing and had given no sign; how light of heart he grew when the coffee and cigars were served, and especially when a familiar guest praised the perfection of an establishment that could give such a dinner; how pride tempted him to reveal the fact that he had done it all and that his wife was not only not in the kitchen at all, but one hundred miles away, and in blissful ignorance of his treacherous invasion into her domain. Nor will I describe his feelings when later he added up the cost of his little dinner per plate and compared it with what he might have offered approximately the same for at the club. But it was all

his own, his very own. And it would be easier next time, only this time was quite enough for him for the present. But this adventure in domesticity he felt sure would outrank all the others in its bitter-sweet memories when it came to the *olim meminisse juvabit*, which was kept fresh in his mind during the subsequent days, when his own lonely meals were made up of or interlarded with the remains of his sybaritic feast.

Cooking, to him, had come to seem the art of arts. Man is what he eats, and ever since Prometheus gave men the control of fire, they have been evolving this "preliminary digestion," every advance in which sets free more kinetic energy for culture and civilization. Good cooking, too, is the only cure for intemperance, and bad cooking its only cause, he held. He had studied the chemistry of foods a little and experimented a little with Fletcherism and the opposite theory that food should be bolted; he was a little heretical about the advantages of regular meal times, and inclined to the view that eating only when one was hungry, and what one most wanted, was best for the system. He tried to teach his children geography a little by telling them where each item on their table came from, how it grew, was prepared for the market, etc. He told them, for instance, of the habits of salmon, mackerel, swordfish, and the rest; of Africa and the Eastern Islands where spices grew, of slaughterhouses and the canning of meats and vegetables, while grains of all kinds, fruits of all seasons, birds, every edible variety of meats, and even wines and beers, and all the rest, were texts of informal talks which he had carefully prepared for years that the children's appetites might be made apperception centers for all the botanical and zoological knowledge, and the accounts of processes and localities, that they could be made to contain. To this rather unique organization of his knowledge, he was slowly adding a limited curriculum of cooking, and on this theme had accumulated several shelves full of books and choice recipes in clippings.

Plain cooking he knew something of, and Thursday and Sunday afternoons, when the cook was out, he with his wife and children prepared the evening meal and kept alive the old, traditionary feeling of the hearth as the heart of the home. But there were

many mysteries of this high art he could never master. Practice and study as he would, his wife excelled him here as much as he did the children, or as the cook excelled her. On the paternal farm, as a youth, he had learned to do many things, and as a student in the laboratory in Germany he had taken courses of lessons each of a shoemaker, plumber, glassblower, broommaker, and bookbinder, and he set type and carved wood a little. But with all his unique and chronic passion for learning to do new things, nowhere did he make closer acquaintance with more of his own limitations than in the domain of the kitchen, although he had for years been a culinary endeavorer.

Of almost everything that the chambermaid, butler, and coachman knew, he was already past master, but house cleaning was his pet foible. In this avocation for some two months every spring, he found just the physical exercise and mental diversion that seemed most of all helpful for both mind and body. Two or three hours a day sufficed. Beginning in his own study and arrayed in suitable attire, with every window open, each book was carefully dusted out of the window, two or three at a time, shelf by shelf; the books of each tier were removed, cleansed and returned, and as each section was finished covered with a sheet well tucked in. Windows were washed, curtains taken down for cleansing and repair, and every picture overhauled and rehung. Incidentally, too, every book, pamphlet, paper, lecture, book note, letter file, and drawer was overhauled and arranged in order, sometimes according to a new scheme. Wheelbarrow loads of literature were discarded and taken to the library or the cremation furnace in it, or to the second-hand bookstore, or to country friends; to make room in advance for the accumulations of the following year.

All this process meant also that everything was mentally inventoried, lost treasures found and relocated in their proper place, stray and scattered leaflets, manuscripts, letters, and clippings, were sorted, fastened together, pigeonholed in the desk, and like brought to like, to the great saving of time and energy throughout the year. This work no other could possibly accomplish, however carefully directed, without adding to the confusion. New and important ar-

rangements here where most of his working hours were spent, gave also a unique and most exquisite pleasure, perhaps because it placed him in masterful command of all the resources in this plethoric room, full of the accumulation of years. Standing desk, low table, lounge, reclining chair, drop light, smoking stand and all its accouterments, rotary bookcase, cases of drawers for cards and for filing large envelopes, writing and reading chairs—everything was rearranged and many pretty, labor-saving devices and conveniences gave a glow of happiness of a hitherto psychologically unclassified kind. What was it? At any rate, all this brought him nearer to his work, made him more completely master of all his resources, and restored actual touch with many things that were lapsing from his cognizance. It gave a clear and fresh feeling of increased efficiency, and made old things seem new. It was somewhat as if his very brain was undergoing reorganization and resanification. His thinking could now be more systematic and effective, and his whole intellectual nature felt tidied up, cleansed, and refreshed.

Our ancestors, the cave dwellers, apparently never cleaned house, but let the debris of broken flint implements, worn-out mortars and pestles and even garments accumulate, to say nothing of bones, shells, and ashes, living on top of it all for generations, and when the cave was full moving to another. I know old houses in which the inmates inherit a similar propensity and are unable to dispose of disused and even broken, worn-out articles. Old papers, clothes, shoes, hats, letters, books, and furniture, are carefully preserved, perhaps relegated to attic, lumber room, or closet, until all are bursting. "Anything may come handy" and so it is carefully laid up and forgotten. Woe betide him or her who lays destructive hands upon it! Households have been disrupted by this conservative instinct clashing with that to clean up. One estimable housewife I know fell into hysterics because in her absence an old chest full of rags, samples, remnants, envelopes, clippings, was sorted over and the worthless part burned on the dump by a husband who needed the chest, although she had not opened it for fourteen years. For a year after, everything she could not readily find, she was sure had been destroyed in the great holocaust.

House cleaning should be an imaginary moving and, painful as it often is to condemn old things hallowed by associations, to have once been strenuous in this matter often gives "a peace that passeth understanding," probably somehow akin to the elimination of waste tissue by the agency of a too long neglected bath. To keep lengthening rows of old shoes, rubbers, trousers, coats, dresses, for years in the vague hope of needing them for some outing, or until just the right person to use them comes to the door, is a form of psychic slouchiness akin to letting the tail-ings of a mine block its entrance. Heirlooms and special keepsakes are different. Yet the moral of nature's lesson is iconoclastic. Man needs to molt most such things in order that his soul may grow, attain adequate detachment from the past and live more palpitatingly in the present. Nations with the longest and most elaborately recorded history, like modern Italy and Greece, are not better for that fact, if indeed they are not impaired by the burden of their memories.

This may help to some degree at least to explain my friend's passion, amounting almost to a mania, for house cleaning. Perhaps when he is older he will feel differently. But he lately declared that for nearly, though not quite, every old book, the substance of which he knew tolerably well, that he expropriated or destroyed, he felt an access of power to master the next new one upon the subject. Every old file of letters that he consigned to the waste basket, with some exceptions, to be sure, gave new exhilaration, because of the feeling that he would never have to look them over and decide their fate again, as he had so often done annually. The distribution of unmendable furniture relieved his mind of the faint but year-long prompting to get it repaired, for such a feeling of duty to invalidated articles may become almost an obsession and perhaps weaken the character, as good intentions too faint ever to prompt to action are said to do.

Thus he or she who does not sometimes clean house with his or her own hands, does not and cannot feel the full sense of ownership and possession of treasures. To be really loved, they must be touched, handled, moved, refurbished, and the more work lavished upon them, the more they are not only

sensed but loved and treasured. Thus the rich do not own their "things"; they are simply stored with them and are ownerless. It is like the case of mothers who have borne but never nursed, fed, dressed, or otherwise tended their children, so that the latter are really orphaned, though living in plenty. It is moral slouchiness about psychic house-keeping, akin to senescence, which is caused by the accumulation and nonelimination of the waste products of decomposition, that lets useless things accumulate unduly; while, conversely, the drastic exercise of the spring function brings rejuvenation of spirits and makes and keeps us like young people who have not yet lived long enough to accumulate burdensome impedimenta.

I have not begun to do justice to my friend's practice or to his theories. If I rightly catch his drift, he is penetrated with the conviction that woman is in danger of losing respect for and interest in some of her own most fundamental functions, and he desired to see at first hand whether these were all so loathsome. He finds most of them exhilarating and peculiarly hygienic. He is not conceited enough to think that his solitary example—and solitary enough it is—or his precept, when his book appears, will set her again upon her lost trail. He fears she is abandoning her glorious kingdom and that so set is her determination to follow man that she will return to her own only if he leads the way. He is able to find, experienced as he is in athletics and in varied industries and handicrafts, nothing quite so wholesome for body and soul as doing precisely what woman is now turning her back upon. He holds, too, that no housewife can possibly have washing, cooking, cleaning, etc., well done by servants unless she has learned how and actually done these things well herself, and that whether she be a millionaire or a professional married woman, helping her husband outside the home to support his family. He would find and make in domesticity new centers for the education of girls and women, and he holds that it would not be less but more purely cultural than present methods. But, as a lady professor in his own college remarked, "though he is a good fellow, he is a queer Dick, and the bats that have domesticated themselves in his belfry seem to be a new species, though they are probably harmless."

IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE BATTLE

BY ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN



HE Rev. Thomas Hopewell did not approve of personal luxury, and the bare, clean room which he called his office bore eloquent witness to the consistent simplicity of his life.

In one corner was a hard and homely old sofa, inviting to a somewhat corrugated repose; near the window stood a large cabinet desk which, closed, seemed merely a chest of drawers; before this an incongruous swivel chair assisted the parson's labors on his weekly sermon, while a second chair, a roomy rocker with broad arms, proved a refuge for the clergyman's visitors in search of sympathy, advice, consolation, or merely that sense of human fellowship which the country preacher knew so well how to impart.

But besides these homely belongings and the old battered bookcase, crowded with volumes of curiously assorted literature, there hung over the mantel a really fine engraving, the spirited presentment of a charge on the battlefield, all splendid prancing horses and high-headed riders and waving banners, a vision of life and movement and morning curiously at odds with that which veterans remember as the ugly reality of war.

The Rev. Thomas Hopewell loved this picture. It stood to him for his vanished youth, for the dreams of young manhood, and more than all for that other warfare in the cause of which he had enlisted nearly forty years before, the grim, ceaseless battle with man's ever-menacing enemy, the world, the flesh, and the devil.

To the Reverend Thomas the devil was quite as real as the world or the flesh—not indeed the horned, fork-tailed devil of legends and old illustrated Bibles, but a living

intelligence making for chaos and crime, everywhere busy at his vile work, relentless, indefatigable.

Not that Hopewell talked or preached about this devil. By nature and in spite of the trend of his profession the clergyman was a reserved man. In the pulpit he tried to throw off this reserve, to become personal, intimate, convincing, and in a large measure he was successful. His zeal was too strong, his warrior soul too combative, not to overcome in the stress of his moral enthusiasm the reticence which would have weakened his influence. Young men, sitting in the back of the country churches where he preached alternate Sundays, sometimes found their faces burning as they listened to the keen analysis of their temptations, their weaknesses. Young girls, rosy, sweet-faced, in their blossom years, not rarely found their hearts beating faster as the gray-haired, square-faced old man thrust aside the veil of their girlish reserves and showed them the dangers peculiar to their youth, their sex, their temperaments.

But the Reverend Thomas accomplished these results without verbal pictures of heaven or hell; his preaching was simple and honest, his vocabulary, although not especially picturesque or eloquent, possessed its homely appeal. Above all, his hearers felt that he was a man, with a man's temptations, a man's courage, and a man's magnificent power of loving.

And so they came to him in doubt or trouble or perplexity; and when they left the little office, with its swivel chair and worn sofa and the splendid engraving, they left almost invariably heartened and rested, better men and better Christians for that hour of intimate talk.

But sometimes, after a call of this sort, the clergyman would sit for a long time

motionless, his eyes on the green or russet or snow-covered landscape framed by the window, his heart protesting as human hearts have a way of protesting despite the comfort of philosophy or religion.

His wife entering softly one morning found him in this familiar attitude. Outside, apple blossoms flung their fragrance far and wide; the old turf of the lawn gleamed like emerald velvet, the air had the chill and the delicious poignant freshness of April in Virginia.

Mrs. Hopewell pulled up the blind so that a shaft of sunlight fell across the room, illuminating the engraving over the mantel with a radiance curiously in keeping with the picture.

"Thomas, you are brooding again over the children. Dear, you must not!"

Hopewell laid his cheek against her thin little hand—she was standing beside him. He did not answer, and she sat down in the visitor's chair, a small, slender, straight-backed woman, old, frail, with a tissue of fine lines about her eyes and mouth. But her skin was clear and soft, her eyes young, and almost unbelievably blue.

"Thomas, tell me what you are thinking. It isn't about that son of Dr. Gray's who has just been here?"

"No, Mary, the boy is all right, he's a good lad, and strong. He is having a hard fight with his father, who hates the idea of his entering the ministry. But he is mature for his years and determined. He deserves to win out—and he will."

Hopewell dropped his wife's hand and looked out of the window, a mist before his eyes. "Mary, why couldn't one of our boys have been like Bobby Gray—just one!"

Mrs. Hopewell stared, too, at the exuberant apple blossom. It was such an old, old question. They had thrashed it over so many times with so little avail. And yet she recognized why it must inevitably recur as long as they lived. For out of their brood of five competent, vigorous, comely boys not one looked at life as the father and mother viewed it. Not one had accepted the parental conclusions as to life work or religious faith.

Clem, the oldest, had gone into engineering. The twins, Tom and Toby, were business men, settled together in a great noisy city of the middle West. Arnold had

studied law and was now practicing in Richmond, while the youngest, the gayest, the most devoted of all to the old people, Peter the incorrigible, the adorable, had developed into an aggressive scientist, a young man who, for all his sweetness and the courtesy due his parents' ideals, was far more obviously a physician than a Christian.

At home for a holiday visit any of the five went dutifully to church, listening with interest to the clergyman's carefully thought-out discourse. But of living sympathy with their parents' faith, with their outlook upon life, not one seemed possessed. Yet long ago Hopewell and Mary had dreamed that more than one of the brood might follow in the father's footsteps. The clergyman, totally lacking in worldly ambition for himself, had once visited New York and stood in the yard of Old Trinity surrounded by towering office buildings, and there happily contemplated the possibility that one of his schoolboy sons might some day preach to a great city congregation in just such a wonderful old church.

But that dream had been dispelled by the years. The Reverend Thomas was spiritual guide to the members of his own congregation, the young men of his scattered parish, the boys and girls of his Bible class. But in spite of affectionate letters and occasional visits home, his sons were subtly separated from him; between their young minds and his own a great gulf seemed fixed, a gulf which not all his love and Mary's could bridge, the gulf between the generations.

Now Mary felt again that sense of their joint failure which often saddened them both. She had borne these sons to him radiantly with a passion of eager motherhood and the more deep and still passion of the wife who supremely loves with a love transcending even the joy of maternity—and far more rare. For the children they had both slaved and saved, bent on educating them at any cost, determined that their sons should stand shoulder to shoulder with the best.

Remembering these things, Mary spoke with a curious mingling of wifely sympathy and maternal pride. "And yet they are good boys, Thomas. Hard-working and honest and kind, making their own way gallantly in the great world we know so little about."

"Yes," said Hopewell slowly. "But Godless, with no defined religious convictions or enthusiasms. And they are our sons! I am perpetually haunted as to why I have failed, how I have fallen short in my duty to them."

"And I!" said Mary Hopewell. "It is some lack in me, Thomas, some failure when they were little."

The old man pressed her hand almost passionately.

"You, Mary! You, who have been the ideal of womanhood, motherhood! You who have nursed them and slaved for them and disciplined them to self-control and trained them in all the hardy Christian virtues! No, Mary, it cannot be your fault—and I won't let you blame yourself!"

But she smiled at him even as she laid her lips against his hand. "You are foolish about me, Thomas. You have always overvalued me and refused to see my faults, however glaring. And you are my clergyman as well as my husband—you don't do your duty by my soul, dear!"

Hopewell laughed softly. But in the touch of his lips on her faded cheek there was a hint of the passion of his youth.

"Your face is as velvety now as when you were twenty, Mary, whatever you may say about your soul. Only I love it, and you, a hundred times more than even in those hot days of youth. Ah, dear heart, however we have fallen short in doing our Master's work, he has given us one joy that has never failed, that never can fail—until—"

They clung to each other silently in the shadow of that fear. But after a little Mary's thoughts returned to the children.

"And yet, Thomas, 'by their faults ye shall know them!' Our boys are sober and hard-working and faithful. Think if any of them were idlers, drunkards, untrue to their wives!"

She spoke the last words with a curious awe as though the mere mention of such wrong were a terrible thing.

A shadow fell across the window, explained in a moment by a childish voice.

"Mither Hopewell, Mither Hopewell, here 'th the mail for you. My daddy tole me to bring it ker-wick!"

Mary went to the window and stood smiling at the child on the porch outside. He was a sturdy fellow with loose flying

hair, golden in the sunlight, and dark eyes which looked into Mary's with delicious expectancy of a ginger cookie to come. She turned and extracted a thin molasses-colored cake from a china jar on the desk top.

"There, Sammy. You're a good little boy and 'Mither Hopewell' is very much obliged. This is a letter from my little boy, Peter."

"But your little boy, Peter, is bigger'n me. Oneth he growed a muthtath, and I gueth he dothn't love cookieth any more."

"Indeed, he does! When he comes home he eats them all up!"

Sammy looked envious. "I with I had a muthtath," he murmured wistfully. Whereupon a second cookie found its way to his grimy little hand, and with a triumphant whoop he dashed down the walk, through a side gate and out into the village street.

Mary broke the seal of Peter's letter with eager haste. "It's for both of us, Thomas. It begins 'Dear Mother and Dad.'"

She settled back upon the unyielding sofa and read the letter aloud.

"DEAR MOTHER AND DAD:

"This letter is to be full of surprises, but I hope you will like what I have to tell you. I know I like it, and yet when it comes to *writing what I want to say in live words*, sitting with you two in Father's Den, I don't half fancy the job!

"The other boys are all married, and I know you are glad of it. For your own rare experience has made you believe in marriage—when what you should believe in is just the character of your own particular love affair. Yet marriage seems to you natural and wholesome, the way for men and women to live their lives.

"As you know, I have looked somewhat askance at the whole question. A poor young doctor, with his living to make and his success all ahead, has no business to think of marriage—at the start anyhow.

"That's what I have believed. And even now I have been out of the hospital but two years. My practice brings in hardly more than a modest living for one; what right have I to contemplate matrimony? And yet, you sympathetic dears, that's exactly what I am doing! I have met a girl who has simply knocked all my theories into a cocked hat, girl fashion. I can't de-

scribe her to you—yet I've known her years. She was a 'probe' at the hospital during the first year of my internship, but since then she has gone into medicine herself, dissatisfied with the more limited field of the nurse. She has just graduated and started in to practice here in New York. And young and new at it though she is, she's a corking M.D., the kind that is born for it as well as educated.

"Well, the short of it is that I want to marry her—and I've told her so. She said to me 'Perhaps—some day—if you'll wait—but—oh, I can't *know*!'

"Well, she's the kind of woman worth waiting a lifetime for, and I'm game.

"But—you may smile at this—I am convinced that you two down in Virginia can help my cause. She's the sort of woman who wouldn't marry the combination of a Saint and Cræsus and an all-fired genius—unless she loved him. But I think she has determined to be extremely careful as to whom she will *let* herself love. She believes as I do in the importance of a clean, fine heredity. She has ideals about the 'choice of parents,' as Zangwill whimsically puts it, only she would add grandparents as well. You see she is terribly modern, but so am I—and I understand her.

"What I want you blessed people to do is to invite her down there to spend her vacation at the Rectory. I want her to hear Dad preach and see him 'practice.' I want Mother to cuddle her a bit—she hasn't any mother of her own. Most of all, I want her to know the sort of folk I come from; here I am just one young man in a wilderness of men, at the rectory she will think of me as *your son*. Dear Mother and Dad, I wonder if you always realize how proud I am of being just that—

"Your Son,

"PETER."

"P.S. I am inclosing her full name and address, and you see, Mother, dear, she will soon be making plans for that two or three weeks of holiday which she takes in August. So please ask her at once—and even for yourselves I know you'll never regret it!"

Mary wiped her eyes when she had finished reading. Hopewell sat silent, looking almost grimly at his beloved picture.

"Thomas, isn't he a dear, dear child! After this letter I just can't worry about

him—even if he doesn't go to church as he ought to do."

The Reverend Thomas sighed. "And yet, Mary, the very fact that he is such a lovable youth makes me grieve the more that he is not in the thick of the battle! How that charm of his would count for influence and conquest in the service of Christ!"

II

It was an August morning, hot, yet freshened by a cool south wind; on the Rectory lawn, sheltered by ample elms, Mary Hopewell sat in her rocking-chair darning socks for the Reverend Thomas, while at her feet, lying with her head against a great tree trunk, lay a happy-looking girl, all flowing lines of slim grace and shining hair and steady, faithful brown eyes. She looked too absurdly childlike, with her short skirts and fresh color, to be that dignified individual, Marion Rhett Prescott, M.D.; nevertheless such was her honorable title, a trifle at odds with the glee of her young laughter as Mary Hopewell concluded a tale of Peter, the infant.

"He was only three, but he hated dresses. He wanted trousers like his brothers, and that morning he fought like a young tiger cub to put on an old pair of Toby's little pants, years too big for him. I spanked him well, and dressed him in his own gingham kilt, and he went weeping down to breakfast. The next morning the fight began all over again—and again it ended in my victory. The same scene was repeated the third morning, and the fourth day I hated to go into the little room where his clothes stayed and where I dressed him. He was washed and dressed in his underthings, and I was all ready for the fray when he gave me a funny wise look and then walked over to the chair where his gingham knickers and kilt lay.

"He patted the dress with his little fat hand and smiled such a whimsical baby smile:

"'Peter's pitty kilt, Peter's pitty kilt; Muvver put kilt on Peter!'"

Marion sat up the better to laugh. "Isn't that exactly like him *now*? He is such a philosopher when he gets up against the inevitable! And, of course, as a re-

ward, you made him a pair of trousers straight away!"

Mary blushed. "I couldn't help it, Marion! He was such a sweet-tempered, forgiving little chap—and such a boy in spite of the curls and kilts. You see I never had a girl, and he was the baby. I hated him to get big."

"I know," said Marion. "It must be tragic when they outgrow baby clothes and cuddling!" She spoke quite seriously, her eyes on a bush of late roses where some tiny, close-shut buds blushed a delicious pink.

Mary Hopewell smiled down at her guest.

"It's hard to realize how young you are, my dear—until one looks at your face. You seem to understand old people so well!"

Marion gave her soft, throaty chuckle. "Dear Mrs. Hopewell, *you* will never be old! Your eyes are just like Peter's, only even younger."

The Reverend Thomas came out from his study, carrying a palm-leaf fan and wearing a loose linen coat that warred violently with his clerical collar and tie. He sat down on a bench between the elm trees, and looked from his wife to Marion Rhett Prescott, M.D.

"You look about as much like a doctor of medicine as I resemble a metropolitan dandy, Miss Marion."

Marion sat straight and arranged her skirt in folds of prim order. "But *I am* a doctor, Mr. Hopewell, and Peter will tell you a blooming good one! And since when have Episcopal clergyman taken to yellow linen coats? Haven't I heard something somewhere about 'the dignity of the cloth'?"

The man and the girl laughed together, but Mary Hopewell rose suddenly from her seat.

"There's Peter!" she cried.

And across the lawn, tall and broad-shouldered, with his russet hair bare to the sunlight, came Peter, a big, happy smile on his freckled face.

His mother ran to meet him; in his arms her happy tears wet his young cheek.

"Mother! You darling atom!—Then my surprise is a success? How'd'y Dad! Oh, it is good to be home!"

He and Marion shook hands sedately, but Mary, keen as a lynx where her boy's

interests were concerned, saw the girl's color deepen to a blush which must have been painful.

Peter dropped on the grass beside his mother's chair, and the others settled down again to hear the explanation of his appearance.

"I didn't dream of getting off before the 20th, and then only for three days. But things have simmered down a bit, two brand-new mothers and their kiddies are doing beautifully, and I performed that appendicitis operation a week sooner than I had hoped."

"How was it?" said Marion quickly.

"Famous, a really typical case, and just as I diagnosed it. The chap, a young civil engineer that I know socially, Mummy, behaved like a brick both before and after. He is now clamoring for real food, and not this—blank blank hospital slop as he calls his present nourishment."

"What did Terry say about your work?" persisted Marion.

"Oh, they call it a good job; yes, Terry said very pretty things about the way I slash people up. Dad, your son's going to be a famous surgeon some day!"

But, as he spoke, Marion's observant eyes caught a subtle alteration in the strong, young face, a touch of unusual gravity, almost sternness, and the girl wondered.

Later in the day the young people went for a drive behind Hopewell's sprightly bay mare. Marion drove, and Peter lay back in the roomy, freshly varnished buggy with a sigh of content.

"Ye Gods! But it's good to be here—and to find you, Marion."

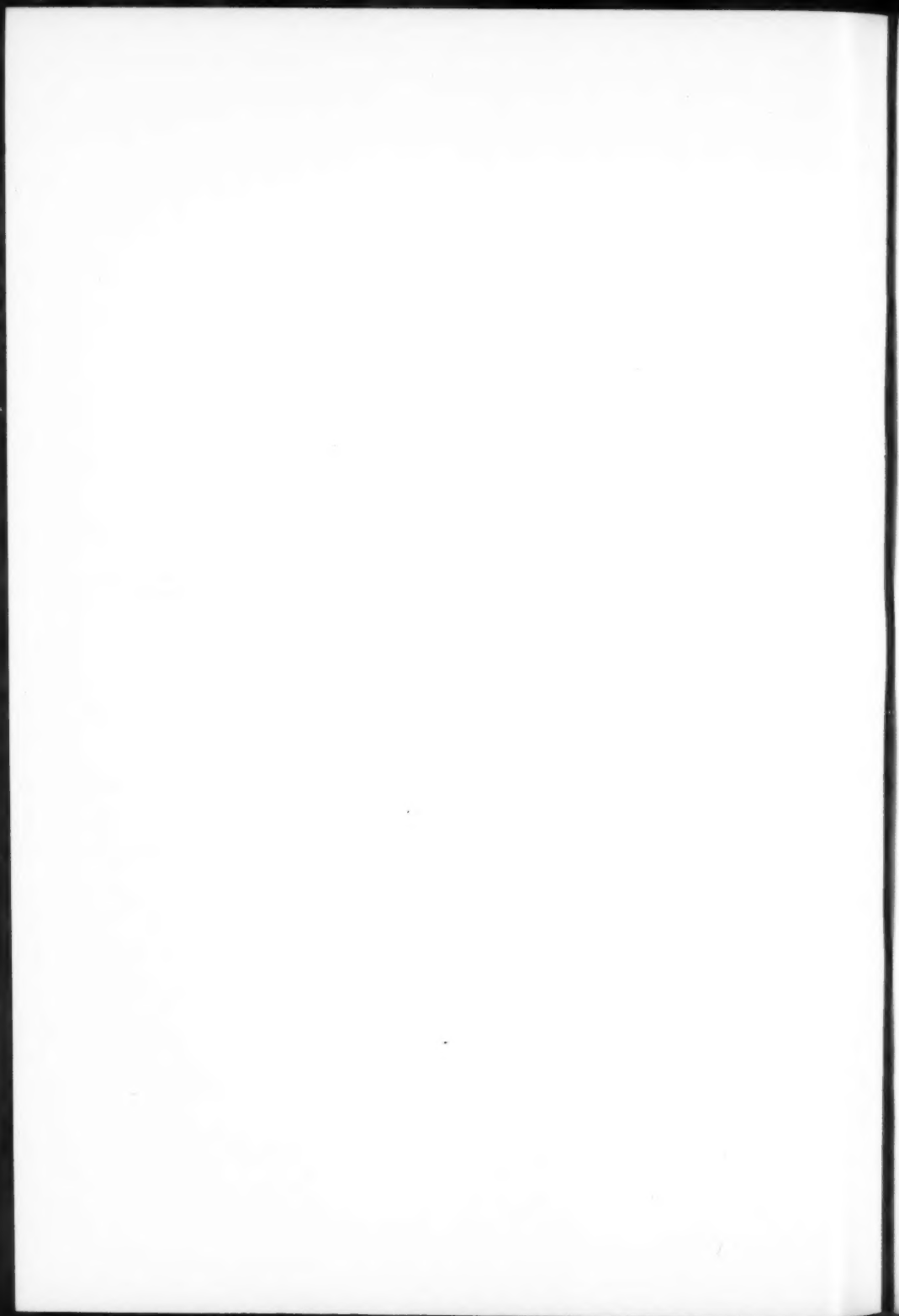
Yet his voice had a curiously impersonal quality the girl thought, almost as though her presence was incidental, as though he had never asked her that momentous question a month ago, which she had postponed answering. She was conscious of an inconsistent disappointment, but she threw herself into a gale of bright talk and laughter which refreshed tired Peter as cool spring water quenches a man's thirst.

They drove home in the deepening twilight; a young moon peeped through the trees, and made a pale glory of Marion's hair; the night breeze kissed their cheeks. Peter lifted her down from the buggy, not as though she were a dignified M.D. but as if she were a very dear little girl. He



Drawn by George Brecht.

"She gave a little sigh of half humorous exasperation."



held her an instant longer than was necessary, and that swift unacknowledged embrace brought the color racing to her cheeks in the darkness. Surely she was a little fool, surely Peter loved her. He only meant to follow out her own plan, to give her time.

Inside the house Mary Hopewell called out to them gayly:

"Come to supper, children. I have good things for you—beat biscuit and fresh honey and Peter's pet chocolate cake!"

III

PETER and Marion sat very quiet and attentive in the pew with Mary; the Rev. Thomas Hopewell's sermon had the ring of a clarion; afterwards the girl had no memory of the text, but she had a sense of exaltation as of one bidden to Titanic warfare, a warfare of the spirit in the greatest cause a man may espouse.

Underneath her girlish manner and appearance Marion possessed a somewhat uncommon maturity of mind. Without conversation on the subject she had reached a realization of Hopewell's attitude toward his children; his pride in them, and his disappointment. And this sermon so full of spiritual fervor yet seemed to her strangely sad. She said to herself: "He feels that Peter's world is a different world from his; to him his son is a worker, a man, but irreligious. He believes that in spite of his usefulness Peter shirks the real battle!"

In the pulpit Hopewell looked very gallant and stately in his clerical robes. He stood straight and tall, his dark eyes, under grizzled brows and graying hair, were full of the fire of enthusiasm. He looked what he called himself, "a man of peace," who yet could do battle in a just cause. Marion stole a side glance at Peter. His young head and straight shoulders and ruff of curling hair were very like his father's, but his eyes were his mother's, the eyes of an optimist and an idealist notwithstanding the uncompromisingly practical lines of mouth and chin.

"Sunshiny and obstinate—like both his mother and his father," thought the girl.

After church she and Peter drove home together; the service had been held at a small chapel, of which Hopewell had

charge, almost twelve miles from the rectory and home church situated on the edge of the country town.

Marion was glad of the drive. She had things to say to Peter. And yet, perhaps, because the sunshiny summer world was so lovely, so perfumed with the scent of growing things, it was hard to talk of serious matters.

Peter, too, seemed preoccupied. After a little she even thought him embarrassed. To her own surprise she broke in suddenly upon his silence. "Peter, tell me the truth, have you changed?"

Peter started; the color swept across his face as he turned to her. Her eyes told him more eloquently than her words what she meant.

"Have I changed?"

"Yes," said Marion. "You'll never be anything but honest with me, boy dear! And you know what I mean—I have the right to know."

Peter laughed suddenly. "Marion, you know I haven't, unless it is that I love you a hundred times better—seeing you here with the old people, whose hearts you have captured just as I knew you would!"

Marion flicked the mare lightly with her whip. She sprang down the hard straight road with a rhythmic beat of willing hoofs.

"But *I* have changed, Peter," the girl said quietly.

Peter stared at her, but his hands lay clasped on his knees. He did not touch her. Again she saw that shadow in his eyes. She gave a little sigh of half humorous exasperation.

"Peter, when I tell you that I am sure of myself—that I love you—*why don't you kiss me?*"

Peter gave a gasp. Very gently, with tears in his blue eyes, he kissed her.

For half an hour they drove on, slowly and with few words. But there were more of those young, eager kisses, Peter's arm found its own place, his cheek was pressed many times against her cheek. Long ago they had passed the jogging home-bound teams, and they were as alone in the August countryside as Adam and Eve in their garden.

But at last Marion drew away from him and asked another question.

"Now, Peter, you will tell me why I have had to do my own courting? You

have something hidden back in that dear russet head of yours—and I want to know what it is."

Peter kissed her hand. "Don't ask me, Marion."

"Peter! Tell me at once."

Peter was laughing, yet with the shadow still in his eyes. "Isn't love enough, dear, for one day?"

"Peter, darling Peter, tell me!"

"It's—it's— Oh, hang it all, Marion, you're a witch! But you've got to know—and after all, it's nothing, just the common chance."

"What chance?"

Peter spoke as to a professional confrère.

"You know those laboratory experiments—the new ones I told you about before you left town?"

"Yes," said Marion. "I remember."

"Well, you see, somebody has got to start the ball rolling. We can't begin with that devilish antitoxin on a patient, it might mean anything. And we have done all we can do with animals. Somebody has got to take the chances, and I volunteered to go in for it in September. You see, dear, I didn't want you committed, even in your own mind, until it was over. Of course, I shall be all right, I'm in splendid shape for it—but I hate any uncertainties for the man you have promised to marry."

The girl was white as her linen frock, but she laughed a defiant little laugh.

"Goose! Did you think I'd grieve less—if things went wrong—just because we weren't formally engaged?"

"You see I wasn't sure of you," said Peter humbly.

She kissed him fiercely, hot tears in her eyes, her hands still holding the reins taut.

"Well, you can be sure of me now, through life, and death, too, if you pay the price of your kind of religion."

"Of my kind of religion?"

Marion's eyes gleamed.

"Your father thinks you're a renegade, Peter. You don't go to church. You're a doctor, a scientist, not a Christian!"

Peter sighed. "I know, dear. Poor Dad! It's been hard on him that not one of his sons has seen things his way. And he's such a bully old fighter!"

Marion turned in at the rectory gate.

But she slowed down to a walk as they curved about the lawn to the house.

"Peter, I'm going to marry you to-morrow! And the rest of our holiday is to be honeymoon!"

IV

As he repeated the beautiful words of the marriage service the Rev. Thomas Hopewell had a dazed consciousness of the splendor of his new daughter. She was simply dressed, in some sort of diaphanous summer frock of freshly laundered white, but her cheeks flamed with a wonderful color, her eyes were full of light, and she held her small head with a pride which seemed to dedicate her, body and soul, to this man whom she had chosen.

"For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health until death us do part."

It was the clergyman's voice that broke; both bride and bridegroom made the responses clearly and calmly. Hopewell had read this service for his other sons, but never under circumstances like these. For the night before Marion had told him why she wished to be married so abruptly.

They were alone a few minutes before bedtime. Peter and his mother were pacing the old garden walks in the moonlight.

Marion told her story simply and well.

"You see," she concluded, "there's really not much danger. At any rate Peter will be in splendid shape for it, only we thought his mother need not know. But you can see why I want to be his wife—first."

"But—but—" the clergyman found himself stammering like a puzzled child. "I don't see why—Peter—whose life is so valuable, should be the one to take this risk!"

"Every man's life is valuable—to himself," Marion said. "You see, dear Peter's father, this is Peter's work, and doing it well, whatever the risk, is Peter's religion."

To-day, as he kissed the bride, her phrase came back to him. "Peter's work—Peter's religion!" After all, was his son's standpoint so different from his own?

Long ago, in the course of his ministry, Hopewell had fought empty handed with a frantic man for the possession of a loaded pistol. The man was his parishioner, but

a heavy drinker, at the time on a periodical spree. His wife, with a baby twelve hours old, was lying in an inner room, and the drunken husband was bent on entering that room. Hopewell captured the pistol, conquered the man, and finally injected morphine in his arm to quiet him until the belated doctor should arrive.

"But what," thought the Reverend Thomas, "has an experience like that to do with the things of the spirit?"

The wedding breakfast went merrily. Peter's mother, excited and elate at this unexpected happiness of her son, had suspected no hidden reason for the sudden nuptials. After all, the girl was motherless, without intimate family ties. What more natural than that she should be married under the roof of Peter's parents?

And Peter! Mary watched his radiant face, his happy eyes, his extraordinary freedom from awkwardness, unique in a bridegroom.

Marion turned to her mother-in-law as she cut the wedding cake. "Peter went through his part so beautifully, because he escaped all the agony of anticipation. You've broken the record, Peter!"

There were scarcely more than a dozen friendly country folk in the room. Midsummer blossoms were everywhere. The breeze blowing through the windows of the quaint, old-fashioned parlor ruffled Marion's curls; in her long white dress and bare, round arms and high-piled hair she was as stately as a young queen.

An hour later Peter and Marion climbed into the waiting buggy. Marion jumped out again to throw her arms around the little blue-eyed woman, and Mary held her close.

"You have a mother now, my darling; Peter's mother and yours!"

"Yes," whispered Marion. "Yes, I shall remember that whatever happens."

She kissed the Reverend Thomas all over

again, too. The feel about his neck of those daughterly arms stayed with him a long, long time. His son also kissed him, very shyly.

"My good boy," was all that Hopewell could say, hoarsely, at that moment of parting.

Later, while Mary and he sat in the bare little study which seemed less lonesome than the other rooms, he had need for all his self-control.

For Mary sparkled with happiness and pride.

She talked about the delicious possibility of more grandchildren, who should be nearer than Chicago and dearer even than the other grandchildren because of the wonderful dearness of this daughterly girl.

"For she is just that—wonderful," said Mary.

"She is a good and brave woman," said Hopewell. "And Mary"—he spoke slowly, with a curious hesitation—"Mary, she made me feel that—that the battlefield is larger than I have realized! She showed me how Peter loves his work, what it means to him to help men and women to health, to save the lives of little children; how a scientist may regard himself as dedicated to humanity, even when he doesn't pray as we pray!"

Mary's eyes followed her husband's, resting on his beloved engraving where the warriors rode down the shining field to death.

She smiled. Her hand stole into that of her old lover as she said slowly, a glory of love and pride in her eyes:

"I understand, dearest. And I am so glad! Do you remember what you said before she came, about where you longed to see Peter? Thomas, I believe in that great, wicked, strange city, full of disease and sin and tragedy that Peter, our Peter, whatever he believes or thinks he believes, is on God's side, charging down the field in the forefront of the battle!"



DR. CARTER'S HAT

A STUDY IN HIGH FINANCE

By M'CREADY SYKES



SHALL have to get a new hat," remarked Colonel Postlethwaite, as we walked down Fifth Avenue. "The Four-Dent-Hat of the Far West, though well adapted to the requirements of our western climate, seems, in the metropolis, a trifle crude."

I was sorry to hear this declaration of the colonel's. Somehow I always associated him with his breezy soft hat, his Swastika pin, and golden Elk. I suggested that the silk hat was a degenerate symbol of an effete civilization.

"Quite the contrary, my dear sir—quite the contrary. Judiciously used, the silk hat of the East may be regarded as the symbol of Success. In Detroit it represents the Inheritance of Civilization; in the Middle West it speaks of the refining influence of great cities; while in the Great Western country beyond the Rocky mountains it has proved to be the Harbinger of Capital—the Advance Agent of Development."

"Fortunately," I said, "there are not many of them beyond the Rocky mountains."

"Fortunately or not, my dear sir," the colonel resumed, "in that great country it is true that the high hat is so rare that its possessor has a distinction that is unique. Anything that is really and literally unique has potentialities of value. It was because of the perception of this fact on the part of a very public-spirited man that Gumshoe, Nevada, has recently afforded a glorious illustration of the possibilities of Inter-urban Transportation."

"Proceed, colonel," I said; "I am interested."

"You may remember," said the colonel, as we turned into Madison Square, "that in telling you of the work of the Committee on Restitution in connection with the acceleration of the demise of the late Shad Carpenter, I mentioned the name of Dr. Lemuel Carter. When you come to visit us, and drive about the surrounding counting country, you will doubtless notice on the rocks and board fences the words 'Dr. Carter, Specialist.' His specialties are diseases of the throat, lungs, eye, ear, nose, stomach, and intestines."

"Dr. Carter is a man of striking appearance. A beard slightly tinged with gray, piercing blue eyes and noble brow, combine to give the air of distinction. And yet it was not these physical characteristics that made the doctor's face and form so familiar to the community, and so instantly impressed the mind of every visitor, as it was the peculiarity of his headgear. No; Dr. Carter's chief claim to distinction was that he was the only man in Bullion County who wore a high hat, and those of us who traveled about confidently believed that he was the only man in Nevada thus adorned. He was a marked man—marked, indeed, from the day he arrived in our county, fourteen years ago. He came from Des Moines, bringing the hat with him; it was exceptionally well built, for the doctor wore it on the journey out, and had already worn it for six years, it being of the vintage of 1888. Summer and winter, in all kinds of weather, he wore it constantly, having it blocked at the Golden Rule Store twice a year, and building up on the strength of it a very substantial practice."

"You spoke of inter-urban transportation," I suggested.

"Precisely," the colonel went on. "I am coming to that. The doctor used to go to the station to meet the No. 1 train, and one of the first impressions made on visitors to our city was the pleasing sight of Dr. Carter and his high hat. No one can tell how much that hat contributed to the advertising and development of our community during the formative years. I need hardly say that Dr. Carter was invariably placed on Reception Committees whenever the committee's functions involved meeting the train or going anywhere out of doors.

"One day, two drummers who had just arrived were walking along the street, and Billy Carmichael, the cashier of the Imperial Bank, walking behind them, heard one of them speak, in a rather joking way, of Dr. Carter and his high hat.

"I'll venture to say," remarked the drummer, 'that that's the only high hat west of the hundredth meridian.'

"Probably he's the local capitalist," returned the other.

"That was all Billy heard of the conversation—a conversation, as you will observe, sir, of the most trifling import, a dozen words of passing jest. Billy Carmichael little realized that these light words were to play an important part in the history of the Far West—that from such a trifle was to grow one of the grandest systems of inter-urban transportation on the continent.

"When Billy saw Dr. Carter that night, he told him of the drummer's remark. I was present, sir, on that historic occasion. It was in the Overland bar, and I can see Lem Carter, leaning carelessly at the bar, his foot on the rail, and his high hat tilted back on his head.

"The only high hat west of the hundredth meridian. Did he say that, Billy?"

"That's what he said, Doc, and the other one said you must be the local capitalist."

"The doc ordered a bottle of champagne on the strength of it, but he was unusually quiet, and we all observed that he had become very thoughtful. Somehow that drummer's remark had made a very deep impression on him, and we all realized it, though we little guessed how it had started the making of history.

"Then, sir, doc got to thinking. Billy

Carmichael and I were talking in low tones, and had forgotten all about the high hat, when doc turned and faced us, and putting his hand on Billy's shoulder, said, very earnestly:

"Billy, you're a banker, and know the possibilities of this country, which I don't, being only a doctor. Billy, what is there to capitalize?"

"Then Billy Carmichael, taking it all more or less as a joke, said: 'Doc, the most promising thing I know of is a trolley road to Horse-Shoe Cut.' Horse-Shoe Cut, I should explain, sir," continued the colonel, "is the junction point where the line to Gumshoe joins the main line, twenty miles away. Billy Carmichael always used to talk about there being a trolley line there some day, going by way of Athens and Bullion City. You see, it's all irrigated country in there, with lots of little ranches and considerable fruit and good sugar-beet country, though our people hadn't at that time taken to raising sugar-beets, because there was no factory.

"Then Billy and the doc began making maps, and we all went around to Billy's house and got out the United States Government topographical charts. The doc had to step out for a while because the Reverend Parker's wife had a sore ear and needed to have it fixed, but he came back and sat up till one o'clock going over the maps and a book of railroad statistics to see what a trolley road ought to cost. The doc had never seen but one trolley road in his life, back in the Middle West.

"The next week Dr. Carter rounded up all his specialized patients, and sawed away at them and sewed up the openings that wouldn't wait and put them in good shape to last for a month or two, and then announced that he was going to Pittsburg. Everyone knew that he was going there to interest capitalists in his trolley road, though we all regarded it as more or less of a joke. We expected there'd be a road some day, but we didn't take much stock in Doc Carter being the man to build it. He had his note for \$150 at Billy Carmichael's bank, and we wondered where he got the money to make such a long trip.

"However, the *Clarion* gave him a good send-off, and the doc bought a hundred copies of the paper, with a map on the last page and two columns headed 'Important



"Having it blocked at the Golden Rule Store twice a year."

Transportation Plans Under Way,' with references to 'Dr. Lemuel Carter and other capitalists.' He came back brimming over with enthusiasm, and gave the *Clarion* a long article saying that representatives of financial interests in Pittsburg would be out at Gumshoe in a few weeks.

"To tell you the truth, sir, we were somewhat skeptical about those capitalists of doc's. The *Clarion* was always announcing the culmination of important deals in transportation, but there we'd been, off on the branch line ever since the road was built.

"But doc went ahead and ordered a new Prince Albert coat and had that high hat shined up fresh. I was on the Reception Committee, and we decided that we should all wear Prince Alberts to meet the Pittsburg Committee when they came, and Jim Hosaacke wanted us all to wear plug hats. There was a good deal of debate over this, but we decided, and I think, sir, that you will agree with us, that it might have been distracting from the dignity and impressiveness of doc's appearance if any of the rest of the committee had worn a high

hat. And as a matter of fact, we should have had to send to Chicago for them, because there wasn't another high hat in Gumshoe, Dr. Carter, having, as I told you, imported his with him from Des Moines. That fact also put an end to the discussion in the Committee of whether it would pay for doc to invest in a new hat.

"So there we all were, when the train rolled in, doc's hat gleaming like the oriflamme of war attributed to Henry of Navarre by Macaulay in his immortal poem. We certainly were a proud community that day. Doc had studied up a lot meanwhile on the construction and operation of trolley roads, and I wish you to thoroughly understand, sir (pardon the split infinitive), that the high hat of itself would never have been sufficient to persuade the keen minds of the thoughtful financiers who were our guests. No, sir, it was the fiscal genius of Dr. Lemuel Carter, burning beneath that glossy roof, never before, sir, having had occasion to put forth its energies and which might have gone forever unrecognized but for the playful remark of an unknown drummer in Main Street. The theme, sir, as you doubtless recall, is similar to that so beautifully touched upon by the poet Gray in his never-to-be-forgotten 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'

"Dr. Carter made a profound and exhaustive study of the whole subject. But when it came to the financial part of it, then it was that his real education began and that he started on his truly illustrious career. It seemed that it would cost about \$300,000 to build and start the road, and from what he had read of railroad finance and from conversations with Billy Carmichael, he laid before the Pittsburg magnates a plan calling for \$350,000 of bonds with an equal amount of stock to be given as a bonus.

"They laughed heartily at doc's simplicity. 'Why, my dear sir,' said the chairman, 'you haven't the first idea of actual finance. The first thing to do is to organize a construction company. There'll be an equipment supply company and a holding company and any number of subsidiary companies before we get through, but at the very beginning comes the construction company.'

"So doc fell to studying some more, and went to San Francisco and Salt Lake and

found how he could sell some bonds here and there; but the Pittsburg people wouldn't let him sell any of the securities of the construction company, which they said they could dispose of themselves. All the money that came to the railroad company had to be paid over to the construction company as advance payments for construction. The construction company paid the smaller contractors in bonds of the railroad company that were delivered to it under another agreement, and the interest on the railroad bonds was to be advanced by the construction company on a loan secured by the deposit of sixty per cent of the stock of the railroad company.

"As I said before, none of the securities of the construction company were offered for sale, being all taken by Pittsburgers, this assumption by the Easterners of the financial responsibilities of the undertaking affording, as the *Clarion* observed, striking proof of the confidence in the future of

Gumshoe and Bullion County on the part of the conservative capitalists of the East. Nevertheless, they did give Western investors a chance to share in the profits of the enterprise, and doc had a dozen different kinds of securities for sale. His first list included:

- \$1,000,000 of Common Stock.
- 1,000,000 of Preferred Stock.
- 100,000 of Collateral Gold Notes.
- 100,000 of General Debentures.
- 300,000 of Bonds.
- 100,000 of General Mortgage Bonds.
- 75,000 of First Mortgage Bonds.
- 50,000 of Prior Lien Bonds.
- 50,000 of Underlying Bonds.
- 50,000 of Very First Mortgage Bonds.

\$2,800,000

"Doc explained the comparative advantages of these different investments, some of them, such as the 'General Debentures'



"The doc ordered a bottle of champagne on the strength of it."

being, as he said, 'good investments having the advantage of speculative possibilities,' others, the 'Underlying Bonds' for instance, being 'better than a savings bank.' We have never understood before that there were so many kinds of corporate securities possible, but the doc said that these made but a small list, and that the road being small the number of its securities was small. The 'Very First Mortgage Bonds' were an invention of his own.

"The expression 'First Mortgage Bonds,'" explained doc, 'is in modern finance a purely technical term. It is like the "first floor" in a skyscraper. There always are, in fact, some "very first mortgage bonds" somewhere, and it seems to me a good thing to label them. You will also see that we have a series of securities simply called "Bonds." They are secured by a general mortgage on the assets and franchises of the company, subordinate only to the General Mortgage Bonds, the First Mortgage Bonds, the Prior Lien Bonds, the Underlying Bonds and the Very First Mortgage Bonds. I had thought of designating them by a new title, "Just Bonds," but one of our directors said that it might call forth the remark that the just shall live by faith, so they are simply termed "Bonds."'

"Whenever he sold any bonds, doc collected only half the price in cash, and made an agreement that any interest payments might be applied on the remaining half of the purchase price. As everything below the Underlying Bonds was sold way below par, this enabled the company to meet its interest dates with equanimity.

"Then the doc sold a lot of Equipment Bonds and Rolling Stock Collateral Gold Notes and Purchase Money Notes and Gold Scrip and Funded Bonds and Convertible 6's and Interchangeable Gold Debentures and New Collateral Trust Bonds, and finally, by a stroke of genius, he offered a brand-new issue of 'Unsecured Bonds.'

"That," said doc, 'is something entirely new, and I think it ought to take. It's something different from any other kind of bond ever sold before.'

"Some of his committee said they weren't really different from a great many other bonds, but there might be something in a name, after all.

"Whenever he went on a trip, doc would put assorted packages of bonds in his grip, and peddle them all around. The Golden Rule Store gave Consolidated Equipment Scrip to its customers instead of trading stamps, and for a while an interest coupon of the New Collateral Trust Bonds was good for two drinks at any bar in Bullion County.

"At the end of the first year he issued \$200,000 of Double Reversible Convertible 4's, and followed them up with \$100,000 of Automatic Gold 5's. The Double Reversible Convertible 4's were among the most popular of all the issues. All you had to do was to cut off a coupon and turn it upside, and it became an order for a three-per-cent dividend on the Deferred Stock.

"Meanwhile they started the road going, organizing various parts of it into separate companies, and after Fair Week the section that ran to the Fair Grounds paid a five-per-cent dividend, and everybody rushed to buy more bonds. All this time doc's silk hat was working overtime, and he became a member of the Chamber of Commerce and director of the Commercial Club and read a paper before the State Bankers' Association on 'The Distinction between a Mortgage and a Lien.'

"Unless I have wearied you, sir, with these financial details, you would perhaps like to know about the actual working of the road. It was, sir, a great success, a great success, from the beginning, sir. Its cars were crowded at all hours. People moved out along the line and built houses, and several new villages came into being."

"But what became of all these bonds?" I inquired, breaking for the first time the colonel's narrative.

"A very natural inquiry, my dear sir," replied Colonel Postlethwaite. "I have barely skimmed over a few of the leading issues of securities. Their name was legion, and before two years had elapsed since the launching of the enterprise, there were outstanding more than four million dollars of securities against that trolley road, the road itself being only twenty miles long, and owning ten cars and a repair outfit."

"Considerable water?" I suggested.

"Water? *Water!* My dear sir!" the colonel threw up his hands in his enthusiasm. "There never was a more splendidly watered enterprise west of the Missouri



"Billy and doc began making maps."

River. In an irrigated country, sir, to say that an enterprise is watered involves no reproach. Quite the contrary. I wish my three hundred and twenty was half as well watered as that railroad. And yet I perceive, sir, that you have an eye for finance. So did Dr. Carter; it has already become a saying in Gumshoe that high finance and high hats go together. That water, sir, was the salvation of the enterprise."

"Indeed?" I said, "you speak in terms of optimism."

"Let me tell you," resumed the colonel. "In the financial affairs of a railway, in fact of any great undertaking, there are certain prosaic but necessary incidents known technically as—ah—fixed charges. I believe that in well-financed operations the injection of water is confined so far as possible to those portions of the fabric which are not subject to fixed charges—confined, if I may say so, to the stock rather than the bonds. You are doubtless aware of the traditional aridity of—ah—secured indebtedness."

"Quite so," I replied. "The bonds are usually put in a dry part of the cellar."

"Well, sir, that was where the genius of Lemuel Carter really shone forth, and made us realize that those drummers weren't far wrong when they said that doc's high hat covered the brain of a great financier. It was the very fact that those bonds were nearly all water that enabled doc to execute his final and patriotic coup."

"But the fixed charges—" I began.

"Precisely, that is what I am coming to. You see, for the first two years everything went along smoothly, because doc was selling bonds and things all the time, declaring dividends on the subsidiary companies right after fair days and the big baseball games, and because everything was sold for half cash the interest and dividend payments were credited on the remaining half, and so the road didn't have to pay out any real money to its bondholders. It simply credited the interest on the unpaid part of the purchase price. The trouble loomed up when the payments were completed. Some of the bonds, toward the end, were sold at eight or ten cents on the dollar, so that one interest coupon paid for the whole bond.

"All the bonds dated from March 1, 1904, the day the road was incorporated. It made them easier to sell, having so much back interest accrued. On March 1, 1906, there was to be a big anniversary in Gumshoe, to mark the second year of the railroad that had brought such prosperity to the community. Dr. Carter tried to have them hold the celebration in February, as he had to go East just before March 1st, but they said it wouldn't do to have it except right on the first, and they insisted that doc should make the address of welcome, and wear his high hat to meet the train.

"Well, we all observed that something was worrying Lem Carter. He seemed preoccupied. He used to come around to my office a good deal, and in fact I was counsel for some of the subsidiary companies and had drawn the car trust agreement under which they had issued \$500,000 of car trust certificates.

"'Colonel,' said doc to me about three weeks before the meeting, 'they've fixed a very unfortunate hour for those exercises in the City Hall.'



"Doc would put assorted packages of bonds in his grip."

"'How's that?' I said. 'They set it for twelve o'clock so that we could get through in time for one o'clock dinner and the collation for the visiting governors and distinguished guests.'

"'Colonel,' the doc went on, 'you don't seem to realize that the interest coupons on three million dollars of bonded debt come due that day, and everybody will be turning in their coupons at the banks at ten o'clock. I foresee a cold reception for my midday remarks. We've only got two hundred and forty-seven dollars cash.'

"You will perceive, my dear sir, that the very fact of having these financial details on his mind interfered somewhat with that calmness, that poise, necessary to enable the doc to prepare his felicitous remarks on the anniversary of the railroad. There were many nice legal questions involved, growing out of the diverse and complicated character of the securities.

"Doc had some idea for a while of issuing a new lot of Gold Debentures, Series P, to pay the interest, but while he was thinking this over some real capitalists turned up from Salt Lake, who had been picking up trolley roads over our part of the country, and doc put on his high hat and showed them over the property.

"'Dr. Carter,' said the chairman, when doc had drawn up a list of his bonds and stock and debentures and car-trust certificates and all the rest, 'Dr. Carter, the first thing this road needs is a water meter.'

"Then they figured up how much real money had gone into the road, and the surprising thing was that it wasn't so much after all, and the road was worth it as it stood, for there was plenty of business and the rates were remunerative. In fact, the road was dirt cheap at the price—it was only the tremendous—ah—lacuna or interval between the real money and the par value—the—water, in fact, that was so vast in extent. My! what an impressive financial ocean that was.

"'Dr. Carter,' they said, 'the title to this road and its franchises could be obtained by enforcement of the small issues of underlying bonds, or rather, of what by a happy inspiration you have so aptly termed Very First Mortgage Bonds. That would be expensive and dilatory. If you can place in our hands the entire outstanding securities we can reorganize and scale them down

at our leisure, and we will pay for them the sum you mentioned as having been actually invested in their purchase.'

"Now I wish you to understand, sir, that this was no mere freak of generosity on the part of the Salt Lake people. The road as it stood was cheap at the price. It ran through a fine country, and as a going concern was worth half as much again as it had cost. And the money had really gone into the road, for doc hadn't spent it on himself. That road was his hobby, and he had stayed poor while he was scouring the country for money to develop it. The Pittsburg crowd that got up the construction company were the only ones that had made any great profit."

"So doc gave an article to the *Clarion* about 'important pending developments,' and went ahead on his speech, but awfully worried, he was, about those interest coupons coming due at ten o'clock on the morning of the first.

"There was to be, sir, on that auspicious occasion, a public demonstration worthy of the best traditions of our community—and Gumshoe, I may remark in passing, is not ashamed of her patriotic pageants. There was some talk of making it a public holiday, much encouraged by Dr. Carter, but the mayor adverted to the particular pleasure the participants would enjoy by collecting their interest at ten o'clock and joining in the celebration at noon. You see, if it were made a public holiday the offices wouldn't be open to pay the interest.

"'Or how would it do, doc, to advance the interest—pay it the day before?'

"'No,' said doc, 'it might derange the money market to make any changes at this late date. Just let things take their natural course.'

"I was one of the few of our citizens, sir," the colonel went on, "familiar with the inside situation, and one of the few to realize the agonies endured by that heroic physician during the remaining days before the celebration—an agony comparable, sir, with that endured by Jonah in the whale while he was, if I may say so, like Dr. Carter, waiting for daylight.

"You see, there were the Salt Lake people, ready to pay all that the road had cost, if they and the security holders could be brought together; but any premature hint of insolvency—a painful word, sir, in the

financial world—would have instantly annihilated Lem Carter's reputation as a high financier—a reputation, sir, now at its zenith.

"Doc had kept pretty well up with railway literature, and was a great admirer of the national administration, and particularly of the attorney-general. He always said he liked the way the attorney-general took hold of things, and he used to sit up at night reading his opinions. There was a Special Assistant United States Attorney out there at the time, who had invented four or five new ways to smash a trust, and who was looking around our part of the country to see if there wasn't something he could dissolve.

"It is seldom that the activities of a paternal government fit in so opportunely with the needs of a great financial genius in distress. That federal official was the salvation of Lemuel Carter, and there again, the high hat proved its usefulness, for doc would never have got on such intimate terms with the attorney if he hadn't had the prestige of that hat.

"Well, sir, on the evening of February 28th, rumors began to get about of a government suit, and on the morning of the first the announcement was made that the suit had been filed and an injunction issued against the payment of the interest.

"Doc circulated in the streets, smiling and beaming, and kept saying, 'it's all right—federal intervention, but the investors won't lose anything,' and telling everyone not to get scared. Doc had become such a magnate that his influence carried conviction, and nobody was scared, but I wish you could have seen the crowd that tried to get into the City Hall.

"The mayor made his speech, and the visiting governors, and finally it came Lem Carter's turn. I may remark that on this occasion the doc's high hat which had meant so much for our community, had been again blocked, and now stood proudly beneath his chair.

"'My fellow townsmen,' doc began, 'and my fellow citizens, this is the proudest moment of my life. I have been for a long time trying to think what I should say on this occasion, and I feel that being as I am no public speaker, I should not detain you long. My services in this great enterprise have been unduly extolled. I

was but the humble servant of development. As you know, my heart has always beaten warmly for my native land and for Gumshoe. I believed in this valley; with me it was a matter of principle, and when principle is at stake—

"Just then, sir, that disreputable Hell-Devil Poggenburgh, a man whom I have mentioned to you before, sir, yelled out, in his fool way:

"Your principle's all right, doc—how about the interest?" A very ill-timed joke, sir, as you undoubtedly perceive, and hardly original at that.

"But it broke the thread of doc's discourse, and a lot of the less dignified members of our community began to laugh, and kept calling out: 'The interest, doc! How about the interest?'

"That was when Doc Carter shone forth as a born high financier; no one could have told that that was just what he was waiting for. He let them laugh and catcall for a while, and when things were a little quiet he drew himself up very stiff and said:

"My fellow townsmen, the injunction obtained this morning is more far-reaching in its effects than the mere prevention of the payment of interest. In that action the Government seeks the dissolution of the Gumshoe Valley Railway Company, the Gumshoe Traction Company, the Nevada & Western Securities Company, the Nevada-American Electric Company, the Gumshoe Power Company, the American Equipment Company, Limited, the Gumshoe Electric Investment Company, the Gumshoe Extension Traction Company, the Gumshoe & San Francisco Securities Company and the sixteen companies subsidiary to these. That, my friends, was the one danger I did not foresee, that our very prosperity should invite attack.'

"That set their tongues wagging, sir, and no mistake. J. Ebenezer Postlethwaite will not soon forget the scene.

"Shut up, men, and give Dr. Carter a chance," cried the mayor, rapping for order.

"My friends," the doc went on, 'acting under the advice of counsel, I incorporated myself, at the beginning, under the laws of the Territory of Arizona. Then, when the next company was formed, I had to incorporate myself again, and as most of you know,

I'm incorporated now twenty-five times over. Well, ladies and gentlemen, all I can say is that acting under orders from Washington, the officials here have brought suit to dissolve me, and if they are right in their contention this community will shortly see Dr. Lemuel Carter resolved, before their very eyes, as it were, into his constituent parts. They say that I am in restraint of trade.'

"Then the Special Assistant United States Attorney got up and said that this was a most important case, and the Government was anxious to make a test case of it, because this suit marked a new era in jurisprudence.

"The principle," he declared, 'for which the Government is contending in this great suit, is that when the Gumshoe Valley Railway Company built its second track and made the line double track as far as the Fair Grounds, this constituted parallel and competing lines, and the ownership of the double track by one company was in restraint of trade, and violated the Sherman Act.'

"What in thunder has the United States got to do with it, anyway?" yelled Judge Huston. 'It's a state road and does no interstate business.'

"It carries supplies for the United States Reclamation Service—that's what it's got to do with it,' the Government attorney shouts back. 'A construction has been found, and me and Washington found it.'

"Then everyone began to call for Doc Carter again, and wanted to know about their bonds and their interest.

"My fellow citizens," said doc, very impressively, 'I don't suppose any citizen of Bullion County dreamed any more than I did that it was contrary to public policy and against the law to lay that double track. But double track or four track or no track, I won't stand by and see any man who's invested on my recommendation lose a dollar. I shall put a card in the *Clarion* to-morrow, offering to take any man's securities at the cash price he paid, with interest; but being as I'm not a rich man, I can't promise to hold this offer open for more than ten days.'

"My, but you should have seen the rush for that platform. That ten-day business was a master stroke. If doc had stood there, offering to pay out indefinitely, not

a mother's son would have wanted to sell after the first day. But as it was, no one wanted to be left, and they just deluged the doc with his bonds and debentures and gold notes; and the Salt Lake crowd was willing enough to buy at that price, I can tell you. It was really a matter of indifference whether the road was split up or not, so long as they owned all the parts.

"But it never was split up. The United States Court dismissed the suit and told the Special Government Attorney to find a new construction. They said in Washington that the trouble with the judge was that he had had a legal training and his mind worked too much like a lawyer's.

"But from that day Lemuel Carter's future was assured. They took him East, and he spends four months a year there now, drawing a big salary for just thinking up new names for securities and writing bond circulars telling about respective liens. And as I think I remarked before, it all grew out of that hat.

"And local pride, sir, which I assure you does not obscure my judgment, compels me to ask you if Dr. Carter's financing of this great enterprise in local transportation, crude and primitive as it may seem, was not conducted with more beneficial results both to the local and investing public than the more brilliant but not wholly dissimilar operations in connection with local passenger traffic in your own great city of New York.

"But my dear sir, here we are at Eighth Street, and if you are going to Orange you had better take the tube."

That was the colonel's story, and as I am responsible for its preservation, it seems proper to speak of two rather remarkable features of it. The first is that it is not altogether fictitious. By that I do not mean to be understood as saying that the colonel is not an imaginative man. On the contrary, I regard him as somewhat, but distinctly, imaginative. But his story is not wholly the creature of his brain. I have myself seen and handled a number of the marvelous array of securities put out by the gifted doctor, and I have seen the magical hat.

The other thing is that the whole episode grew out of a misapprehension. For I personally know, from direct observation, that at the time mentioned as the occasion of the drummers' historic conversation on Main Street, Dr. Carter's was not the only high hat west of the hundredth meridian. There was another in Victoria, B. C., owned by an old gentleman with gray hair and a cane. I saw him going at four o'clock in the afternoon to have a cup of tea in a lovely old stone house behind a hedge of roses and box; but that's the sort of thing one always sees in Victoria, and besides, Victoria is not in the United States, anyway.



"You should have seen the rush for that platform."

THROUGH THE WALL

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER IX

COQUENIL MARKS HIS MAN



IT was nearly four o'clock when Coquenil left the Ansonia and started up the Champs Elysées, breathing deep of the early morning air. The night was still dark although day was breaking in the east. And what a night it had been! How much had happened since he walked with his dog in Notre Dame the evening before! Here was the whole course of his life changed, yes, and his prospects put in jeopardy by this extraordinary decision. How could he explain what he had done to his wise old mother? How could he unsay all that he had said to her a few days before when he had shown her that this trip to Brazil was quite for the best and bade her a fond farewell? Could he explain it to anyone, even to himself? Did he honestly believe all the plausible things he had said to Pougeot and the others about this crime? Was it really the wonderful affair he had made out? After all, what had he acted on? A girl's dream and an odd coincidence. Was that enough? Was that enough to make a man alter his whole life and face extraordinary danger? *Was it enough?*

Extraordinary danger! *Why* did this sense of imminent peril haunt him and fascinate him? What was there in this crime that made it different from many other crimes on which he had been engaged? Those holes through the wall? Well, yes, he had never seen anything quite like that. And the billiard player's motive in boring the holes and the woman's

rôle and the intricacy and ingenuity of the murderer's plan—all these offered an extraordinary problem. And it certainly was strange that this candle-selling girl with the dreams and the purplish eyes had appeared again as the suspected American's sweetheart! He had heard this from Papa Tignol, and how Alice had stood ready to brave everything for her lover when Gibelin marched him off to prison. Poor Gibelin!

So Coquenil's thoughts ran along as he neared the Place de l'Etoile. Well, it was too late to draw back. He had made his decision and he must abide by it, his commission was signed, his duty lay before him. By nine o'clock he must be at the Palais de Justice to report to Hauteville. No use going home. Better have a rub-down and a cold plunge at the *hammam*, a turn on the mat with the professional wrestler, and then a few hours' sleep. That would put him in shape for the day's work with its main business of running down this woman in the case, this lady of the cloak and leather bag, whose name and address he fortunately had. Ah, he looked forward to his interview with her! And he must prepare for it!

Coquenil was just glancing about for a cab to the Turkish bath place, in fact he was signaling one that he saw jogging up the Avenue de la Grande Armée, when he became aware that a gentleman was approaching him with the intention of speaking. Turning quickly, he saw in the uncertain light a man of medium height with a dark beard tinged with gray, wearing a loose black cape overcoat and a silk hat. The stranger saluted politely and said with a slight foreign accent: "How are you, M. Louis? I have been expecting you."

The words were simple enough, yet they contained a double surprise for Coquenil. He was at a loss to understand how he could have been expected here where he had come by the merest accident, and, certainly, this was the first time in twenty years that anyone, except his mother, had addressed him as Louis. He had been christened Louis Paul, but long ago he had dropped the former name and his most intimate friends knew him only as Paul Coquenil.

"How did you know that my name is Louis?" answered the detective with a sharp glance.

"I know a great deal about you," answered the other, and then with significant emphasis: "*I know that you are interested in dreams. May I walk along with you?*"

"You may," said Coquenil and at once his keen mind was absorbed in this new problem. Instinctively he felt that something momentous was preparing.

"Rather clever, your getting on that cab to-night," remarked the other.

"Ah, you know about that?"

"Yes and about the Rio Janeiro offer. We want you to reconsider your decision." His voice was harsh and he spoke in a quick brusque way as one accustomed to the exercise of large authority.

"Who, pray, are 'we'?" asked the detective.

"Certain persons interested in this Ansonia affair."

"Persons whom you represent?"

"In a way."

"Persons who know about the crime—I mean, who know the truth about it?"

"Possibly."

"Hm! Do these persons know what covered the holes in Number Seven?"

"A Japanese print."

"And in Number Six?"

"Some yellow hangings."

"Ah!" exclaimed Coquenil in surprise. "Do they know *why* Martinez bored these holes?"

"To please the woman," was the prompt reply.

"Did she want Martinez killed?"

"No."

"Then why did she want the holes bored?"

"*She wanted to see into Number Seven.*"

It was extraordinary, not only the man's apparent knowledge but his unaccountable frankness. And more than ever the detective was on his guard.

"I see you know something about the affair," he said dryly. "What do you want with me?"

"The persons I represent——"

"Say the *person* you represent," interrupted Coquenil. "A criminal of this type acts alone."

"As you like," answered the other carelessly. "Then the person I represent wishes you to withdraw from this case."

The message was preposterous, the manner of its delivery fantastic, yet there was something vaguely formidable in the stranger's tone, as if a great person had spoken, one absolutely sure of himself and of his power to command.

"Naturally," retorted Coquenil.

"Why do you say naturally?"

"It's natural for a criminal to wish that an effort against him should cease. Tell your friend or employer that I am only mildly interested in his wishes."

He spoke with deliberate hostility, but the dark-bearded man answered, quite unruffled: "Ah! I may be able to heighten your interest."

"Come, come, sir, my time is valuable."

The stranger drew from his coat pocket a large thick envelope fastened with an elastic band and handed it to the detective. "Whatever your time is worth," he said in a rasping voice, "I will pay for it. Please look at this."

Coquenil's curiosity was stirred. Here was no commonplace encounter, at least it was a departure from ordinary criminal methods. Who was this supercilious man? How dared he come on such an errand to him, Paul Coquenil? What desperate purpose lurked behind his self-confident mask? Could it be that he knew the assassin or—*or was he the assassin?*

Wondering thus, M. Paul opened the tendered envelope and saw that it contained a bundle of thousand-franc notes.

"There is a large sum here," he remarked.

"Fifty thousand francs. It's for you, and as much more will be handed you the day you sail for Brazil. Just a moment—let me finish. This sum is a bonus in addition to the salary already fixed. And,



"He prolonged his victory, slowly increasing the pressure."

remember, you have a life position there with a brilliant chance of fame. That is what you care about, I take it—fame; it is for fame you want to follow up this crime."

Coquenil snapped his fingers. "I don't care *that* for fame. I'm going to work out this case for the sheer joy of doing it."

"You will *never* work out this case," the man spoke so sternly and with such a menacing ring in his voice that M. Paul felt a chill of apprehension.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because you will not be allowed to; it's doubtful if you could work it out, but there's a chance that you could and we don't purpose to take that chance. You're a free agent, you can persist in this course, but if you do——"

He paused as if to check too vehement an utterance, and M. Paul caught a threatening gleam in his eyes that he long remembered.

"Why?"

"If you do you will be thwarted at every turn, you will be made to suffer in

ways you do not dream of, through those who are dear to you, through your dog, through your mother——"

"You dare——" cried Coquenil.

"We dare anything," flashed the stranger. "I'm daring something now, am I not? Don't you suppose I know what you are thinking? Well, I take the risk because—because you are intelligent."

There was something almost captivating in the very arrogance and recklessness of this audacious stranger. Never in all his experience had Coquenil known a criminal or a person directly associated with crime, as this man must be, to boldly confront the powers of justice. Undoubtedly the fellow realized his danger, yet he deliberately faced it. What plan could he have for getting away once his message was delivered? It must be practically delivered already, there was nothing more to say, he had offered a bribe and made a threat. A few words now for the answer, the refusal, the defiance and—then what? Surely this brusque individual did not imagine that he, Coquenil, would be simple enough

to let him go now that he had him in his power? But wait! Was that true, was this man in his power?

As if answering the thought the stranger said: "It is hopeless for you to struggle against our knowledge and our resources, quite hopeless. We have, for example, the fullest information about you and your life down to the smallest detail."

"Yes?" answered Coquenil, and a twinkle of humor shone in his eyes. "What's the name of my old servant?"

"Melanie."

"What's the name of the canary bird I gave her last week?"

"It isn't a canary bird, it's a bullfinch. And its name is Pete."

"Not bad, not at all bad," muttered the other and the twinkle in his eyes faded.

"We know the important things, too, all that concerns you, from your forced resignation two years ago down to your talk yesterday with the girl at Notre Dame. So how can you fight us? How can you shadow people who shadow you? Who watch your actions from day to day, from hour to hour? Who know exactly the moment when you are weak and unprepared, as I know now that you are unarmed because you left that pistol with Papa Tignol."

For a moment Coquenil was silent, and then: "Here's your money," he said returning the envelope.

"Then you refuse?"

"I refuse."

"Stubborn fellow! And unbelieving! You doubt our power against you. Come, I will give you a glimpse of it, just the briefest glimpse. Suppose you try to arrest me. You have been thinking of it, *now act*. I'm a suspicious character, I ought to be investigated. Well, do your duty. I might point out that such an arrest would accomplish absolutely nothing, for you haven't the slightest evidence against me and can get none; but I waive that point because I want to show you that, even in so simple an effort against us as this, you would inevitably fail."

The man's impudence was passing all bounds. "You mean that I cannot arrest you?" menaced Coquenil.

"Precisely. I mean that with all your cleverness and with a distinct advantage in position, here on the Champs Elysées with

policemen all about us, you cannot arrest me."

"We'll see about that," answered M. Paul, a grim purpose showing in his deep-set eyes.

"I say this in no spirit of bravado," continued the other with irritating insolence, "but so that you may remember my words and this warning when I am gone." Then with a final fling of defiance: "This is the first time you have seen me, M. Coquenil, and you will probably never see me again, but you will hear from me. Now blow your whistle!"

Coquenil was puzzled. If this was a bluff it was the maddest, most incomprehensible bluff that a criminal ever made. But if it was not a bluff? Could there be a hidden purpose here? Was the man deliberately making some subtle move in the game he was playing? The detective paused to think. They had come down the Champs Elysées, past the Ansonia, and were nearing the Rond Point, the best guarded part of Paris, where the shrill summons of his police call would be answered almost instantly. And yet he hesitated.

"There is no hurry, I suppose," said the detective, "I'd like to ask a question or two."

"As many as you please."

With all the strength of his mind and memory Coquenil was studying his adversary. That beard? Could it be false? And the swarthy tone of the skin which he noticed now in the improving light, was that natural? If not natural then wonderfully imitated. And the hands, the arms? He had watched these from the first, noting every movement, particularly the *left* hand and the *left* arm, but he had detected nothing significant; the man used his hands like anyone else, he carried a cane in the right hand, lifted his hat with the right hand, offered the envelope with the right hand. There was nothing to show that he was not a right-handed man.

"I wonder if you have anything against me personally?" inquired M. Paul.

"On the contrary," declared the other, "we admire you and wish you well."

"But you threaten my mother?"

"If necessary, yes."

"And my dog?"

"If necessary."

The decisive moment had come, not only because Coquenil's anger was stirred by this cynical avowal, but because just then there shot around the corner from the Avenue Montaigne a large red automobile which crossed the Champs Elysées slowly, past the fountain and the tulip beds and, turning into the Avenue Gabrielle, stopped under the chestnut trees, its engines throbbing. Like a flash it came into the detective's mind that the same automobile had passed them once before some streets back. Ah, here was the intended way of escape! On the front seat were two men, strong-looking fellows, accomplices, no doubt. He must act at once while the wide street was still between them.

"I ask because—" began M. Paul with his indifferent drawl, then swiftly drawing his whistle, he sounded a danger call that cut the air in sinister alarm. The stranger sprang away, but Coquenil was on him in a bound, clutching him by the throat and pressing him back with intertwining legs for a sudden fall. The bearded man saved himself by a quick turn, and with a great heave of his shoulders broke the detective's grip, then, suddenly he attacked, smiting for the neck, not with clenched fist but with the open hand held sideways in the treacherous cleaving blow that the Japanese use when they strike for the carotid. Coquenil ducked forward, saving himself, but he felt the descending hand hard as stone on his shoulders.

"He struck with his *right*," thought M. Paul.

At the same moment he felt his adversary's hand close on his throat and rejoiced, for he knew the deadly Jitsu reply to this. Hardening his neck muscles until they covered the delicate parts beneath like bands of steel, the detective seized his enemy's extended arm in his two hands, one at the wrist, one at the elbow and, as his trained fingers sought the painful pressure points, his two free arms started a resistless torsion movement on the captured arm. There is no escape from this movement, no enduring its excruciating pain; to a man taken at such a disadvantage one of two things may happen. He may yield, and in that case, he is hurled helpless over his adversary's shoulder, or he may resist with the result that the tendons are torn

from his lacerated arm and he faints in agony.

Such was the master hold gained by M. Paul in the first minute of the struggle; long and carefully he had practiced this coup with a wrestling professional. It never failed, it could not fail and, in savage triumph, he prolonged his victory, slowly increasing the pressure, slowly as he felt the tendons stretching, the bones cracking in this helpless right arm. A few seconds more and the end would come, a few seconds more and—then a crashing, shattering pain drove through Coquenil's lower heart region, his arms relaxed, his hands relaxed, his senses dimmed and he sank weakly to the ground. His enemy had done an extraordinary thing, had delivered a blow not provided for in Jitsu tactics. In spite of the torsion torture he had swung his free arm under the detective's lifted guard, not in Yokohama style but in the best manner of the old English prize ring, his clenched fist falling full on the point of the heart, full on the unguarded *solar-plexus* nerves which God put there for the undoing of the vainglorious fighters. And Coquenil dropped like a smitten ox with the thought humming in his darkening brain: "*It was the left that spoke then.*"

Once as he sank to the ground M. Paul tried to save himself and, seizing his opponent by the leg, he held him desperately with his failing strength; but the spasms of pain overcame him, his muscles would not act and, with a furious sense of helplessness and failure, he felt the clutched leg slipping from his grasp. Then, as consciousness faded, the brute instinct in him rallied in a last fierce effort and he bit the man deeply under the knee.

When Coquenil came to himself he was lying on the ground and several policemen were bending over him. He lifted his head weakly and looked about him. The stranger was gone. The automobile was gone. And it all came back to him in sickening memory, the flaunting challenge of this man, the fierce struggle, his own overconfidence, and then his crushing defeat. Ah, what a blow that last one was with the conquering left!

And suddenly it flashed through his mind that he had been outwitted from the first, that the man's purpose had not been

at all what it seemed to be, that a hand-to-hand conflict was precisely what the stranger had sought and planned for, because—because— In feverish haste Coquenil felt in his breast pocket for the envelope with the precious leather fragments. It was not there. Then quickly he searched his other pockets. It was not there. The envelope containing the woman's name and address was gone.

CHAPTER X

GIBELIN SCORES A POINT

THE next day all Paris buzzed and wondered about this Ansonia affair, as it was called. The newspapers printed long accounts of it with elaborate details, and various conjectures were made as to the disappearance of Martinez' fair companion. More or less plausible theories were also put forth touching the arrested American, prudently referred to as "Monsieur K, a well known New Yorker." It was furthermore dwelt upon as significant, that the famous detective, Paul Coquenil, had returned to his old place on the force for the especial purpose of working on this case. And M. Coquenil was reported to have already, by one of his brilliant strokes, secured a clew that would lead shortly to important revelations. Alas, no one knew under what distressing circumstances this precious clew had been lost!

Shortly before nine by the white clock over the columned entrance to the Palais de Justice, M. Paul passed through the great iron and gilt barrier that fronts the street and, turning to the left, mounted the wide stone stairway. He had had his snatch of sleep at the *hammam*, his rub-down and cold plunge, but not his intended bout with the wrestling professional. He had had wrestling enough for one day, and now he had come to keep his appointment with Judge Hauteville.

Two flights up the detective found himself in a spacious corridor off which opened seven doors leading to the offices of seven judges. Seven! Strange this resemblance to the fatal corridor at the Ansonia! And stranger still that Judge Hauteville's office should be Number Six!

Coquenil moved on past palace guards in bright apparel, past sad-faced witnesses and brisk lawyers of the court in black robes with amusing white bibs at their throats. And presently he entered Judge Hauteville's private room where an amiable *greffier* asked him to sit down until the judge should arrive.

There was nothing in the plain and rather business-like furnishings of this room to suggest the somber and sordid scenes daily enacted here. On the dull leather of a long table, covered with its usual litter of papers, had been spread the criminal facts of a generation, the sinister harvest of ignorance and vice and poverty. On these battered chairs had sat and twisted hundreds of poor wretches, innocent and guilty, petty thieves, shift-eyed scoundrels, dull brutes of murderers, and occasionally a criminal of a higher class, summoned for the preliminary examinations. Here, under the eye of a bored *garde*, they had passed miserable hours while the judge, smiling or frowning, hands in his pockets, strode back and forth over the shabby red and green carpet putting endless questions, sifting out truth from falsehood, struggling against stupidity and cunning, studying each new case as a separate problem with infinite tact and insight, never wearying, never losing his temper, coming back again and again to the essential point until more than one stubborn criminal had broken down and, from sheer exhaustion, confessed, like the assassin who finally blurted out: "Well, yes, I did it. I'd rather be guillotined than bothered like this."

Such was Judge Hauteville, cold, patient, inexorable in the pursuit of truth. And presently he arrived.

"You look serious this morning," he said, remarking Coquenil's pale face.

"Yes," nodded M. Paul, "that's how I feel," and settling himself in a chair he proceeded to relate the events of the night, ending with a frank account of his misadventure on the Champs Elysées.

The judge listened with grave attention. This was a more serious affair than he had imagined. Not only was there no longer any question of suicide, but it was obvious that they were dealing with a criminal of the most dangerous type and one possessed of extraordinary resources.

"You believe it was the assassin himself who met you?" questioned Hauteville.

"Don't you?"

"I'm not sure. You think his motive was to get the woman's address?"

"Isn't that reasonable?"

Hauteville shook his head. "He wouldn't have risked so much for that. How did he know that you hadn't copied the name and given it to one of us—say to me?"

"Ah! if I only had," sighed the detective.

"How did he know that you wouldn't remember the name? Can't you remember it—at all?"

"That's what I've been trying to do," replied the other gloomily, "I've tried and tried, but the name won't come back. I put those pieces together and read the words distinctly, the name and the address. It was a foreign name, English, I should say, and the street was an avenue near the Champs Elysées, the Avenue d'Eylau, or the Avenue d'Iena, I cannot be sure. I didn't fix the thing in my mind because I had it in my pocket and, in the work of the night, it faded away."

"A great pity! Still, this man could neither have known that nor guessed it. He took the address from you on a chance, but his chief purpose must have been to impress you with his knowledge and his power."

Coquenil stared at his brown seal ring and then savagely: "How did he know the name of that infernal canary bird?"

The judge smiled. "He has established some very complete system of surveillance that we must try to circumvent. For the moment we had better decide upon immediate steps."

With this they turned to a fresh consideration of the case. Already the machinery of justice had begun to move. Martinez' body and the weapon had been taken to the Morgue for the autopsy, the man's jewelry and money were in the hands of the judge, and photographs of the scene of the tragedy would be ready shortly as well as plaster impressions of the alley-way footprints. An hour before, as arranged the previous night, Papa Tignol had started out to search for Kittredge's lodgings, since the American, when questioned by Gibelin at the prison, had obstinately refused to tell

where he lived and an examination of his quarters was a matter of immediate importance.

It was not Papa Tignol, however, who was to furnish this information, but the discomfited Gibelin, whose presence in the outer office was at this moment announced by the judge's clerk.

"Ask him to come in," said Hauteville, and a moment later Coquenil's fat, red-haired rival entered with a smile that made his short mustache fairly bristle in triumph.

"Ah, you have news for us!" exclaimed the judge.

Gibelin beamed. "I haven't wasted my time," he nodded. Then, with a sarcastic glance at Coquenil: "The old school has its good points after all."

"No doubt," agreed Coquenil curtly.

"Although I am no longer in charge of this case," rasped the fat man, "I suppose there is no objection to my rendering my distinguished associate," he bowed mockingly to M. Paul, "such assistance as is in my power."

"Of course not," replied Hauteville.

"I happened to hear that this American has a room on the Rue Racine and I just looked in there."

"Ah!" said the judge, and Coquenil rubbed his glasses nervously. There is no detective big-souled enough not to tingle with resentment when he finds that a rival has scored a point.

"Our friend lives at the Hotel des Etrangers, near the corner of the Boulevard St. Michel," went on Gibelin, "I happened to be talking with the man who sent out the banquet invitations and he told me. M. Kittredge has a little room with a brick floor up six flights. And long! And black!" He rubbed his knees ruefully. "But it was worth the trouble. Ah, yes!" His small eyes brightened.

"You examined his things?"

"*Pour sur!* I spent an hour there. And talked the soul out of the chambermaid. A good-looking wench! And a sharp one!" he chuckled. "She knows the value of a ten-franc piece!"

"Well, well," broke in M. Paul, "what did you discover?"

Gibelin lifted his pudgy hands deprecatingly. "For one thing I discovered a photograph of the woman who was in Number Six with Martinez."



"Gibelin beamed. 'The old school has its good points after all.'"

"The devil!" cried Coquenil.

"It is not of much importance, since already you have the woman's name and address." He shot a keen glance at his rival.

M. Paul was silent. What humiliation was this! No doubt Gibelin had heard the truth and was gloating over it!

"How do you know it is the woman's photograph?" questioned the judge.

"I'll tell you," replied Gibelin, delighted with his sensation. "It's quite a story. I suppose you know that when this woman slipped out of the Ansonia, she drove directly to the house where we arrested the American. You knew that?" he turned to Coquenil.

"No."

"Well, I happened to speak to the *concierge* there and she remembers perfectly a lady in an evening gown with a rain-coat over it like the one this woman escaped in. This lady sent a note by the *concierge* up to the apartment of that she-dragon, the sacristan's wife, where M. Kittredge was calling on Alice."

"Ah! What time was that?"

"About a quarter to ten. The note was for M. Kittredge. It must have been a *wild* one, for he hurried down, white as a sheet, and drove off with the lady. Fifteen minutes later they stopped at his hotel and he went up to his room, two steps at a time, while she waited in the cab. And Jean, the *garçon*, had a good look at her and he told Rose, the chambermaid, and she had a look and recognized her as the woman whose photograph she had often seen in the American's room."

"Ah, that's lucky!" rejoiced the judge. "And you have this photograph?"

"No, but——"

"You said you found it?" put in Coquenil.

"I did, that is, I found a piece of it, a corner that wasn't burned."

"Burned?" cried the others.

"Yes," said Gibelin, "that's what he went upstairs for, to burn the photograph and a lot of letters—*her* letters, probably. The fireplace was full of fresh ashes. Rose says it was clean before he went up, so I picked out the best fragments—here they

are." He drew a small package from his pocket and, opening it carefully, showed a number of charred or half-burned pieces of paper on which words in a woman's handwriting could be plainly read.

"Mere fragments!" muttered Coquenil, examining them. "It's in English. Ah! is this part of the photograph?" He picked out a piece of cardboard.

"Yes. You see the photographer's name is on it."

"Watts, Regent Street, London," deciphered the detective. "That is something." And, turning to the judge: "Wouldn't it be a good idea to send a man to London with this? You can make out part of a lace skirt and the tip of a slipper. It might be enough."

"That's true," agreed Hauteville.

"Whoever goes," continued Coquenil, "had better carry with him the five-pound notes found on Martinez and see if he can trace them through the Bank of England. They often take the names of persons to whom their notes are issued."

"Excellent. I'll see to it at once," and, ringing for his secretary, the judge gave orders to this effect.

To all of which Gibelin listened with a mocking smile. "But why so much trouble," he asked, "when you have the woman's name and address already?"

"I *had* them and I *lost* them," answered M. Paul and, in a few words, he explained what had happened.

"Oh," sneered the other, "I thought you were a skillful wrestler."

"Come back to the point," put in Hauteville. "Had the chambermaid ever seen this lady before?"

"Yes, but not recently. It seems that Kittredge moved to the Hotel des Etrangers about seven months ago and soon after that the lady came to see him. Rose says she came three times."

"Did she go to Kittredge's room?" put in Coquenil.

"Yes."

"Can the chambermaid describe her?" continued the judge.

"She says the lady was young and good looking—that's about all she remembers."

"Hm! Have you anything else to report?"

Gibelin chuckled harshly. "I have kept the most important thing for the last. I'm

afraid it will annoy my distinguished colleague even more than the loss of the leather fragments."

"Don't waste your sympathy," retorted Coquenil.

Gibelin gave a little snort of defiance. "I certainly won't. I only mean that your debut in this case hasn't been exactly—ha, ha!—well, not exactly brilliant."

"Here, here!" reprovéd the judge.

"Let us have the facts."

"Well," continued the red-haired man, "I have found the owner of the pistol that killed Martinez."

Coquenil started. "The owner of the pistol we found in the courtyard?"

"Precisely. I should tell you, also, that the balls from that pistol are identical with the ball extracted from the body. The autopsy proves it, so Dr. Joubert says. And this pistol belongs in a leather holster that I found in Mr. Kittredge's room. Dr. Joubert let me take the pistol for verification and—there, you can see for yourselves."

With this he produced the holster and the pistol and laid them before the judge. There was no doubt about it, the two objects belonged together. Various worn places corresponded and the weapon fitted in its case. "Besides," continued Gibelin, "the chambermaid identifies this pistol as the property of the American. He always kept it in a certain drawer, she noticed it there a few days ago, but yesterday it was gone and the holster was empty."

"It looks bad," muttered the judge.

"It *looks* bad, but it's too easy, it's too simple," answered M. Paul.

"In the old school," sneered Gibelin, "we are not always trying to solve problems in *difficult* ways. We don't reject a solution merely because it's easy—if the truth lies straight before our noses, why we see it."

"My dear sir," retorted Coquenil angrily, "if what you think the truth turns out to be the truth, then *you* ought to be in charge of this case and I'm a fool."

"Granted," smiled the other.

"Come, come, gentlemen," interrupted the judge. Then abruptly to Gibelin: "Did you see about his boots?"

"No, I thought you would send to the prison and get the pair he wore last night."

"How do you know he didn't change his boots when he burned the letters? Go

back to his hotel and see if they noticed a muddy pair in his room this morning. Bring me whatever boots of his you find. Also stop at the depot and get the pair he had on when arrested. Be quick!"

"I will," answered Gibelin and he went out, pausing at the door to salute M. Paul mockingly.

"Ill-tempered brute!" said Hauteville. "I will see that he has nothing more to do with this case." Then he touched an electric bell.

"That American, Kittredge, who was brought in last night," he said to the clerk. "Was he put in a cell?"

"No, sir, he's in with the other prisoners."

"Ah! Have him brought over here in about an hour for preliminary examination. Make out his commitment papers for the Santé. He is to be *au secret*."

"Yes, sir," the clerk bowed and withdrew.

"You really think this young man innocent, do you?" remarked the judge to Coquenil.

"It's easier to think him innocent than guilty," answered the detective.

"How so?"

"If he is guilty we must grant him an extraordinary double personality. The amiable lover becomes a desperate criminal able to conceive and carry out the most intricate murder of our time. I don't believe it. If he is guilty he must have had the key to that alley-way door. How did he get it? He must have known that the 'tall blond' who had engaged Number Seven would not occupy it. How did he know that? And he must have relations with the man who met me on the Champs Elysées. How could that be? Remember, he's a poor devil of a foreigner living in a Latin-Quarter attic. The thing isn't reasonable."

"But the pistol?"

"The pistol may not really be his. Gibelin's whole story needs looking into."

The judge nodded. "Of course. I leave that to you. Still, I shall feel better satisfied when we have compared the soles of his boots with the plaster casts of those alley-way footprints."

"So shall I," said Coquenil. "Suppose I see the workman who is finishing the casts," he suggested, "it won't take long,

and perhaps I can bring them back with me."

"Excellent," approved Hauteville and he bowed with grave friendliness as the detective left the room.

Then, for nearly an hour, the judge buried himself in the details of this case, turning his trained mind, with absorbed concentration, upon the papers at hand, reviewing the evidence, comparing the various reports and opinions and, in the light of clear reason, searching for a plausible theory of the crime. He also began notes of questions that he wished to ask Kittredge, and was deep in these when the clerk entered to inform him that Coquenil and Gibelin had returned.

"Let them come in at once," said Hauteville and presently the two detectives were again before him.

"Well?" he inquired with a quick glance.

Coquenil was silent but Gibelin replied exultingly: "We have found a pair of Kittredge's boots that absolutely correspond with the plaster casts of the alley-way footprints. Everything is identical, the shape of the sole, the nails in the heel, the worn places, everything."

The judge turned to Coquenil. "Is this true?"

M. Paul nodded. "It seems to be true."

There was a moment of tense silence and then Hauteville said in measured tones: "It makes a *strong* chain now. What do you think?"

Coquenil hesitated, and then with a frown of perplexity and exasperation he snapped out: "I—I haven't had time to think yet."

CHAPTER XI

THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME

It was a distressed and sleepless night that Alice passed after the torturing scene of her lover's arrest. She would almost have preferred her haunting dreams to this pitiful reality. What had Lloyd done? Why had this woman come for him? And what would happen now? Again and again, as weariness brought slumber, the sickening fact stirred her to wakefulness—

they had taken Kittredge away to prison charged with an abominable crime. And she loved him, she loved him now more than ever, she was absolutely his, as she never would have been if this trouble had not come. Ah, there was her only ray of comfort, that just at the last she had made him happy! She would never forget his look of gratitude as she cried out her love and her trust in his innocence and—yes, she had kissed him, her Lloyd, before those rough men; she had kissed him and, even in the darkness of her chamber, her cheeks flamed at the thought.

Soon after five she rose and dressed. This was Sunday, her busiest day, and she must be in Notre Dame for the early masses. There was a worn place in a chasuble that needed some touches of her needle, Father Anselm had asked her to see to it. And, this duty done, there was the special Sunday sale of candles and rosaries and little red guide books of the church to keep her busy.

Alice was in the midst of all this when, shortly before ten, Mother Bonneton approached, cringing at the side of a visitor, a lady of striking beauty whose dress and general air proclaimed a lavish purse. In a first glance Alice noticed her exquisite supple figure and her full red lips. Also a delicate fragrance of violets.

"This lady wants you to show her the towers," explained the old crone with a cunning wink at the girl. "I tell her it's hard for you to leave your candles, especially now when people are coming in for high mass, but I can take your place and," with a servile smile, "Madame is generous."

"Certainly," agreed the lady, "whatever you like—five francs, ten francs."

"Five francs is quite enough," replied Alice to Mother Bonneton's great disgust. "I love the towers on a day like this."

So they started up the winding stone stairs of the Northern tower, the lady going first with lithe nervous steps, although Alice counselled her not to hurry.

"It's a long way to the top," cautioned the girl, "three hundred and seventy steps."

But the lady passed on quickly as if she had some serious purpose before her, round and round past an endless ascending surface of gloomy gray stone, scarred every-

where with names and initials of foolish sight-seers, past narrow slips of fortress windows through the massive walls, round and round in narrowing circles until finally, with sighs of relief, they came out into the first gallery and stood looking down on Paris laughing under the yellow sun.

"Ouf!" panted the lady, "it is a climb."

They were standing on the graceful stone passageway that joins the two towers at the height of the bells and were looking to the west over the columned balustrade, over the Place Notre Dame, dotted with queer little people, tinkling with bells of cab horses, clanging with gongs of yonder trolley cars curving from the Pont Neuf past old Charlemagne astride of his great bronze horse. Then on along the tree-lined river, on with widening view of towers and domes until their eyes rested on the green spreading *bois* and the distant heights of St. Cloud.

And straightway Alice began to point out familiar monuments, the spire of the St. Chapelle, the square of the Louvre, the gilded dome of Napoleon's tomb, the crumbling Tour St. Jacques, disfigured now with scaffolding for repairs, and the Sacré Cœur, shining resplendent on the Montmartre hill.

To all of which the lady listened indifferently. She was plainly thinking of something else, and, furtively, she was watching the girl.

"Tell me," she asked abruptly, "is your name Alice?"

"Yes," answered the other in surprise.

The lady hesitated. "I thought that was what the old woman called you." Then, looking restlessly over the panorama: "Where is the *conciergerie*?"

Alice started at the word. Among all the points in Paris this was the one toward which her thoughts were tending, the *conciergerie*, the grim prison where her lover was!

"It is there," she replied, struggling with her emotion, "behind that cupola of the Chambre de Commerce. Do you see those short pointed towers? That is it."

"Is it still used as a prison?" continued the visitor with a strange insistence.

"Why yes," stammered the girl, "I think so—that is the depot is part of the *conciergerie* or just adjoins it."

"What is the depot?" questioned the other, eying Alice steadily.

The girl flushed. "Why do you ask me that? Why do you look at me so?"

The lady stepped closer and, speaking low: "Because I know who you are, I know why you are thinking about that prison."

Alice stared at her with widening eyes and heaving bosom. The woman's tone was

"I don't wish to speak to you, it's an outrage your coming here, I—I'm going down." And she started for the stairs.

"Wait!" cried the visitor. "You *shall* hear me. I have come to help the man you love."

"The man *you* love," blazed the girl, "the man whose life you have ruined."

"It's true I—I loved him," murmured the other.



"I know why you are thinking about that prison."

kind, her look almost appealing, yet the girl drew back, guided by an instinct of danger.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"Don't you *know* who I am?" answered the other, and now her emotion broke through the mask of calm. "I am the lady who—who called for M. Kittredge last night."

"Oh!" burst out Alice scornfully. "A lady! You call yourself a *lady*!"

"Call me anything you like but——"

"What *right* had you to love him, you a married woman?"

The lady caught her breath with a little gasp and her hands shut tight.

"He told you that?"

"Yes, because he was forced to—the thing was known. Don't be afraid, he didn't tell your name, he *never* would tell it. But I know enough, I know that you tortured him and—when he got free from you, after struggling and—starving and——"

"Starving?"

"Yes, starving. After all that, when he was just getting a little happy, *you* had to come again, and—and now he's *there*." She looked fixedly at the prison, then with angry fires flashing in her dark eyes: "I hate you, I *hate* you," she cried.

In spite of her growing emotion the lady forced herself to speak calmly: "Hate me if you will, but *hear* me."

"No," went on Alice fiercely, "*you* shall hear *me*. You have done this wicked, shameless thing and now you come to me—Think of that, *to me*! You must be mad. Anyhow you are here and you shall tell me what I want to know."

"What do you want to know?" trembled the woman.

"I want to know, first, who you are. I want your name and address."

"Certainly, I am—er—Madame Marius and I live at—er—6 Avenue Matignon."

"Ah! May I have one of your cards?"

"I—er—I'm afraid I have no card here," evaded the other, pretending to search in a gold bag. Her face was very pale.

The girl made no reply but walked quickly to a turn of the gallery.

"Valentine," she called.

"Yes," answered a voice.

"Ah, you are there! I may need you in a minute."

"*Bien!*"

Then, returning, she said quietly: "Valentine is a friend of mine. She sells postal cards up here. Unless you tell me the truth, I shall ask her to go down and call the sacristan. Now, then, *who are you?*"

"Don't ask who I am," pleaded the lady.

"I ask what I want to know."

"Anything but that!"

"Then you are *not* Madame Marius?"

"No."

"You lied to me?"

"Yes."

"Valentine!" called Alice, and promptly a girl of about sixteen, bare-headed, appeared at the end of the gallery. "Go down and ask Papa Bonneton to come here at once. Say it's important. Hurry!"

With an understanding nod Valentine disappeared inside the tower and the quick

clatter of her wooden shoes echoed up from below.

"But—what will you tell him?" gasped the lady.

"I shall tell him you were concerned in that crime last night. I don't know what it was, I haven't read the papers, but he has."

"Do you want to ruin me?" cried the woman, then, with a supplicating gesture: "Spare me this shame, I will give you money, a large sum. See here!" and, opening her gold bag, she drew out some folded notes. "I'll give you a thousand francs, five thousand. Don't turn away! I'll give you more, my jewels, my pearls, my rings. Look at them," she held out her hands flashing with precious stones.

Suddenly she felt the girl's eyes on her in utter scorn. "You are not even intelligent," Alice flung back, "you were a fool to come here, now you are stupid enough to think you can buy my silence. *Mon Dieu*, what a base soul!"

"Forgive me, I don't know what I am saying," begged the other. "Don't be angry. Listen. You say I was a fool to come here, but it isn't true. I realized my danger, I knew what I was risking and yet I came, because I *had* to come, I felt I could trust you. I came in my desperation because there was no other person in Paris I dared go to."

"Is that true?" asked the girl more gently.

"Indeed it is," implored the lady, her eyes swimming with tears. "I beg your pardon sincerely for offering you money. I know you are loyal and kind and—I'm ashamed of myself, I have suffered so much since last night that—as you say, I must be mad."

It was a strange picture, this brilliant beauty, forgetful of pride and station, humbling herself to a poor candle seller. Alice looked at her in wonder.

"I don't understand yet why you came to me," she said.

"I want to make amends for the harm I have done, I want to save M. Kittredge—not for myself. Don't think that! He has gone out of my life and will never come into it again. I want to save him because it's right that I should, because he has been accused of this crime through me and I know he is innocent."

"Ah," murmured Alice joyfully, "you know he is innocent!"

"Yes, and if necessary I will give evidence to clear him. I will tell exactly what happened."

"What happened where?"

"In the room where this man was—was shot. Ugh!" she pressed her hands over her eyes as if to drive away some horrid vision.

"You were—there?" asked the girl.

The woman nodded with a wild, frightened look. "Don't ask me about it. There isn't time now and—I told *him* everything."

"You mean Lloyd? You told Lloyd everything?"

"Yes, in the carriage. He realizes that I acted for the best but—don't you see, if I come forward now and tell the truth, I shall be disgraced, ruined."

"And if you don't come forward, Lloyd will remain in prison," flashed the girl.

"You don't understand. There is no case against Lloyd. He is bound to be released for want of evidence against him. I only ask you to be patient a few days and let me help him without destroying myself."

"How can you help him unless you speak out?"

"I can help with money for a good lawyer. That is why I brought these bank-notes." Again she offered the notes.

"You won't refuse them—for him?"

But Alice pushed the money from her. "A lawyer's efforts *might* free him in the future, your testimony will free him now."

"Then you will betray me?" demanded the woman fiercely.

"Betray?" answered the girl. "That's a fine-sounding word, but what does it mean? I shall do the best I can for the man I love."

"Hah! The best you can! And what is that? To make him ashamed of you! To make him suffer!"

"Suffer?"

"Why not? Don't you suppose he will suffer to find that you have no sympathy with his wishes?"

"What do you mean?"

"You are going to do the very thing that he went to prison to prevent. You are going to denounce me, aren't you?"

"To save him—yes."

"When it isn't necessary, when it will cause a dreadful calamity? If he wanted to be saved that way wouldn't he denounce me himself? He knows my name, he knows the whole story. Wouldn't he tell it himself if he wanted it told?"

The girl hesitated, taken aback at this new view. "I suppose he thinks it a matter of honor."

"Exactly. And you who pretend to love him have so little heart, so little delicacy, that you care nothing for what he thinks a matter of honor. A pretty thing *your* sense of honor must be!"

"Oh!" shrank Alice, and the woman, seeing her advantage, pursued it relentlessly. "Did you ever hear of a *debt* of honor? How do you know that your lover doesn't owe *me* such a debt and isn't paying it now down there?"

So biting were the words, so fierce the scorn that Alice found herself wavering. After all she knew nothing of what had happened, nor could she be sure of Lloyd's wishes. He had certainly spoken of things in his life that he regretted. Could it be that he was bound in honor to save this woman *at any cost*? As she stood irresolute, there came up from below the sound of steps on the stairs, ascending steps, nearer and nearer, then distinctly the clatter of Valentine's wooden shoes, then another and a heavier tread. The sacristan was coming.

"Here is your chance," taunted the lady, "give me up, denounce me, and then remember what Lloyd will remember *always*, that, when a distressed and helpless sister woman came to you and trusted you, you showed her no pity, but deliberately wrecked her life."

Half sorry, half triumphant, but without a word, Alice watched the torture of this former rival; and now the loud breathing of the sacristan was plainly heard on the stairs.

"Remember," flung out the other in a final defiance that was also a final appeal, "remember that nothing brought me here but the sacredness of a love that is gone, a sacredness that *I* respect and *he* respects but that *you* trample on."

Here Valentine emerged from the tower door followed wearily by Papa Bonneton, in full regalia, his mild face expressing all that it could of severity.

"What has happened?" he said sharply

to Alice. Then, with the habit of deference, he lifted his three-cornered hat to the lady: "Madame will understand that it was difficult for me to leave my duties."

Madame stood silent, ghastly white, hands clenched so hard that the gems cut into her flesh, eyes fixed on the girl in a last anguished supplication.

Then Alice said to the sacristan: "Madame wants to hear the sound of the great bell. She asked me to strike it with the hammer, but I told her that is forbidden during high mass. Madame offered ten francs, twenty francs—she is going away and is very anxious to hear the bell, she has read about its beautiful tone. When Madame offered twenty francs I thought it my duty to let you know." All this with a self-possession that the daughters of Eve have acquired through centuries of practice.

"Twenty francs!" muttered the guileless Bonneton. "You were right, my child, perfectly right. That rule was made for ordinary visitors, but with Madame it is different. I myself will strike the bell for Madame." And with all dispatch he entered the Southern tower, where the great bourdon hangs, whispering: "Twenty francs! It is a miracle."

No sooner was he gone than the lady caught the girl's two hands in hers and, with her whole soul in her eyes, she cried: "God bless you! God bless you!"

Alice tried to speak but the words choked her and, leaning over the balustrade, she looked yearningly toward the prison, her lips moving in silence: "Lloyd! Lloyd!" Then the great bell struck and she turned with a start, brushing away tears that dimmed her eyes.

A moment later Papa Bonneton reappeared, scarcely believing that already he had earned his *louis* and insisting on telling Madame various things about the bell; that it was presented by Louis XIV and weighed over seventeen tons; that eight men were required to ring it, two poised at each corner of the rocking framework; that the note it sounded was *fa diese*—did Madame understand that? Do, re, mi, fa? And more of the sort, until Madame assured him that she was fully satisfied and would not keep him longer from his duties. Whereupon, with a torrent of thanks, the old man disappeared in the tower, look-

ing unbelievably at the gold piece in his hand.

"And now what?" asked Alice with feverish eagerness when they were alone again.

"Let me tell you first, what you have saved me from," said the lady, leaning weakly against the balustrade. A feeling of faintness had come over her in the reaction from her violent emotion.

"No, no," replied the girl, "this is the time for action, not sentiment. You have promised to save *him*, now do it."

"I will," declared the other and the light of a fine purpose gave a dignity to her rather selfish beauty. "Or rather, we will save him together. First, I want you to take this money—you will take it now *for him*? That's right, put it in your dress. Ah!" she smiled as Alice obeyed her. "That is for a lawyer. He must have a good lawyer at once."

"Yes, of course," agreed Alice, "but how shall I get a lawyer?"

The lady frowned. "Ah, if I could only send you to my lawyer! But that would involve explanations. We need a man to advise us, some one who knows about these things."

"I have it," exclaimed Alice joyfully. "The very person!"

"Who is that?"

"M. Coquenil."

"What?" stared the other. "You mean Paul Coquenil, the detective?"

"Yes," said the girl confidently. "He would help us, I'm sure of it."

"He is on the case already. Didn't you know that? The papers are full of it."

Alice shook her head. "That doesn't matter, does it? He would tell us exactly what to do. I saw him in Notre Dame only yesterday and—and he spoke to me so kindly. You know M. Coquenil is a friend of Papa Bonneton's, he lends him his dog Cæsar to guard the church."

"It seems like providence," murmured the lady. "Yes, that is the thing to do, you must go to M. Coquenil at once. Tell the old sacristan I have sent you on an errand—for another twenty francs."

Alice smiled faintly. "I can manage that. But what shall I say to M. Paul?"

"Speak to him about the lawyer and the money, I will send more if necessary. Tell him what has happened between us and

then put yourself in his hands. Do whatever he thinks best. There is one thing I want M. Kittredge to be told—I wish you would write it down so as to make no mistake. Here is a pencil and here is a piece of paper." With nervous haste she tore a page from a little memorandum book. "Now, then," and she dictated the following statement which Alice took down carefully: "*Tell M. Kittredge that the lady who called for him in the carriage knows now that the person she thought guilty last*

Coquenil's house and advanced down the neat walk between the double hedges to the solid gray mass of the villa, at once dignified and cheerful. Melanie came to the door and showed, by a jealous glance, that she did not approve of her master receiving visits from young and good-looking females.

"M. Paul is resting," she grumbled, "he worked all last night and he's worked this whole blessed day until half an hour ago."



"She was just bending over it when Coquenil entered."

night is NOT guilty. She knows this absolutely, so she will be able to appear and testify in favor of M. Kittredge if it becomes necessary. But she hopes it will not be necessary. She begs M. Kittredge to use this money for a good lawyer."

CHAPTER XII

BY SPECIAL ORDER

It was not until after vespers that Alice was able to leave Notre Dame and start for the Villa Montmorency—in fact it was nearly five when, with mingled feelings of confidence and shrinking, she opened the iron gate in the ivy-covered wall of

"I'm sorry, but it's a matter of great importance," urged the girl.

"Good, good," snapped Melanie. "What name?"

"He wouldn't know my name. Please say it's the girl who sells candles in Notre Dame."

"Huh! I'll tell him. Wait here," and with scant courtesy, the old servant left Alice standing in the blue-tiled hallway, near a long diamond-paned window. A moment later, she reappeared with mollified countenance. "M. Paul says will you please take a seat in here," she opened the study door and pointed to one of the big red leather chairs. "He'll be down in a moment."

Left alone, Alice glanced in surprise

about this strange room. She saw a photograph of Caesar and his master on the wall and went nearer to look at it. Then she noticed the collection of plaster hands and was just bending over it when Coquenil entered, wearing a loosely cut house garment of pale yellow with dark-green braid around the jacket and down the legs of the trousers. He looked pale, almost haggard, but his face lighted in welcome as he came forward.

"Glad to see you," he said.

She had not heard his step and turned with a start of surprise.

"I—I beg your pardon," she murmured in embarrassment.

"Are you interested in my plaster casts?" he asked pleasantly.

"I was looking at this hand," replied the girl. "I have seen one like it."

Coquenil shook his head good naturedly. "That is very improbable."

Alice looked closer. "Oh, but I have!" she insisted.

"You mean in a museum?"

"No, no, in life—I am positive I have."

M. Paul listened with increasing interest. "You have seen a hand with a little finger as long as this one?"

"Yes, it's as long as the third finger and square at the end. I've often noticed it."

"Then you have seen something very uncommon, mademoiselle, something I have never seen. That is the most remarkable hand in my collection, it is the hand of a man who lived nearly two hundred years ago. He was one of the greatest criminals the world has ever known."

"Really?" cried Alice, her eyes wide with sudden fright. "I—I must have been mistaken."

But now the detective's curiosity was aroused. "Would you mind telling me the name of the person—of course it's a man—who has this hand?"

"Yes," said Alice, "it's a man, but I should not like to give his name after what you have told me."

"He is a good man?"

"Oh, yes."

"A kind man?"

"Yes."

"A man that you like?"

"Why—er—why, yes, I like him," she replied, but the detective noted a strange

anxious look in her eyes. And immediately he changed the subject.

"You'll have a cup of tea with me, won't you? I've asked Melanie to bring it in. Then we can talk comfortably. By the way, you haven't told me your name?"

"My name is Alice Groener," she answered simply.

"Groener," he reflected: "That isn't a French name?"

"No, my family lived in Belgium, but I have only a cousin left. He is a wood carver, in Brussels. He has been very kind to me and would pay my board with the Bonnetons', but I don't want to be a burden, so I work at the church."

"I see," he said approvingly.

The girl was seated in the full light and, as they talked, Coquenil observed her attentively, noting the pleasant tones of her voice and the charming lights in her eyes, studying her with a personal as well as a professional interest; for was not this the young woman who had so suddenly and so unaccountably influenced his life? Who was she, what was she, this dreaming candle seller? In spite of her shyness and modest ways, she was brave and strong of will, that was evident, and, plain dress or not, she looked the aristocrat every inch of her. Where did she get that unconscious air of quiet poise, that trick of the lifted chin? And how did she learn to use her hands like a great lady?

"Would you mind telling me something, mademoiselle?" he asked suddenly.

Alice looked at him in surprise and again he remarked, as he had at Notre Dame, the singular beauty of her wondering dark eyes.

"Why, of course not," she said.

"Have you any idea how you happened to dream that dream about me?"

The girl shrank away trembling. "No one can explain dreams, can they?" she asked anxiously and it seemed to him that her emotion was out of all proportion to its cause.

"I suppose not," he answered kindly.

"I thought you might have some—er—say some fancy about it. If you ever should have you would tell me, wouldn't you?"

"Ye-es," she hesitated, and for a moment he thought she was going to say something more, but she checked the impulse,

if it was there, and Coquenil did not press his demand.

"There's one other thing," he went on reassuringly, "I'm asking this in the interest of M. Kittredge. Tell me if you know anything about this crime of which he is accused?"

"Why, no," she replied with evident sincerity. "I haven't even read the papers."

"But you know who was murdered?"

Alice shook her head blankly. "How could I? No one has told me."

"It was a man named Martinez."

She started at the word. "What? The billiard player?" she cried.

He nodded. "Did you know him?"

"Oh, yes, very well."

Now it was Coquenil's turn to feel surprise, for he had asked the question almost aimlessly.

"You knew Martinez very well?" he repeated, scarcely believing his ears.

"I often saw him," she explained, "at the café where we went evenings."

"Who were 'we'?"

"Why, Papa Bonneton would take me, or my cousin, M. Groener, or M. Kittredge."

"Then M. Kittredge knew Martinez?"

"Of course. He used to go sometimes to see him play billiards." She said all this quite simply.

"Were Kittredge and Martinez good friends?"

"Oh, yes."

"Never had any words? Any quarrel?"

"Why—er—no," she replied in some confusion.

"I don't want to distress you, mademoiselle," said Coquenil gravely, "but aren't you keeping something back?"

"No, no," she insisted, "I just thought of—a little thing that made me unhappy, but it has nothing to do with this case. You believe me, don't you?"

She spoke with pleading earnestness and again M. Paul followed an intuition that told him he might get everything from this girl by going slowly and gently, whereas, by trying to force her confidence, he would get nothing.

"Of course I believe you," he smiled. "Now I'm going to give you some of this tea. I'm afraid it's getting cold."

And he proceeded to do the honors in so friendly a way that Alice was presently quite at her ease again.

"Now," he resumed, "we'll settle down comfortably and you can tell me what brought you here, tell me all about it. You won't mind if I smoke a cigarette? Be sure to tell me *everything*—there is plenty of time."

So Alice began and told him about the mysterious lady and their agitated visit to the tower, omitting nothing, while M. Paul listened with startled interest, nodding and frowning and asking frequent questions.

"This is very important," he said gravely when she had finished. "What a pity you couldn't get her name!" He shut his fingers hard on his chair arm, reflecting that for the second time this woman had escaped him.

"Did I do wrong?" asked Alice in confusion.

"I suppose not. I understand your feelings but—would you know her again?" he questioned.

"Oh, yes, anywhere," answered Alice confidently.

"How old is she?"

A mischievous light shone in the girl's eyes. "I will say thirty—that is absolutely fair."

"You think she may be older?"

"I'm sure she isn't younger."

"Is she pretty?"

"Oh, yes, very pretty, very animated and—*chic*."

"Would you call her a lady?"

"Why—er—yes."

"Aren't you sure?"

"It isn't that, but American ladies are—different."

"Why do you think she is an American?" he asked.

"I'm sure she is. I can always tell American ladies, they wear more colors than French ladies, more embroideries, more things on their hats—I've often noticed it in church. I even know them by their shiny finger nails and their shrill voices."

"Does she speak with an accent?"

"She speaks fluently like a foreigner who has lived a long time in Paris, but she has a slight accent."

"Ah! Now give me her message again. Are you sure you remember it exactly?"

"Quite sure. Besides, she made me write it down so as not to miss a word. Here it is," and, producing the torn page, she read: "Tell M. Kittredge that the lady who called for him in the carriage knows now that the person she thought guilty last night is *not* guilty. She knows this absolutely so she will be able to appear and testify in favor of M. Kittredge if it is necessary. But she hopes it will not be necessary. She begs M. Kittredge to use this money for a good lawyer."

"She didn't say who this person is that she thought guilty last night?"

"No."

"Did she say *why* she thought him guilty, or what changed her mind? Did she drop any hint? Try to remember."

Alice shook her head. "No, she said nothing about that."

Coquenil rose and walked back and forth across the study, hands deep in his pockets, head forward, eyes on the floor, back and forth several times without a word. Then he stopped before Alice, eying her intently as if making up his mind about something.

"I'm going to trust you, mademoiselle, with an important mission. You're only a girl but—you've been thrown into this tragic affair and—you'll be glad to help your lover, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," she answered eagerly.

"You may as well know that we are facing a situation not altogether—er—encouraging. I believe M. Kittredge is innocent and I hope to prove it, but others think differently and they have serious things against him."

"What things?" she demanded, her cheeks paling.

"No matter, now."

"There can be *nothing* against him," declared the girl, "he is the soul of honor."

"I hope so," answered the detective dryly, "but he is also in prison, and unless we do something he is apt to stay there."

"What can we do?" murmured Alice, twining her fingers piteously.

"We must get at the truth, we must find this woman who came to see you. The quickest way to do that is through Kittredge himself. He knows all about her, if we can make him speak. So far he has refused to say a word, but there is one person who ought to unseal his lips, that is the girl he loves."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Alice, her face lighting with new hope, "I think I could, I am sure I could, only—will they let me see him?"

"That is the point. It is against the prison rule for a person *au secret* to see anyone except his lawyer, but I know the director of the Santé and I think——"

"You mean the director of the depot?"

"No, for M. Kittredge was transferred from the depot this morning. You know the depot is only a temporary receiving station, but the Santé is one of the regular French prisons. It's there they send men charged with murder."

Alice shivered at the word. "Yes," she murmured, "and—what were you saying?"

"I say that I know the director of the Santé and I think, if I send you to him with a strong note, he will make an exception—I think so."

"Splendid!" she cried joyfully. "And when shall I present the note?"

"To-day, at once, there isn't an hour to lose. I will write it now."

Coquenil sat down at his massive Louis XV table with its fine bronzes and quickly addressed an urgent appeal to M. Dedet, director of the Santé, asking him to grant the bearer a request that she would make in person and assuring him that, by so doing, he would confer upon Paul Coquenil a deeply appreciated favor. Alice watched him with a sense of awe, and she thought uneasily of her dream about the face in the angry sun and the land of the black people.

"There," he said, handing her the note. "Now listen. You are to find out certain things from him. I can't tell you *how* to find them out, that is your affair, but you must do it."

"I will," declared Alice.

"You must find them out even if he doesn't wish to tell you. His safety and your happiness may depend on it."

"I understand."

"One thing is this woman's name and address."

"Yes," replied Alice, and then her face clouded. "But if it isn't honorable for him to tell her name?"

"You must make him see that it *is* honorable. The lady herself says she is ready to testify if necessary. At first she was

afraid of implicating some person she thought guilty, but now she knows that person is not guilty. Besides, you can say that we shall certainly know all about this woman in a few days whether he tells us or not, so he may as well save us valuable time. Better write that down—here is a pad."

"Save us valuable time," repeated Alice, pencil in hand.

"Then I want to know about the lady's husband. Is he dark or fair? Tall or short? Does Kittredge know him? Has he ever had words with him or any trouble? Got that?"

"Yes," replied Alice, writing busily.

"Then—do you know whether he plays tennis?"

Alice looked up in surprise. "Why, yes, he does. I remember hearing him say he likes it better than golf."

"Ah! Then ask him—see here, I'll show you," and going to a corner between the bookcase and the wall, M. Paul picked out a tennis racquet among a number of canes. "Now, then," he continued while she watched him with perplexity, "I hold my racquet *so* in my right hand and, if a ball comes on my left, I return it with a back-hand stroke *so*, using my right hand; but there are players who shift the racquet to the left hand and return the ball *so*, do you see?"

"I see."

"Now I want to know if M. Kittredge uses both hands in playing tennis or only the one hand. And I want to know *which* hand he uses chiefly, that is, the right or the left?"

"Why do you want to know that?" inquired Alice, with a woman's curiosity.

"Never mind why, just remember it's important. Another thing is, to ask M. Kittredge about a chest of drawers in his room at the Hotel des Etrangers. It is a piece of old oak, rather worm-eaten, but it has good bronzes for the drawer handles, two dogs fighting on either side of the lock plates."

Alice listened in astonishment. "I didn't suppose you knew where M. Kittredge lived."

"Nor did I until this morning," he smiled. "Since then I—well, as my friend Gibelin says, I haven't wasted my time."

"Your friend Gibelin?" repeated Alice, not understanding.

Coquenil smiled grimly. "He is an amiable person for whom I am preparing a—*a little surprise.*"

"Oh! And what about the chest of drawers?"

"It's about one particular drawer, the small upper one on the right-hand side—better write that down."

"The small upper drawer on the right-hand side," repeated Alice.

"I find that M. Kittredge *always* kept this drawer locked. He seems to be a methodical person and I want to know if he remembers opening it a few days ago and finding it unlocked. Have you got that?"

"Yes."

"Good! Oh, one thing more. Find out if M. Kittredge ever suffers from rheumatism or gout."

The girl smiled. "Of course he doesn't, he is only twenty-eight."

"Please do not take this lightly, *made-moiselle*," the detective chided gently. "It is perhaps the most important point of all—his release from prison may depend on it."

"Oh, I'm sorry—I'm not taking it lightly, indeed I'm not," and, with tears in her eyes, Alice assured M. Paul that she fully realized the importance of this mission and would spare no effort to make it successful.

A few moments later she hurried away, buoyed up by the thought that she was not only to see her lover but to serve him.

It was after six when Alice left the circular railway at the Montrouge station. She was in a remote and unfamiliar part of Paris, the region of the catacombs and the Gobelins tapestry works, and, although M. Paul had given her precise instructions, she wandered about for half an hour among streets of hospitals and convents, until at last she came to an open place where she recognized Bartholdi's famous Belfort lion. Then she knew her way and, hurrying along the Boulevard Arago, she came presently to the gloomy mass of the Santé prison, which, with its diverging wings and galleries, spreads out like a great gray spider in the triangular space between the Rue Humboldt, the Rue de la Santé, and the Boulevard Arago.

A kind-faced policeman pointed out a



“‘Did you write this?’”

massive stone archway where she must enter, and passing here, beside a stolid soldier in his sentry box, she came presently to a black iron door in front of which were waiting two yellow-and-black prison vans, windowless. In this prison door were four glass-covered observation holes and through these Alice saw a guard within who, as she lifted the black iron knocker, drew forth a long brass key and turned the bolt. The door swung back and, with a shiver of repulsion, the girl stepped inside. This was the prison, these men standing about were the jailers and—what did that matter so long as she got to *him*, to her dear Lloyd. There was *nothing* she would not face or endure for his sake.

No sooner had the guard heard that she came with a note from M. Paul Coquenil (that was a name to conjure with) than he showed her politely to a small waiting room, assuring her that the note would be given at once to the director of the prison. And a few moments later another door opened and a hard-faced, low-browed man of heavy build bowed to her with a crooked,

sinister smile and motioned her into his private office. It was M. Dedet, the chief jailer, and he looked the part.

“Always at the service of Paul Coquenil,” he began. “What can I do for you, mademoiselle?”

Then, summoning her courage, and trying her best to make a good impression, Alice told him her errand. She wanted to speak with the American, M. Kittredge, who had been sent here the night before—she wanted to speak with him alone.

The jailer snapped his teeth and narrowed his brows in a hard stare. “Did Paul Coquenil send you here for *that*?” he questioned.

“Yes, sir,” answered the girl and her heart began to sink. “You see it’s a very special case and—”

“Special case,” laughed the other harshly, “I should say so—it’s a case of murder.”

“But he is innocent, perfectly innocent,” pleaded Alice.

“Of course, but if I let every murderer who says he’s innocent see his sweetheart—

well, this would be a fine prison. No, no, little one," he went on with offensive familiarity, "I am sorry to disappoint you and I hate to refuse M. Paul, but it can't be done. This man is *au secret*, that means that he must not see *anyone* except his lawyer. You know they assign a lawyer to a prisoner who has no money to employ one."

"But he *has* money, at least I have some for him. Please let me see him, for a few minutes." Her eyes filled with tears and she reached out her hands appealingly. "If you only knew the circumstances, if I could only make you understand."

"Haven't time to listen," he said impatiently, "there's no use whining, I can't do it and that's the end of it. If I let you talk with this man and the thing were known I might lose my position." He rose abruptly as if to dismiss her.

Alice did not move. She had been sitting by a table on which a large sheet of pink blotting paper was spread before writing materials. And as she listened to the director's rough words, she took up a pencil and twisted it nervously in her fingers. Then, with increasing agitation, as she realized that her effort for Lloyd had failed, she began without thinking, to make little marks on the blotter, and then a written scrawl—all with a singular fixed look in her eyes.

"You'll have to excuse me," said the

jailer gruffly, seeing that she did not take his hint.

Alice started to her feet. "I—I beg your pardon," she said weakly and, staggering, she tried to reach the door. Her distress was so evident that even this calloused man felt a thrill of pity and stepped forward to assist her. And, as he passed the table, his eye fell on the blotting paper.

"Why, what is this?" he exclaimed, eyeing her sharply.

"Oh, excuse me, sir," begged Alice, "I have spoiled your nice blotter. I am *so* sorry."

"Never mind the blotter but—" he bent closer over the scrawled words, and then with a troubled look: "*Did you write this?*"

"Why—er—why—yes, sir, I'm afraid I did," she stammered.

"Don't you *know* you did?"

"I—I wasn't thinking," she pleaded.

He stared at her for a moment, then he went to his desk, picked up a printed form, filled it out quickly and handed it to her.

"There," he said, and his voice was almost gentle, "I guess I didn't quite understand about this thing."

Alice looked at the paper blankly. "But—what is it?" she asked.

The jailer closed one eye very slowly with a wise nod. "It's what you asked for, a permit to see this American prisoner, *by special order.*"

(To be continued.)

THE PAWNSHOP

By HENRY M. HOYT, JR.

THE specters of a thousand hopes and fears,
Gathered together from the ends of earth,
Have found a haven. In this house of dearth
They crouch amid the dust of faded years,
Hostages, held to settle waste's arrears.
Worthless is their unutterable worth,
Tinged with the gayness of a far-off mirth,
Stained by the sadness of forgotten tears.
Wild Caprice has her will of them, and flings
Each one aside. For brighter baubles, Life
Has passed them by. Dead passions intermix
Among a motley of discarded things—
A broken music-box, a rusty knife,
A baby's rattle by a crucifix.

ARMY LETTERS FROM AN OFFICER'S WIFE

BY FRANCES M. A. ROE

III

CAMP SUPPLY, INDIAN TERRITORY,
February, 1873.



PON our return from the Cimarron we found a dear, clean house all ready for us to move into. It was a delightful surprise, and after the wretched huts we have been living in ever since we came to this Post, the house with its white walls and board floors seems like fairyland. It is made of vertical logs, of course, the same as the other quarters, but these have been freshly "chinked," and covered on the inside with canvas. General B—— ordered the quartermaster to fix the house for us, and I am glad that Major K—— was the one to receive the order, for I have not forgotten how disagreeable he was about the fixing up of our first house here. One can imagine how he must have fumed over the issuing of so much canvas, boards, and even the nails for the quarters of only a second lieutenant!

We were honored by a visit from a chief the other day. He was a Cheyenne from the village presumably, and his name was "White Horse." He must have been born a chief for he was young, very dignified, and very good-looking, too, for an Indian. Of course his face was painted in a hideous way, but his leggings and clothing generally were far more tidy than those of most Indians. His chest was literally covered with polished teeth of animals, beads, and wampum, arranged artistically in a sort of breastplate, and his scalp lock, which had evidently been plaited with much care,

was ornamented with a very beautiful long feather.

Fortunately F—— was at home when he came, for he walked right in, unannounced, except the usual "How!" F—— gave him a chair, and this he placed in the middle of the room in a position so he could watch both doors, and then his rifle was laid carefully upon the floor at his right side. He could speak his name, but not another word of English, so, thinking to entertain him, F—— reached for a rifle that was standing in one corner of the room to show him, as it was of a recent make. Although the rifle was almost at the Indian's back the suspicious savage saw what F—— was doing, and like a flash he seized his own gun and laid it across his knees, all the time looking straight at F—— to see what he intended to do next. Not a muscle of his face moved, but his eyes were wonderful, brilliant, and piercing, and plainly said, "Go ahead, I'm ready!"

I saw the whole performance and was wondering if I had not better run for assistance, when F—— laughed, and motioned the Indian to put his rifle down again, at the same time pulling the trigger of his own to assure him that it was not loaded. This apparently satisfied him, but he did not put his gun back on the floor, but let it rest across his knees all the time he sat there. And that was for the longest time—and never once did he change his position, turn his head, or, as we could see, move an eyelid! But nevertheless he made one feel that it was not necessary for him to turn his head—that it was all eyes, that he could see up and down and across and could read one's very thoughts too.

Last evening we gave a delightful little

dance in the Hall in honor of the officers and their wives who are to go and the officers who have come. We all wore our most becoming gowns, and anyone unacquainted with army life on the frontier would have been surprised to see what handsome dresses can be brought forth, even at this far-away Post, when occasion demands. There are two very pretty girls from the East visiting in the garrison, and several of the wives of officers are young and attractive, and the mingling of the pretty faces and bright-colored dresses with the dark blue and gold of the uniforms made a beautiful scene. It is not in the least surprising that girls become so silly over brass buttons. Even the wives get silly over them sometimes!

CAMP SUPPLY, INDIAN TERRITORY,
April, 1873.

In the last mail F—— heard from his application for transfer to another company, and the order will be issued as soon as the lieutenant in that company has been promoted, which will be in a few weeks. This will take us back to Fort Lyon with old friends, and F—— to a company whose captain is a gentleman. He was one of F——'s instructors at West Point.

I have a new horse—and a lively one, too—so lively that I have not ridden him yet. He was a present from Lieutenant I——, and the way in which he happened to possess him makes a pretty little story. The troop had been sent out on a scout, and was on its way back to the Post to be paid, when one evening this pony trotted into camp and at once tried to be friendly with the cavalry horses, but the poor thing was so frightfully hideous with its painted coat the horses would not permit him to come near them for some time. But the men caught him and brought him on to the Post, where there was trouble at once, for almost every man in the troop claimed ownership. So it was finally decided by the captain that as soon as the troop had been paid the horse should be raffled, that each man in that one troop could have the privilege of buying a chance at one dollar, and that the money should go in the troop fund. This arrangement delighted the men, as it promised something new in the way of a frolic.

In due time the paymaster arrived, the

men were paid, and then in a few minutes there was brisk business going on over at the quarters of the troop! Every enlisted man in the troop—sergeants, corporals, and privates, eighty-four in all—bought a chance, thus making a fine sum for the fund. A private won the horse, of whom Lieutenant I—— immediately bought him and presented him to me.

He is about fifteen hands high and not in the least of a pony build, but is remarkably slender, with fine head and large intelligent eyes. Just what his color is we do not know, for he is stained in red-brown stripes all over his body, around his legs, and on his face, but we think he is a light gray. When he wandered to camp a small bell was tied around his neck with a piece of red flannel, and this, with his having been so carefully stained, indicates almost conclusively that he was a pet. Some of the soldiers insist that he was a race pony, because he is not only very swift, but has been taught to give three tremendous jumps at the very beginning of his run that gives him an immense advantage, which his rider may sometimes fail to appreciate. These jumps are often taught the Indian race ponies. The horse is gentle with F—— and is certainly graceful, but he is hard to hold and inclined to bolt, so I will not try him until he becomes more civilized.

The Indians are very bold again. A few days ago Lieutenant G—— was in to luncheon, and while we were at the table we saw several Kioways rush across the creek and stampede five or six horses that belonged to our "milkman," who has a ranch just outside the garrison. In a few minutes an orderly appeared with an order for Lieutenant G—— and ten men to go after them without delay and bring the horses back.

Of course he started at once and chased those Indians all the afternoon, and got so close to them once or twice that they saw the necessity of lightening the weight on their tired ponies, and threw off their old saddles and all sorts of things, even little bags of shot, but all the time they held on to their guns and managed to keep the stolen horses ahead of them. They had extra ponies, too, that they swung themselves over on when the ridden beasts began to lag a little. When night came on Lieutenant G—— was compelled to give

up the chase, and had to return to the Post without having recovered one of the stolen horses.

One never knows here what dreadful things may come up any moment. Everything was quiet and peaceful when we sat down to luncheon, but in less than ten minutes we saw the rush of the Indians and the stampede of the milkman's horses right from our dining-room window. The horses were close to the Post, too. Splendid cavalry horses were sent after them, but it requires a very swift horse to overtake those tough little Indian ponies at any time, and the Kiowans probably were on their best ponies when they stampeded the horses, for they knew, undoubtedly, that cavalry would soon be after them.

DODGE CITY, KANSAS,
June, 1873.

We reached this place yesterday, expecting to take the cars this morning for Granada, but the servant who was to have come from Kansas City on that train will not be here until to-morrow. When the time came to say "good-by" I was sorry to leave a number of the friends at the Post, particularly Mrs. H—, with whom we stayed the last few days, while we were packing. Everyone was at the ambulance to see us off—everyone except the P— family.

We were three days coming up, because of one or two delays the very first day. One of the wagons broke down soon after we left the Post, and an hour or so was lost in repairing it, and at Buffalo Creek we were delayed a long time by an enormous herd of buffalo. It was a sight that probably we will never see again. The valley was almost black with the big animals, and there must have been hundreds and hundreds of them on either side of the road. They seemed very restless, and were constantly moving about instead of grazing upon the buffalo grass, that is unusually fine along that valley, and this made us suspect that they had been chased and hunted until the small bands had been driven together into one big herd. Possibly the hunters had done this themselves, so the slaughter could be the greater and the easier. It is so remarkable that such grand-looking beasts should have so little sense as to invariably cross the road right in front of moving teams and fairly challenge one to make

targets of them. It was this crossing of large numbers that detained us so long yesterday.

When we got out about fifteen miles on the road, an Apache Indian appeared, and so suddenly it seemed as if he must have sprung up from the ground. He was in full war dress—that is, no dress at all except the breech clout and moccasins—and his face and whole naked body were stained in many colors in the most hideous manner. In his scalp lock was fastened a number of eagle feathers, and of course he wore two or three necklaces of beads and wampum. There was nothing unusual about the pony he was riding, except that it was larger and in better condition than the average Indian horse, but the one he was leading—undoubtedly his war horse—was a most beautiful animal, one of the most beautiful I ever saw.

The Apache evidently appreciated the horse, for he had stained only his face, but that had been made quite as frightful as that of the Indian. The pony was of a bright cream-color, slender, and with a perfect head and small ears, and one could see that he was quick and agile in every movement. He was well groomed, too. The long, heavy mane had been parted from ears to withers and then twisted and roped on either side with strips of some red stuff that ended in long streamers, which were blown out in a most fantastic way when the pony was running. The long tail was roped only enough to fasten at the top a number of strips of the red that hung almost to the ground over the hair. Imagine all this savage hideousness rushing upon you—on a yellow horse with a mane of waving red! His very presence on an ordinary trotting pony was enough to freeze the blood in one's veins.

That he was a spy was plainly to be seen, and we knew also that his band was probably not far away. He seemed in very good spirits, asked for "tobac," and rode along with us some distance—long enough to make a careful estimate of our value and our strength. Finally he left us and disappeared over the hills. Then the little escort of ten men received orders from F—to be on the alert and hold themselves and their rifles ready for a sudden attack.

We rode on and on, hoping to reach the Cimarron Redoubt before dark, but that had

to be given up and camp was made at Snake Creek, ten miles the other side. Not one Indian had been seen on the road except the Apache, and this made us all the more uncomfortable. Snake Creek was where the two couriers were shot by Indians last summer, and that did not add to our feelings of security—at least not mine. We were in a little *coulée*, too, where it would have been an easy matter for Indians to have sneaked upon us. No one in the camp slept much that night, and most of the men were walking post to guard the animals. And those mules! I never heard mules, and horses also, sneeze and cough and make so much unnecessary noise as those animals made that night. And Hal acted like a crazy dog—barking and growling and rushing out of the tent every two minutes, terrifying me each time with the fear that he might have heard the stealthy step of a murderous savage.

Everyone lived through the night, however, but we were all glad to make an early start, so before daylight we were on the road. The old sergeant agreed with F—— in thinking that we were in a trap at the camp, and should move on early. We did not stop at the Redoubt, but I saw as we passed that the red curtains were still at the little window.

It seems that we were not much more safe in this place than we were in camp in an Indian country. The town is dreadful and has the reputation of being one of the very worst in the West since the railroad has been built.

We can see the car track from the window, and I wonder how it will seem to go over the country in a car that we came across in wagons only one year ago. From Granada we will go to the Post in an ambulance, a distance of forty or more miles. But a ride of fifty miles over these prairies has no terrors for me now. The horses, furniture, and other things went on in a box car this morning. It is very annoying to be detained here so long, and I am a little worried about that girl. The telegram says she was too sick to start yesterday.

FORT LYON, COLORADO TERRITORY,
June, 1873.

It has been impossible for me to write before, for I have been more than busy,

both day and night, ever since we got here. The servant for whom we waited at Dodge City, and who I had hoped would be a great assistance to me in getting settled, came to us very ill—almost too ill to be brought over from Granada. But we could not leave her there with no one to take care of her, and of course I could not remain with her, so there was nothing else to be done—we had to bring her along. We had accepted Mrs. W——'s invitation to stay with them a few days until we could get settled a little, but all that was changed when we got here, for we were obliged to come directly to our own house, unpack camp bedding and the mess chest, and do the best we could for ourselves and the sick girl.

The Post surgeon told us as soon as he had examined the girl that she had tuberculosis in almost its last stage, and that she was threatened with double pneumonia! So you can imagine what I have been through in the way of nursing, for there was no one in the Post who would come to assist me. The most unpleasant part of it all is, the girl is most ungrateful for all that is being done for her and finds fault with many things. She has admitted to the doctor that she came to us for her health; that as there are only two in the family, she thought there would be so little for her to do she could ride horseback and be out of doors most of the time! I would like to have a few moments' talk with the agent who sent that girl to us!

We have an excellent soldier cook, but the care of that miserable girl falls upon me, and the terrible experience we passed through at Dodge City has wholly unfitted me for anything of the kind. The second night we were there, about one o'clock, we were awakened by loud talking and sounds of people running; then shots were fired very near, and instantly there were screams of agony, "I'm shot! I'm shot!" from some person who was apparently coming across the street, and who fell directly underneath our window. We were in a little room on the second floor, and its one window was raised far up, which made it possible for us to hear the slightest sound or movement outside.

The shooting was kept up until after the man was dead, many of the bullets hitting the side of the hotel. It was simply

maddening to have to stay in that room and be compelled to listen to the moans and death gurgle of that murdered man, and hear him cry, "Oh, my lassie, my poor lassie!" as he did over and over again until he could no longer speak. It seemed as though every time he tried to say one word, there was the report of a pistol. After he was really dead we could hear the fiends running off, and then other people came and carried the body away.

The shooting altogether did not last longer than five or ten minutes, and at almost the first shot we could hear calls all over the wretched little town of "Vigilante! Vigilante!" and knew that the Vigilantes were gathering, but before they could get together the murderous work had been finished. All the time there had been perfect silence throughout the hotel. The proprietor told us that he got up, but that it would have been certain death if he or anyone else had opened a door.

Hal was on the floor in a corner of our room, and began to growl after the very first scream, and I was terrified all the time for fear he would go to the open window and attract the attention of those murderers below, who would undoubtedly have commenced firing at the window and perhaps have killed all of us. But the moans of the dying man frightened the dog awfully, and he crawled under the bed, where he stayed during the rest of the horrible night. The cause of all the trouble seems to have been that a colored man undertook to carry in his wagon three or four men from Dodge City to Fort Dodge, a distance of five miles, but when he got out on the road a short distance he came to the conclusion, from their talk, that they were going to the Post for evil purposes, and telling them that he would take them no farther he turned his team around to come back home. On the way back the men must have threatened him, for when he got in town he drove to the house of some colored people who live on a corner across from the hotel and implored them to let him in, but they were afraid and refused to open the door, for by that time the men were shooting at him.

The poor man ran across the street, leaving a trail of blood that streamed from his wounds, and was brutally killed under our window. Early the next morning, when we crossed the street to go to the cars, the

darky's mule was lying on the ground, dead, near the corner of the hotel, and stuck on one long ear was the murdered man's hat. Soon after we reached Granada a telegram was received giving an account of the affair, and saying also that in less than one half hour after the train had passed through, Dodge City was surrounded by troops of United States cavalry from Fort Dodge, that the entire town was searched for the murderers, but that not even a trace of one had been discovered.

When I got inside a car the morning after that awful, awful night, it was with a feeling that I was leaving behind me all such things and that by evening I would be back once more at our old army home and away from hostile Indians, and hostile desperadoes too. But when I saw that servant girl with the pale, emaciated face and flushed cheeks, so ill she could barely sit up, my heart went down like lead and Indians seemed small trials in comparison to what I saw ahead of me.

Very soon now I will be with you! F—— has decided to close the house and live with the bachelors while I am away. This will be much more pleasant for him than staying here all alone.

FORT LYON, COLORADO TERRITORY,
October, 1873.

The trip out was tiresome and seemed endless, but nothing worth mentioning happened until I got to Granada, where F—— met me with an ambulance and escort wagon. It was after two o'clock in the morning when the train reached the station, and as it is the terminus of the road, every passenger left the car. I waited a minute for F—— to come in, but as he did not I went out also, feeling that something was wrong.

Just as I stepped off the car, Mr. D——, quartermaster's clerk, appeared and took my satchel, assuring me that F—— was right there waiting for me. This was so very unlike F——'s way of doing things that at once I suspected that the real truth was not being told. But I went with him quickly through the little crowd, and on up the platform, and then I saw F——. He was standing at one corner of the building all alone, and I recognized him instantly by the long light-blue overcoat and big campaign hat with brim turned up.

And I saw also, standing on the corner of the platform in front of him, a soldier with rifle in hand, and on the end of it glistering in the moonlight was a long bayonet! I had lived with troops long enough to know that the bayonet would not be there unless the soldier was a sentry guarding somebody or something. I naturally turned toward F—, but was held back by Mr. D—, and that made me indignant, but F— at once said quietly and in a voice just loud enough for me to hear, "Get in the ambulance and ask no questions!" And still he did not move from the corner. By this time I was terribly frightened and more and more puzzled. Drawn up close to the farther side of the platform was an ambulance, also an escort wagon, in which sat several soldiers, and handing my trunk checks to Mr. D—, in the ambulance I got, my teeth chattering as though I had a chill.

The very instant the trunks were loaded F— and the sentry came, and after ordering the corporal to keep his wagon and escort close to us, and telling me to drop down in the bottom of the ambulance if I heard a shot, F— got in the ambulance also, but in front with the driver. Leaning forward, I saw that one revolver was in his hand and the other on the seat by his side. In this way, and in perfect silence, we rode through the town and until we were well out on the open prairie, when we stopped just long enough for F— to get inside and a soldier from the wagon to take his seat by the driver.

Then F— told me of what had occurred to make necessary all these precautions. He had come over from the Post the day before, and had been with Major C—, the depot quartermaster, during the afternoon and evening. The men had established a little camp just at the edge of the miserable town where the mules could be guarded and cared for.

About nine o'clock F— and Mr. D— started out for a walk, but before they had gone far F— remembered that he had left his pistols and cartridge belt on a desk in the quartermaster's office, and fearing they might be stolen they went back for them. He put the pistols on underneath his heavy overcoat, as the belt was quite too short to fasten outside.

Well, he and Mr. D— walked along

slowly in the bright moonlight past the many saloons and gambling places, never once thinking of danger, when suddenly from a dark passageway a voice said, "You are the man I want," and bang! went a pistol shot close to F—'s head—so close, in fact, that as he ducked his head down, when he saw the pistol pointed at him, the rammer slot struck his temple and cut a deep hole that at once bled profusely. Before F— could get out one of his own pistols from underneath the long overcoat, another shot was fired, and then away skipped Mr. D—, leaving F— standing alone in the brilliant moonlight. As soon as F— commenced to shoot, his would-be assassin came out from the dark doorway and went slowly along the walk, taking good care, however, to keep himself well in the shadow of the buildings.

They went on down the street shooting back and forth at each other, F— wondering all the time why he could not hit the man. Once he got him in front of a restaurant window where there was a bright light back of him, and taking careful aim he thought the affair could be ended right there, but the ball whizzed past the man and went crashing along the tables, sending broken china right and left. Finally their pistols were empty, and F— drew out a second, at the sight of which the man took to his heels and disappeared in the shadows.

As soon as the shooting ceased men came out from all sorts of places, and there was soon a little crowd around F—, asking many questions, but he and Major C— went to a drug store, where his wounds could be dressed. For some time it was thought there must be a ball in the deep hole in his temple. When F— had time to think he understood why he had done such poor shooting. He is an almost sure shot, but always holds his pistol in his left hand, and of course aims with his left eye. But that night his left eye was filled with blood the very first thing from the wound in his left temple, which forced him to unconsciously aim with his right eye, which accounts for the wild shots.

The soldiers heard of the affair in camp, and several came up on a run and stood guard at the drug store. A rumor soon got around that Oliver had gone off to get some of his friends, and they would soon

be at the store to finish the work. Very soon, however, a strange man came in, much excited, and said: "Lieutenant, Oliver's friends are getting ready to attack you at the depot as the train comes in," and out he went. The train was due at two o'clock A.M., and this caused F—— four hours of anxiety. He learned that the man who shot at him was "Billy Oliver," a horse thief and desperado of the worst type, and that he was the leader of a band of horse thieves that was then in town. To be threatened by men like those was bad enough in itself, but F—— knew that I would arrive on that train. That was the cause of so much caution when the train came in. There were several rough-looking men at the station, but if they had intended mischief, the long infantry rifles in the hands of drilled soldiers probably persuaded them to attend to their own affairs. A man told the corporal, however, that Oliver's friends had decided not to kill F—— at the station, but had gone out on horseback to meet him on the road. This was certainly misery prolonged.

The mules were driven through the town at an ordinary gait, but when we got on the prairie they were put at a run, and for miles we came at that pace. The little black shaved-tails pulled the ambulance, and I think that for once they had enough run. The moonlight was wonderfully bright, and for a long distance objects could be seen, and bunches of sage bush and Spanish bayonet took the forms of horsemen, and naturally I saw danger in every little thing we passed.

The man Oliver was in the jail at Las Animas last summer for stealing horses. The old jail was very shaky, and while it was being made more secure, he and another man—a wife murderer—were brought to the guardhouse at this Post. They finally took them back, and Oliver promptly made his escape, and the sheriff has actually been afraid to rearrest him. We have all begged F—— to get out a warrant for the man, but he says it would simply be a farce, that the sheriff would pay no attention to it. The whole left side of F——'s face is badly swollen and very painful, and the wound in his ankle compels him to use a cane. Just how the man managed to shoot F—— in the ankle no one seems to understand.

FORT LYON, COLORADO TERRITORY,
October, 1873.

One naturally looks for all sorts of thrilling experiences when out on the frontier, but to have "men and things" mix themselves up in a maddening way in one's very own house, as has recently been done in mine, is something not usually counted upon. To begin with, Mrs. R—— is with us, and her coming was not only most unlooked for up to two days ago, but through a wretched mistake in a telegram she got here just twenty-four hours before we thought she would arrive. Ordinarily this would have been a delightful surprise, but, unfortunately, things had begun to "mix!"

F—— had suffered so much from the wound in his head that very little attention had been given the house since my return from the East, therefore it was not in the very best of order. It was closed during my two months' absence, as F—— had lived down with the bachelors. The very day that Mrs. R—— came the quartermaster had sent a man to repair one of the chimneys, and plaster and dirt had been left in my room, the one I had intended Mrs. R—— to occupy. And then, to make matters just as bad as possible, there was a sand storm late in the afternoon that had, of course, sifted dust over all things.

But this was not all! My nerves had not recovered from the shock at Granada, and had given out entirely that day just before dinner, and had sent me to bed with an uncomfortable chill. Still, I was not disheartened. But after the chill came a fever, and with the fever came dreams, most disturbing dreams, in which were sounds of crunching gravel, then far-away voices—voices that I seemed to have heard in another world. A door was opened, and then—oh! how can I ever tell you—in the hall came F——'s mother! By that time dreams had ceased, and it was cruel reality that had to be faced, and even now I wonder how I lived through the misery of that moment—the longing to throw myself out of the window, jump in the river, do anything, in fact, but face the mortification of having her see the awful condition of her son's house!

Her son's house—that was just it. I did not care at all for myself, my only

thought was for F—— whose mother might find cause to *pity* him for the delinquencies of his wife! First impressions are indelible, and it would be difficult to convince Mrs. R—— ever that the house was not always dusty and untidy. How could she know that with pride I had ever seen that our house, however rough it might have been, was clean and cheerful. And of what use would it be to arrange things attractively now? She would be justified in supposing that it was only in its company dress.

I was weak and dizzy from fever and a sick heart, but I managed to get dressed and go down to do the best I could. West prepared a little supper, and we made things as comfortable as possible considering the state of affairs. Mrs. R—— was most lovely about everything—said she understood it all. But that could not be, not until she had seen one of our sand storms, from the dust of which it is impossible to protect a thing. I have been wishing for a storm ever since, so Mrs. R—— could see that I was not responsible for the condition of things that night.

Mrs. R—— saw in a paper that F—— had been "shot by a desperado," and was naturally much alarmed, so she sent a telegram to learn what had happened, and in reply F—— telegraphed for her to come out, and fearing that he must be very ill she left Boston that very night. But we understood that she would start the next day, and this misinterpretation caused my undoing—that and the sand storm.

That man Oliver has at last been arrested and is now in the jail at Las Animas, chained with another man—a murderer—to a post in the dark cellar. This is because he has so many times threatened the jailer. He says that some day he will get out, and then his first act will be to kill the keeper, and the next to kill Lieutenant R——. He also declares that F—— kicked him when he was in the guardhouse at the Post. Of course anyone with a knowledge of military discipline would know this assertion to be false, for if F—— had done such a thing as that he might have been court-martialed.

The sheriff was actually afraid to make the arrest the first time he went over, because so many of Oliver's friends were in town, and so he came back without him,

although he saw him several times. The second trip, however, Oliver was taken off guard and was handcuffed and out of the town before he had a chance to rally his friends to his assistance. He was brought to Las Animas during the night to avoid any possibility of a lynching. The residents of the little town are full of indignation that the man should have attempted to kill an officer of this Post. He is a horse thief and desperado, and made his escape from their jail several months back, so altogether they consider that the country can very well do without him. I think so, too, and wish every hour in the day that the sheriff had been less cautious. Oliver cannot be tried until next May, when the general court meets, and I am greatly distressed over this fact, for the jail is old and most insecure, and he may get out at any time. The fear and dread of him is on my mind day and night.

FORT LYON, COLORADO TERRITORY,
December, 1873.

Everyone in the garrison seems to be more or less in a state of collapse! The *Bal Masqué* is over, the guests have departed, and all that is left to us now are the recollections of a delightful party that gave full return for our efforts to have it a success.

We did not dream that so many invitations would be accepted at far-away posts, that parties would come from Fort Leavenworth, Fort Riley, Fort Dodge, and Fort Wallace, for a long ambulance ride was necessary from each place. But we knew of their coming in time to make preparations for all, so there was no confusion or embarrassment. Every house on the officers' line was filled to overflowing and scarcely a corner left vacant.

The new hospital was simply perfect for an elaborate entertainment. The large ward made a grand ballroom, the corridors were charming for promenading—and, yes, flirting—the dining room and kitchen perfect for the supper, and the office and other small rooms were a nice size for cloak rooms. Of course each one of these rooms, big and small, had to be furnished. In each dressing-room was a toilet table fitted out with every little article that might possibly be needed during the evening, both before and after the removal of masks. All

this necessitated much planning, an immense amount of work, and the stripping of our own houses. But there were a good many of us, and the soldiers were cheerful assistants. I was on the supper committee, which really dwindled down to a committee of one at the very last, for I was left alone to put the finishing touches to the tables and to attend to other things. The vain creatures seemed more interested in their own toilets, and went home to beautify themselves.

The commanding officer kept one eye and the quartermaster about a dozen eyes upon us while we were decorating, to see that no injury was done to the new building. But that watchfulness was unnecessary, for the many high windows made the fastening of flags an easy matter, as we draped them from the casing of one window to the casing of the next, which covered much of the cold, white walls and gave an air of warmth and cheeriness to the rooms. Accouterments were hung every place, every bit of brass shining as only an enlisted man can make it shine, and the long infantry rifles with fixed bayonets were "stacked" wherever they would not interfere with the dancing.

Much of the supper came from Kansas City—that is, the celery, fowls, and material for little cakes, ices, and so on—and the orchestra consisted of six musicians from the regimental band at Fort Riley. The floor of the ballroom was waxed perfectly, but it is hoped by some of us that much of the lighting will be taken from it before the hospital cots and attendants are moved in that ward.

We had queens and milkmaids and flower girls galore, and black starry nights and silvery days, and all sorts of things, many of them very elegant. My old yellow silk, the two black lace flounces you gave me, and a real Spanish mantilla that Mrs. R—— happened to have with her, made a handsome costume for me as a "Spanish lady." I wore almost all the jewelry in the house; every piece of my own small amount and much of Mrs. R——'s, the nicest of all having been a pair of very large old-fashioned "hoop" earrings, set all

around with brilliants. My comb was a home product, very showy, but better left to the imagination.

The dancing commenced at nine o'clock, and at twelve supper was served, when we unmasked, and after supper we danced again and kept on dancing until five o'clock!

FORT LYON, COLORADO TERRITORY,
May, 1874.

There is such good news to send you to-day I can hardly write it fast enough. The Territorial Court has been in session, and yesterday that horse thief, "Billy Oliver," was tried and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary! The sheriff and a posse started for Cañon City this morning with him and another prisoner, and I hope that he will not make his escape on the way over. The sheriff told F—— confidentially the route he intended to take, which is not at all the one he is supposed to be going over, and threw out strong hints to the effect that if he wanted to put an end to the man's vicious career there would be no interference from him (the sheriff) or his posse. He even told F—— of a lonesome spot where it could be accomplished easily and safely!

When the sentence was pronounced the judge requested all visitors to remain seated until after the prisoner had been removed, which showed that he was a little afraid of trouble, and knew the bitter feeling against the horse thief in the town. Several girls and young officers from the Post were outside in an ambulance, and they commenced to cheer when told of the sentence, but the judge hurried a messenger out to them with a request that they make no demonstration whatever. He is a fearless and just judge, and it is a wonder that desperadoes have not killed him long ago.

Perhaps now I can have a little rest from the terrible fear that has been ever with me day and night during the whole winter, that Oliver would escape from the old jail and carry out his threat of double murder. He had made his escape once, and I feared that he might get out again. But that post and chain must have been very securely fixed down in that cellar.

THE SIMPLE ADVENTURES OF 2112

BY HULBERT FOOTNER



IF one supposes that Fate every once in a while becomes intolerably bored with the multitude of commonplace affairs she is called on to attend to, the explanation of those extraordinary happenings which everyone occasionally hears of becomes clear; Fate being a woman requires diversions.

One velvety night in June she chose the Fannings, father and daughter, for her playthings. Returning to Berklym from a roof garden party in town followed by supper, their motor broke down in the middle of the bridge. This in itself was out of the common, for an \$8,000 Gaspard is expected to be superior to such eccentricities—but it was nothing to what followed. The trouble proving to be beyond immediate repair, the travelers were compelled to get aboard one of Mr. Fanning's trolley cars, which they never used if it could be avoided, and Fate caused it to fall out that the first car on the Royce Avenue and Emory Street line should be number 2112 with one Dick Warder driving the motor.

Now Warder was a Yale junior and these do not commonly spend their vacations driving trolley cars. The present situation arose from the fact that young Dick and old Dick, his father, were at temporary variance on a matter of no importance to this narrative, and young Dick had chosen to show his independence of the authority, fame, and fortune of his household by getting such a position as would be most shocking to old Dick for the period of the long vacation. Thanks to University and other festivities the young man and Ailsa Fanning were not unacquainted, out of which fact arose all that followed.

Dick recognized the Fannings, but he could not be sure whether Ailsa had recognized him: probably not. At any rate she led her father up to the front of the car and sat down not three feet from Dick's conscious back. The front door stood open and by edging a little to one side of his platform he could steal a glance at her over his shoulder now and then. She was a sight to rejoice a young man's eyes. It will probably be remarked that stealing glances over his shoulder is not the safest thing for a motorman at his controller, and the fact is not denied. Adding to this that Dick had been a motorman for nine days only, and the wonder is that nothing worse happened.

Young Warder was naturally entirely ignorant of the intricacies of vast sprawling Berklym, which embraces half a dozen good-sized towns within the sweep of its trolley system, excepting Royce Avenue and Emory Street, his own route—and the latter thoroughfare only as far as the car barns. A suburban line carried the tracks beyond; what happened to them after they dipped over the first hill, it had never occurred to him to inquire. "Rusurban," the Fanning's place, was not far from the barns.

Dick started old 2112 with a jerk which sent the passengers rocking against each other. Old Mr. Fanning was very indignant, and audibly requested his daughter to take down the motorman's number, his own eyesight being poor. It was an inauspicious beginning to the ride, and there was worse to come. 2112 was both disreputable and decrepit; her iron front was a mass of rusty dents; her dingy sides bore the scratches and holes of many a brisk engagement with laden trucks; as for her ailments, not only was she a sufferer from

the prevailing flat-wheel of her kind, but she had likewise a mysterious internal lesion, which caused her to set up a pitiful screech whenever the current was turned on. It was the very last car that would have been chosen to convey the president of the road.

The stout old gentleman was of a dormouse tendency; nothing irritated him so much as having his naps interrupted. He was in a very bad temper already from the breakdown of his motor, and the uncanny howling of 2112 further exasperated him. He was heard to tell his daughter to remind him to see Coulsen, the superintendent of rolling stock, next day. But the climax of his irritation was reached when Abey Harris, a typically untidy, scorbutic, little specimen of the genus conductor, failing to recognize him, demanded "fehsh." Dick, turning, saw the old gentleman, purple in the face, searching vainly in the pockets of his evening clothes for a dime. He quickly put Abey right; and the bell-pull beat a precipitate retreat to the rear platform. Ailsa rewarded Dick with a grateful smile; he was sure now that she recognized him; and old 2112, leaving the bridge, took Royce Avenue "under five notches."

The passengers alighted one by one during their long course up this street, until besides the Fannings there was but one other, a nervous maiden lady with a sallow complexion and a striking hat, tall like a tower and fearfully green. Her destination was Beverwyck Avenue.

"I have to change at the car barns," she had announced more than once to the passengers at large; also mentioning that she had never been out so late alone in her life. Meanwhile, old Mr. Fanning had disposed himself to resume his nap, and the motorman was casting around in his mind for some expedient whereby he might take advantage of such a rare opportunity. Suddenly Warder heard a soft voice behind him say:

"I suppose it's against the rules to speak to the motorman!"

Dick looked over his shoulder and smiled. "There are no spotters out at two o'clock in the morning," he said, "except your father, and he's asleep!"

"What a strange way for us to meet again!" she murmured.

"I've been hoping it might happen!" Dick confessed.

She steered the conversation into a safer channel and presently they were embarked in a spirited, whispered discussion of the Junior Prom., the latest popular book, and equally important subjects, while old 2112 hobbled past corner after corner, unheeded. It is not the subject of these delightful conversations which counts; that may be trivial to the point of inanity, while all the time the interchange of shining glances and friendly smiles is making the best kind of a poem.

But such a conversation is a dangerous pastime for the man at the controller. They were drawing nearer and nearer to the branching of Emory Street, where 2112 should leave the main line for her own route, and there was none to remind him. The switchman at this point goes off duty at midnight; thereafter the motorman must stop and turn his own switch; as for the little bell pull, who was technically supposed to be in command, wedged between the brake and the controller box on the rear platform, Abey Harris was enjoying a nap in imitation of the president. The street was wholly deserted. When they actually reached the fateful corner, Ailsa happened to be telling Dick how she had watched him through the Thanksgiving day game; and the gratified young man's mind was lifted far above mundane rails. Old 2112 bumped indifferently over the switch—it was all the same to her—and sped on down Royce Avenue, while the motorman described to his fair passenger how he made his forty-five-yard run in the same historic game.

Some minutes later Warder was brought sharply back to earth, together with everyone else on the car, by a strange rumble, followed by a muffled roar, some distance away in the direction of town. The maiden lady remarked she had a premonition something was going to happen that night. As it turned out she was not wrong. Old Mr. Fanning woke up with a start, and discussed with his daughter what the strange noise might portend. Ailsa advised him to wait for the morning paper. It was while Ailsa was devoting herself to her father that Dick's eyes returned to the track ahead; with a shock he perceived that the street was totally unfamiliar. The great

new Atlantic storage warehouse, a landmark for many blocks up and down Emory Street, was nowhere to be seen. Too late he recollected the switch.

Little Abey came hurrying through the car, with his change jingling in his pocket.

"Yeh run by Em'ry Street near a mile back!" he announced to Dick as if he had known it all along.

His triumphant tone was exasperating. "Why in thunder didn't you tell me?" muttered Dick.

"Geel! I t'ought yeh knew w'ere yeh was goin'!" said Abey, calmly. "It's up to you to run her back, all right, all right."

Dick brought his car to a stop and leaned out to look back over the track. Alas! not four blocks behind 2112 a car of the Royce Avenue through line was bearing down on him, effectually cutting off his retreat. He put on full power and ran ahead, trusting to find a switch to the returning track. The next time he looked, the car behind had perceptibly gained on him; doubtless it was in a better state of health than old 2112; and the motorman discovering a car ahead where no car should have been at that hour, was anxious, very likely, to learn what was up.

Old Mr. Fanning having fallen asleep again, Dick told Ailsa what had happened.

"What fun!" she said, and laughed in sheer delight; what girl worth her salt is there who does not rejoice in the prospect of an adventure? "Don't let it overtake us!" she urged with sparkling eyes; "it would be so humiliating to have to explain that we missed our way!"

That "we" was like a strong tonic in Dick's veins; he felt able to overthrow a dozen men for her sake. Unfortunately not all his ardor could extract a single additional mile per hour from 2112; she pounded along at her own gait; not a jot more or less. The most Dick could do to overcome his handicap was to take the curves recklessly and run the down grades at full speed. But the pursuing car overhauled them hand over hand; Ailsa's face fell and Dick was plunged in gloom.

He knew nothing about the drawbridge over the Flatwick canal, of course; and took the long down grade approaching it at the top notch. At the bottom of the hill old 2112 must have been making a good thirty miles an hour. It happened the gates

were just closing preparatory to opening the draw for the passage of a coal barge; a semaphore on the sidewalk showed a red light; but Dick, associating red lights with locomotives, failed to appreciate that they might be used to stop trolley cars also. 2112 with her flat wheel came tearing down the hill like a syncopated cyclone; there was a shout from the bridge tender; a crash as she carried away the first gate; a roar as she leaped across the bridge; another crash as the opposite gate went by the board. She sped on up the hill with scarcely diminished speed.

The maiden lady screamed. Mr. Fanning started up violently; he was not fated to sleep in peace this night.

"What was that?" he demanded.

"Perhaps a fuse blew out," suggested Ailsa with instant presence of mind.

"More like a thirteen-inch gun!" snorted the old gentleman.

"I suspect you were dreaming, father dear," said Ailsa, sweetly.

"Aren't we nearly there?" he demanded, striving vainly to peer into the darkness outside the window.

"Oh, not nearly!" said Ailsa with perfect truth.

Since they continued to run along as smoothly as was possible for 2112, he began to think he had been dreaming, and by and by he dropped off again muttering something about an "investigation to-morrow." The maiden lady was in a state of partial collapse.

The pursuing car was held up perforce by the red light and the wreckage they had strewn behind them; and 2112 gained a precious two blocks. On the other hand their retreat by this street was now effectually cut off; they could scarcely hope to return unchallenged over the bridge they had treated so cavalierly. Indeed his situation looked so entirely hopeless, Dick saw small use in worrying about it further; and became quite light-hearted. "Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he thought, privately determining to make the delightful ride last as long as he could.

Half way up the hill beyond the bridge, Dick made out the figure of a man waiting in the roadway, who signaled him to stop. He sounded his gong and kept on, but this determined passenger, experienced in the ways of motormen, stepped squarely in the

center of the track; and Dick was compelled to slow up to avoid committing homicide. The man swung himself on the front platform.

"Where does this car go?" he demanded.

"Hanged if I know!" said Dick cheerfully. "The never-never land, I guess."

The man stared at him a moment—he was young and he wore a dinner coat and straw hat—then threw back his head and laughed. "That suits me!" he said; "I've been looking for the route!"

By this pause they lost some of the lead they had gained at the bridge, and on the stiff grade the pursuing car walked right up on 2112, who at her age was no hill-climber. At the top of the hill they had scarcely a block to the good; and Dick, despairing of a second lucky accident, thought he saw the end of their gay journey very close ahead. He fancied he could hear over all the noise of the car, the other motorman shouting to him to stop, and he had no doubt that the outraged bridge tender was also on board seeking explanations.

"But they haven't got us yet!" whispered Ailsa encouragingly.

Topping the hill they plunged down the other side, losing sight of their pursuers for the moment. Royce Avenue bears away to the left on this hill; and there is a curve in the tracks: a side street continues straight and steeply down. Dick was in no humor to slow up for curves; he took this one flying; whereupon Fate again intervened on behalf of the lovers. Old 2112 cleared the rails with scarcely a jolt, and holding a straight course, traveled smoothly down the asphalt of the side street, lights out.

The old man stirred in his sleep and murmured: "Good piece of track here." The maiden lady was plunged in a fresh panic at the darkening of the lights; and the green hat wagged symptomatically of impending hysteria; however, the man in the dinner coat constituted himself her protector.

The pursuing car promptly rose over the hill; and taking the curve more prudently, bore away out of sight down Royce Avenue, the motorman and the angry bridge tender little suspecting that 2112 was concealed in the shadows of the side street. But for all they had shaken their pursuers off, the situation of 2112 without rails or

power could scarcely be said to have much improved. "The jig is up now!" thought Dick with an unpleasant mental picture of waking the old man up and telling him where he was—or rather where he was not. However, there was no use stopping until he had to; he allowed 2112 to roll down the center of the street, under curb of the brake. A belated homecomer turning at his own gate and beholding the dark bulk of the car quietly dropping down his little street, with a shadowy motorman at the box and the dim forms of passengers within, fled into his domicile and slammed the door behind him, as if the whole host of Hades was at his heels.

At the foot of the hill, under an electric light on the corner, Dick suddenly perceived the glint of steel; and his heart rose with a bound. Another line of rails crossed the street obliquely. "If we can only get her on there!" he whispered to Ailsa with a crazy hope.

Calculating his momentum nicely, he struck the rails a glancing blow; and, as he had counted, 2112 slewed around parallel with the line. Swinging the trolley on the wire they had plenty of power again; and with the steel shoe they carried, they worked to get her on the rails.

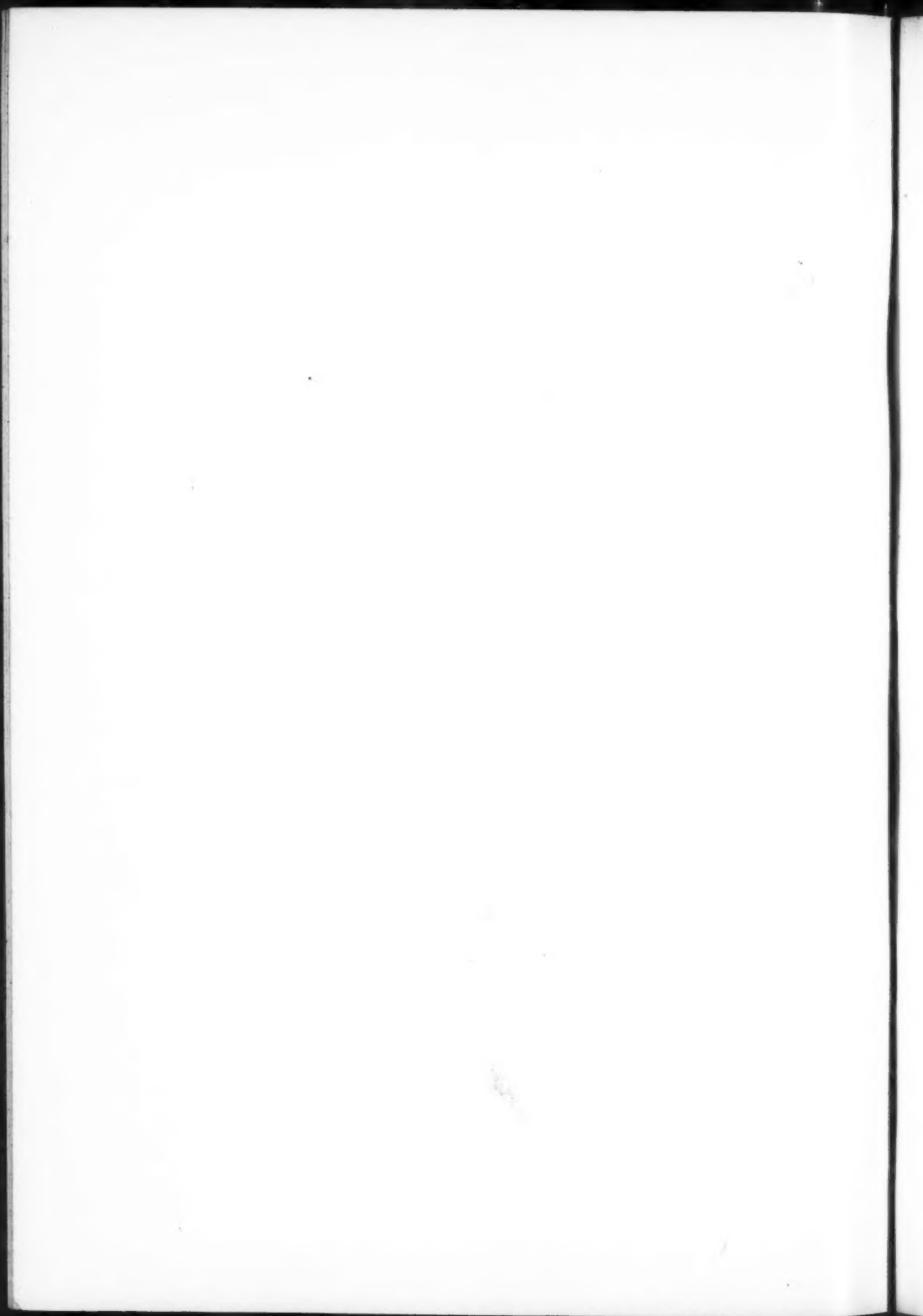
In the course of their efforts the old man woke up again, but in his present state of exasperation was quite pleased to learn they had jumped the track; and promised himself to take it out of Coulsen. It never occurred to him, of course, that they might be putting her on a different track from that she had jumped; and the information was not volunteered.

2112 took the new rails without much difficulty and presently they were speeding gayly down the line into the unknown. From the character of its construction it was clear this had originally been a steam railroad; they were taken straight into the country, leaving the streets and houses far behind. With heavier rails and more power the going was easier, and the old man slept so blissfully, Ailsa ventured to stand in the doorway, where she and Dick could talk face to face. On such a line as this 2112 needed but little attention from the motorman. A wasted moon was climbing the eastern sky; the woods and fields were bathed in a pale, misty radiance; and there was a delicious cool earthiness on the



Drawn by Howard Heath.

“But they haven’t got us yet!”



breeze. Ailsa and Dick had not so much to say to each other now; it was sufficient to be together on the platform. It was little they were caring where the ride ended, so it did not end too soon.

By and by the first pale streaks of dawn showed in the east; and Dick began to feel the anxieties of responsibility again. As they passed through a suburb, he saw ahead, idly swinging his club under the electric light on the station, a policeman. Feeling that it was due his passengers that he make some inquiries, he stopped his car opposite the officer and said politely:

"Will you please tell me where I am?"

The mouth of the bluecoat dropped open at this unexpected question and his eyes bulged. "Wh-what!" he stammered.

"What place is this?" asked Dick.

The bewildered officer's eyes traveled to the Emory Street sign on Dick's car. "What in thunder are yez doin' out here?" he demanded.

"Oh, never mind that now," said Dick impatiently; "just tell me where I am, please."

"There's something wrong here!" pronounced the guardian of the peace with remarkable perspicacity.

Away down the line Dick heard the toot of an air whistle. Thinking of the cruel disparity between the big, heavily-motored cars that run on suburban lines and his own decrepit 2112, he fairly lost his temper. "Can't you answer a civil question?" he demanded.

"This needs lookin' into," said the wise policeman; "you better come along with me, young man." He put his foot on the step.

"Sorry, old chap, but I can't stop, really," said Dick, anxious to be polite. He placed a foot squarely against the blue chest below him, and driving out his leg, sent the representative of law reeling across the platform. As he disappeared over the other side there was a loud and unexpected splash—there had been a great deal of rain.

"Our goose is cooked now!" said Dick ruefully to Ailsa, as 2112 gathered speed again. "He'll telephone down the line. I should have kidnaped him!"

Meanwhile the big car behind was gaining on them. The next toot was appreciably nearer; and looking back they could

see the flash of a searchlight over the hills. But Dick took heart in the thought that a stern chase is necessarily a long one; and put his car to the curves and bridges at a rate of speed that caused the maiden lady to utter little screams of fright.

"I'm sure this is not the way to Beverwyck Avenue," she moaned.

The gallant young man in the dinner coat hastened to reassure her.

The car behind, after a pause to pick up the discomfited policeman, started after them in good earnest, tooting wildly to alarm the countryside. However, they had a long start, and 2112 was going strong. The eyes of the youthful pair on the front platform were shining with excitement. By and by they heard an answering toot from far down the line ahead. Ailsa turned to Dick questioningly.

"Closing in on us from both sides," he said with an attempt at carelessness. "If I can find a place to put you and your father off before they arrest me, it'll be all right."

"I stick by the car," said Ailsa briefly—and Dick glowed.

Rounding a curve he was suddenly dismayed to see a railroad crossing a short distance ahead, with a freight train lying squarely across his track, the engine taking water at a tank beyond. There they were effectually blocked; while all the time the tooting down the line drew closer and closer! It was maddening! Dick brought his car to a stop and leaping off, ran toward the engine, Ailsa following him, careless now of whether her father should wake.

"I say, old man!" cried Dick to the engineer, "for Heaven's sake pull out quick! I'm in the Dickens of a fix!"

"What's the matter, lad?" said the old Scotsman with exasperating unconcern.

"I've lost my way!" Dick blurted out. "I've busted a bridge; I've assaulted a policeman; and I've got the president of the line on board!"

The engineer whistled. "Lost, eh?" he said reflectively.

Dick groaned in his impatience.

"I'm the president's daughter," added Ailsa in her most winning manner. "He hasn't done anything really wrong. *Please* help us!"

The old man stared hard at this lovely apparition shaping itself out of the dark-

ness. He looked from one to the other of the strangely assorted pair, the motorman in his blue uniform, the girl in her evening draperies; finally his eyes began to twinkle. His deliberations did not take five seconds in reality; though to Ailsa and Dick with their pursuers pounding down the line, it seemed more like an hour. Suddenly he said:

"There's an old switch here, from the trolley tracks to our rails. Run your car back a little piece, sonny, and open it for us. I'll back down and we'll hitch your car to the caboose with rope. I'll take you back to town, my dears."

Before he had finished speaking his engine was under way. Running back with renewed hopes they easily found the switch; under a heavy growth of weeds it was still intact. The freight train, which was not a long one, backed down to meet them, and Dick with feverish haste helped a brakeman lash 2112 to the tail of the caboose. Momentarily they expected to see the searchlight of the suburban car swing around the curve. Fortunately old Mr. Fanning remained dead to the world; Ailsa watched him. As for the maiden lady, goodness knows what she thought was going on, but the man in the dinner coat was a person of great resource.

They had no more than started before the suburban car was upon them. Brakie had barely time to close the switch and run, before the rays of the searchlight fell upon the spot. That very searchlight proved their salvation; dazzled by its rays, the motorman could see neither to the right nor left of the swath it cut in the darkness; it just missed 2112 and they were safe from discovery.

The suburban car swept past them not twenty yards away; they could see all hands, including the drenched policeman, straining their eyes ahead. They bumped over the crossing and continued up the line; a little beyond, the other car hove in view and the two cars came to a stop abreast of each other. Ailsa and Dick, traveling townwards, laughed to think of the mystified consultation that would be taking place. As a matter of fact, that unfortunate policeman's reputation for veracity was considerably impaired. He consoles himself, however, by telling his wonderful yarn to whoever will listen; it has now reached

the point where the trolley car runs through it wreathed in ill-smelling smoke; and the motorman has horns.

Ailsa's father awoke but once on the way to town. "What's the matter now?" he inquired, blinking through the darkness.

"The lights have given out," said Ailsa.

"I'm not surprised!" he said with peevish satisfaction. "Remind me to fire Coulson"—and fell asleep again.

"What would I have done if it hadn't been for you!" murmured the maiden lady to the man in the dinner coat.

The good-natured engineer shunted them back to the trolley tracks, through the depot of the Interurban express company on the outskirts of town. The express company utilizes both the steam railroad and the trolley tracks for its cars. Appearing from nowhere, as it were, 2112 rolled through the depot, Abey swung the pole on the wire, Dick turned on the power, and 2112 gathered way down the street, leaving the expressmen rubbing their eyes and wondering, like a good many others that night, if there was a phantom trolley car abroad.

It had now grown fairly light. Suddenly the maiden lady jumped to her feet and reached wildly for the bell rope.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried. "This is Beverwyck Avenue!"

When she got off, Dick saw her stand a moment in the roadway and put her hand to her head as if utterly bewildered.

"Why, my house is turned around and moved catty-corners!" she murmured.

They ran down a gradual incline toward a long, low building which had somehow a familiar look to Dick. That young man, it may be mentioned, was feeling tolerably anxious as to the final outcome of his adventure. To his great astonishment he suddenly recognized in the low building the Emory Street car barns; but seen from the other side. As he drew up before it, a little knot of employees was standing listening gravely to one reading from a newspaper. This was natural enough; but Dick was surprised to see the black mourning bunting carried out, preparatory to being tacked to the front of the building.

O'Hara, the starter, catching sight of Dick, turned a sickly color and clutched the man nearest. "Look! Look!" he gasped. Every eye was turned that way.

When he saw Dick step off his car like real flesh and blood, O'Hara plucked up a little courage and approached him.

"For the love of Heaven, Warder, how did you get through? is the old man all right?"

"Sound as a trivet!" said Dick.

"How did you get through?" repeated O'Hara. "We thought sure you were caught in the smash!"

"Oh, I found a way out," said Dick warily—wondering greatly what else was in the wind. "What does the paper say?" he asked carelessly.

It was thrust at him; and the headlines conveyed instant information:

"Immense building falls! Unfinished structure of the Atlantic Storage Company collapses in Emory Street! Trolley car 2112 missing, with John Fanning and daughter aboard! Believed to be buried in the ruins!"

"Father! Father!" exclaimed the quick-witted Ailsa, reading this over Dick's shoulder. "The brave motorman has saved all our lives!"

"Dear! Dear! Bless my soul!" murmured the sleepy old gentleman.

"He's a Yale man," added Ailsa irrelevantly.

"Ask him up," said her father handsomely.

THE SALVATION OF CHRISTIANITY

BY THE REV. CHARLES F. AKED, D.D.

XI. THE NEW WORLD



We live in a new world. We speak a new tongue. Our entire mental and spiritual makeup would have to be taken to pieces and put together again in a different fashion before we could think the thoughts our fathers thought or use the words our fathers used. There is something which, for want of a better phrase, we call "the spirit of the age." There is an attitude toward life which has not been reached by the individual through thought, discussion, and deliberate resolve. It grows out of the age in which he lives and the atmosphere he breathes. Preachers and churches that keep their faces toward the setting sun and "attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key" will find that God Himself makes war upon the obsolete.

In the latest Yale Lectures on Preaching Dr. Faunce, President of Brown Uni-

versity, has a fine chapter—without doubt the finest in the volume—on "The Attitude of Religious Leaders Toward New Truth." He indorses the judgment of John Fiske that the men of our generation are "separated from the men whose education ended in 1830 by an immeasurably wider gulf than ever before divided one progressive generation from their predecessors"; and then, with unerring insight and noble courage, President Faunce bids preachers believe that:

To use the language of the pre-Darwinian era—whether Darwinism be true or false does not concern us here—is to use a dialect not found in any popular literature to-day, and hence fairly unintelligible to the people. Whenever we hear a preacher speaking in the old thought-forms—either because he has become aged or because he was born so—we are somehow conscious of a chasm between speaker and hearer.

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And President Faunce proceeds to illuminate this remark with short, clear sentences which should be read and noted by every preacher in the land:

It is not that we disbelieve what he says; but that his whole way of approaching truth, of testing truth, of valuing truth, is so different from ours that we simply cannot follow him. He defends the truths that we have believed all our lives, in such a way as to shake our faith in them. He places the duties we have been performing for years on a basis which for us does not exist. The things which separate men are not the things which they affirm or deny, but the things which they take for granted.

It is well to set down in order some of the things most surely believed among us in this day—and in the language of this day. The changes are not incidental. They are not in matters of detail. They do not merely touch externals. They are fundamental and determinative.

The nature of salvation and the process of salvation are differently conceived. We do not mean the same things that our fathers meant. That is why we do not use the language they used. Suppose the familiar question, "Are you saved?" addressed to them and to us. Suppose the question answered by another: "Saved from what?" That "gulf," immeasurably wide, of John Fiske, would lie between the reply which would be made to them and to us. And if the question, "Are you saved?" should be followed by another, "How are you saved?" there would be just as wide a "gulf" again between the two sets of answers.

In other days—dismissing the refinements of theologians and the distinctions drawn by wise and cultivated preachers, valuable as these may have been—the view of popular religion was that we were to be saved from everlasting hell because Jesus Christ suffered and died on Calvary, and so satisfied the justice of God, who was now free to forgive us for Christ's sake. Attempts to illustrate this dread transaction, in the endeavor to be very vivid, often became very gross, sometimes painful and revolting. There sounds in the ear of the writer at this moment the hoof beats of a galloping horse which never existed save in the imagination of a too pictorially minded

teacher of his childhood's days. He—the shivering little boy of ten—was a sinner of the blackest and wickedest type. Really, he knew he was not; but the teacher and the preacher said he was, and so what could he do? He was justly condemned to never-ending conscious torment because he was born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and for Adam's transgressions he was lost and damned. He was sentenced to death. He had to drink a cup of poison. But it was made known in some supernatural way that a great heroic man, God's Son, was willing to drink the poison for him. If only he would come in time! And the minutes sped on, and only moments were left. Now the instant had come! The cup of poison was raised to his lips, when hark! the thunder beats of a horse on the stones of the street, a rider, dust stained, flushed, and weary, flinging himself from the saddle—through the windows he could be seen—bursting through the door, snatching the cup of poison from the boy's very lips, drinking it himself, and "with that mighty gulp of love he drained damnation dry." It was cruel to try to teach religion to a child in this way, but it was not meant in cruelty. Many a time when the cheerful hoof beats of a real horse under him have made music on the frosty air of night the writer has thought of that blood-flecked steed and heroic rider of his youthful terrors, and prayed that no such ghastly representation of the Atonement and of Salvation is offered to the minds of children still.

Men and women were taught these things. They believed them. The sinner justly deserved eternal death. Christ accepted death in the sinner's place. God was willing. His justice—sometimes it was said His vengeance—was satisfied. Salvation consisted in a hearty acceptance of the truth of this representation and a willingness to "rest in the finished work of our Redeemer"—whatever that may have meant to the persons who used the phrase. Men and women no longer believe these things. They are revolted by them. Their ethical sense is outraged by the suggestion of such sleight-of-hand dealing with eternal verities and fundamental moralities. The man on the cars, the man who is outside the churches, the modern man who believes that the churches have nothing to say to his modern mind and heart, simply dis-

misses as an absurdity the mediæval notion that we are doomed to an endless hell for some imagined sin of an imagined ancestor, are to be saved because One, strangely lifted out of the doom of Adam's race Himself, suffered a horrible death which He did not deserve, and that by a mysterious process whose mystery does not hide its deep dishonesty, his sins are reckoned to this divine One, and that One's "merits" are reckoned to him. There is nothing in this which finds the man in question, nothing which seems to him real, nothing which commands the assent of his mind or awakens the emotions of his heart.

But what he does not know is that the world has gone past him. And the church has gone past him as well. He thinks that preachers and churches are saying these things yet. It is he who is behind the age. He does not read religious journals, theological books, nor volumes of sermons. He does not hear the educated preacher of the Gospel in the city pulpits. He thinks that he is in advance of religious thinking. He is a long way behind. The churches have moved on ahead. He has not. He is still where he was when he listened to a backwoods preacher thirty or forty years ago. He does not know that the intellectual climate has changed to such an extent that the modern preacher would regard it as little short of a moral offense to represent the Atonement and Salvation under any such guise as these.

It would surprise such a man to learn that the very phrase "for Christ's sake" has disappeared from the New Testament.¹ Some preachers employ it still at the end of their prayers, but this is largely because old habits die hard, and because ancient custom seems to have hallowed it. The man in question thinks that the churches teach that God was reconciled to man by the death of Christ. The churches teach—except by the lips of those who, in Dr. Faunce's words, have either become aged or were born so—that man is reconciled to God by the death of Christ—a vastly different thing. The churches teach that God never needed to be "reconciled." And the preacher can explain to-day that the conception of the Atonement as a sacrifice by

which the anger of God was "appeased" persists solely as the survival in dogmatic theology of the root idea of heathenism that the wrath of the gods can be turned away by bribes and blood.

The student of history finds nothing inexplicable in this age-long, world-wide belief that "gods and kings are alike persuaded by gifts."¹ As we try to picture to ourselves primitive man, conscious of vast forces in earth and air and sea, forces of wind and storm, of lightning, earthquake, and flood, forces which his strongest men could not control nor his wisest comprehend, which, as it seemed to his astonished gaze, from no cause and for no purpose, flung abroad destruction, devastation, and death, we ask ourselves: What more natural than that he should try to win these forces to his side? What more natural than that he should endow them with volition and with passions, think of them as creatures yet creators, like himself yet greater than himself, and that he should set about contriving costly offerings which should gain for him their favor and assure their help? So, then, to propitiate them he must do obeisance; to them rude altars must be reared rich with barbaric gems and gold, and temples must be raised and prayers be sung. We can understand all this.

The very word *sacrifice* has in it a history of religion upon this earth. For it is *sacer*, "sacred," and *facio*, "to do": it is to do a sacred act, to do something in the sphere of religion and of worship. How does it come to mean the yielding up of something dear as an offering to the gods—or to God? The explanation lies on the surface. The most outstanding, important, and ubiquitous "act within the sphere of religion and worship" was the gift or bribe offered to the god. The one great and striking feature of a religious celebration, the gift, was seen by everybody everywhere. And so the word which described the general idea was fastened upon the omnipresent, specific act.

An ancient poem has come down to us in which a Puritan of a date long anterior to the time of Christ dared to place upon the lips of Omnipotence a repudiation of such sacrifice. Translated from an Asiatic tongue the passion of it still glows through cold type.

¹ It is in King James' version; and there are still those who need to learn that King James' version is not the last word of the story!

¹ Homer.

I will take no bullock out of thy house,
 Nor he-goats out of thy folds.
 For every beast of the forest is Mine,
 And the cattle upon a thousand hills.
 I know all the birds of the mountains;
 And the wild beasts of the field are mine.
 If I were hungry, I would not tell thee:
 For the world is Mine, and the fulness thereof.
 Will I eat the flesh of bulls,
 Or drink the blood of goats?
 Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving;
 And pay thy vows unto the Most High;
 And call upon me in the day of trouble:
 I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.

The author? Why, some unknown, prophetic soul of Old Testament days. It is the famous fiftieth psalm which is quoted. And the educated preacher in the twentieth century, his mind at last opened to the true nature of Atonement, is not likely to fall back upon the semisavagery of bygone centuries repudiated in this majestic psalm.

The word *Atonement* is never once used in the New Testament. Neither is the word *Expiation*. We may, if we choose, continue to speak of an atonement in the sense of an at-one-ment; but it is wisest to employ the word which Scripture often employs, and speak of the *Reconciliation* made by Christ.

Christ reconciles us to God. We are alienated, estranged. We have feared God, or we have disobeyed Him, or we have forgotten Him, or we have deliberately turned away from Him. God is our father. He needs His children. He wants their love. God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. In Christ He reveals His seeking and searching love, declares His longing for the return of His children to Himself. The life of Jesus on earth, His passion in Gethsemane, His agony on Calvary, are, as it were, a *bit of the life of God*, a demonstration in a particular moment of time of what God is through all eternity. They constitute but a single incident in the redeeming love of the Father for the children of His heart. If we can believe this, see it, feel it, respond to it, Christ has indeed reconciled us to our God.

Other things quickly follow, are, indeed, indissolubly involved in this. Reconciled to God we are reconciled to each other; we are reconciled to ourselves; and we are reconciled to our duty. The elucidation

of these vital sentences is the work of the modern preacher and of the modern Church. In them is the real gospel of service and of sacrifice; in them are the potencies and prophecies of the social gospel; in them the call to rid this earth of oppression, suffering, and want; in them the promise that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.

So the purpose of Christianity is differently conceived and differently stated. The object of the pagan cults has been in the main to placate an angry God, or bribe a corrupt one; has been, as we have seen, to get the gods on the side of their worshippers. The purpose of Christianity is purely ethical. The object of Christianity is to make good men and women of us all. The older views hold together: an offended Deity; a propitiatory sacrifice; hell escaped, heaven won; and all the machinery of Redemption directed to this end. To-day we think of religion as man-ward, not God-ward. It is not something man does for God, but something God does for us. The ordinances and the ministries of the Church are not intended to please God; they are meant to help men and women. If they do really help us to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before all that we can think or feel of God, they are good ordinances and good ministries. If they do not, they are without value on earth or in heaven. If creeds and ceremonies, priests or preachers, and all the institutions of worship which our fathers have left us and which we foster and seek to perfect help us to live our lives bravely, sweetly, and purely, they are to us "religion"—the life of God in the soul of man. But if they leave us ethically untouched, if they make us not any braver for life's battles, nor stronger under life's burden, nor more honest nor more unselfish day by day, then there is nothing in them, and they have nothing to do with religion at all.

It is curious how we forget all this. We think of the forms of worship as an end in themselves. We think of correctness of credal definitions as desirable *per se*. Forms of worship which make better men and women are good. Forms of worship which do not are not good. Credal definitions which help us in our daily life are to be esteemed. Credal definitions which

do not touch our daily life are such stuff as dreams are made of. When Matthew Arnold wrote "Literature and Dogma" he was so obsessed by the strangely worded desire of the bishops of Winchester and Gloucester to "do something for the honor of our Lord's Godhead" that the lumbering sentence goes sprawling all over his pages, provoking from Mr. Augustine Birrell the caustic comment that "bantering the Trinity is not yet a recognized pastime in good society." There are always small men to imitate the folly of the departed bishops. It needs to be more clearly understood that we are doing something very effectively for "the honor of our Lord's Godhead" when men and women come out of selfishness into service, when they grow in purity, love, and kindness. All churches, high and low, all theologies, broad and narrow, all preaching, praying, ministering—all come to this, to make more good men and women. Churches, organizations, theologies are everlastingly valuable if they succeed in doing this; but they are not valuable, they are harmful, dangerous, destructive if they change the emphasis from the inner to the outward life and divert attention from moral manhood to ecclesiastical machinery. And all that God has done for us—the Incarnation of the Son of God, the Atonement, the Resurrection of Jesus from the dead—all have the same end in view. In the words of a popular hymn, "He died to make us good!"

The inevitable tendency of religion in any age and in any country, among civilized or uncivilized peoples, is to desert purely spiritual realities for one or both of two gross manifestations—for theology, neatly packed and parceled in dogma, tied with red tape and sealed with the seal of our sect, or for ritual, costly, ceremonial, complex. To the intellect or to the senses a religion comes gradually to appeal, even though it took its rise in noble aspirations, because the intellect and the senses are more conspicuous and regal in the lives of most of us than the spiritual forces of unselfish love, reverence for the highest, and utter loyalty to truth. So the simplest and tenderest symbols of the religion of Christ have been clothed in magic and in mystery, overlain with pagan ceremonialism and charged with the superstitions of heathenism again. Baptism, a spontaneous and

public declaration of loyalty to Christ, and the Lord's Supper, the common meal at which disciples met to keep green in their hearts the memory of a great sorrow and to refresh their souls by the renewal of pledges of love to their departed Lord, have been converted into channels of thaumaturgic grace. The religion of Jesus Christ is the simplest ever proclaimed upon this earth, so simple that the most ritualistic of His followers was found to declare that pure and undefiled ritualism¹ is to visit widows and fatherless people in their affliction and to keep oneself unspotted from the world. The elaborate ceremonial, the splendid blaze of lights, the procession of torchbearers chanting their sacred hymns, the priest's robes, incense, the majesty of the great high altar—all must submit themselves to this test: do they help us to be better and to do better? Do they make us kinder to those about us, fairer to rivals in business, more just in controversy, readier to yield glad obedience to all the claims of good citizenship? Are they helping us to sympathize more with God in our little way? Are they inspiring from day to day a determination to make some little corner of the world better for our living in it?

For this is the point to be forever kept clear. No outward form of worship, no ceremony, nothing of those mechanical things which we have been in the habit of regarding as part of our religious life, is, or can be, service of God. To meet together, sing hymns, chant anthems, repeat prayers, to bow the head at the proper time, to count beads, read the Bible, preach a sermon or listen to one, is not worship. Baptism, the Lord's Supper, the Eucharist, are not worship. They may be aids to worship. They may help very materially the man who is trying to worship. They may represent in visible shape the invisible spirit of worship that fills at such times the aspiring heart. And so they may help quite infinitely in the process of producing more good men and women. But in themselves they are not worship. "We meet for worship at eleven o'clock," is often said. We do nothing of the kind. We meet to gain strength for worship in the home and in the city street. "Divine service will be

¹ Ritual, not religion—that is to say, the outward form and expression of worship—James 1:27.

performed at—such an hour:" "*performed*," says John Ruskin, "the form will be gone through!" And that is all that it amounts to very often: the form is gone through! Let it be understood that a man cannot perform divine service on Sunday in church if he is not performing divine service on Monday in his office, and that a woman who is not daily performing divine service in her home with her children and with her servants and in society, is not performing divine service on Sunday when she repeats the creeds or sings her favorite hymns. Worship is the life we live. Divine service is the service of our fellows. We worship God by serving man.

It appears then from a consideration of such restatements of the faith that is in us, that a chief characteristic of our new world is that it is a much larger world than we used to think. If this were not so the restatements would appear with a strong prejudice against them. They would speak in the language of the pre-Darwinian days. There was a time when this earth was the center of the universe, when sun and moon and stars existed only for the earth. That time has gone forever. There was a day when the church could sing:

We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground!

To-day we know that there is nothing the church is so unlike as a garden walled around. We are the salt of the earth—giving at once zest and sweetness to life, rubbed into society dead in its selfishness and materialism, staying the process of corruption. We are the light of the world—a city set on a hill that cannot be hid. There were times when an eminent divine could issue a book with this amazing title: "Moral Reflections upon the Number of the Elect—Proving plainly from Scripture evidence that not one in a hundred thousand, nay, probably not one in a million from Adam down to our times shall be saved." To-day we look out with the aged Apostle of Christ from rocky Patmos and see, though it be but in vision, a city whose gates are never closed by day—and there is no night there—and feel ourselves one with "multitudes which no man can number." There was a time when we could think of God as revealing His will to a

particular race and handing down the record of it in a single volume. To-day it seems to us the last of blasphemies to think of revelation as confined to the blurred and blotted pages of antiquity while the thought of man is broadening with the process of the suns. We adore the Living God—a God who proclaims "All souls are Mine" and who reveals Himself in every age to every people.

The Indian sage was of opinion that God could only be defined by the uplifted finger and the repeated "No, no." He meant that the devout soul could only properly speak of God when he denied the false and foolish things that men had said of Him. Denials have indeed been so necessary that color has been lent to the curiously ill-informed notion that the preaching of the really modern preacher is generally a negative or at least a nebulous thing. "Destructive criticism" is the phrase commonly and unjustly applied by an objector to the preaching of a preacher he never goes to hear. He imagines—has been taught by those who should know better, and perhaps do know better—that the results of the historical and literary criticism of the Bible and the conclusions of evolutionary science, accepted by the modern preacher and incorporated in all the preacher's best work, have unsettled men's minds and set their faith on shifting sands. To those who know the facts such an idea is ludicrous. But unfortunately many people do not know, and without meaning it, day by day they bear false witness against their neighbor. Modern preaching is positive, commanding, constructive. It builds up. It does not aim to destroy. Our modern way of looking at the Bible, and our way of regarding revelation and inspiration offers a conception of God's speech to man in which there is not a single negation, which abounds in life-giving affirmations. Let us see:

It begins with the postulate of all religion, God! In the beginning—God! He is the creator of the heavens and the earth. He is the moral governor of the universe. He is the judge of the living and the dead. He hath made us and His we are. He utters Himself in the material universe; earth and air and sea, suns and spheres and stellar space are His effort toward self-expression. Upon this planet He calls into being

Man. He speaks *in* man. He speaks *to* men. The human family increases, multiplies, replenishes the earth. Nations thrive and branch from clime to clime. And still God speaks to men. He speaks in every century. He speaks in every land. To the sages of China, the dreamers of India, the warrior seers of Persia, the poets, artists, philosophers of Greece and Rome, came the Word of the Lord; and from every nation came prophets who spoke for Him, saints who lived for Him, and martyrs who died for Him. His was the light the Parsee saw and His the voice Mohammed heard. His thought the Buddha followed from afar. His will the Stoic made his own. In every age men that fear God and work righteousness are acceptable to Him.

He is the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God of David, Amos, and Isaiah; but He is the God, though they knew it not, of Gautama, Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, and of him who raised in Athens an altar with this inscription: To an Unknown God. Men of the ancient Hebrew race caught His great accents clearest and spoke them trumpet-tongued unto the world. Their literature we call not a literature, but a book, and not a book, but The Book, supremely the Book of books, Man's Book, the World's Book, God's Book—the Bible. Their genius was more glorious than that of the race which gave Phidias and Aristotle to the world. Theirs was the genius of religion; their religion is the imperishable possession of mankind. Their "stern monotheism" has

become our belief in the immanence of the Living God. Their passion for righteousness is our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Their Messianic hope is our assurance of immortality in Christ, the Resurrection and the Life. They sought God. Their prophets looked for Him. Their priests with ritual, type, and ceremony essayed to bring Him near. And all the time He was not very far from any one of them. Only their noblest spirits perceived it, but while they ineffectually sought Him, He was seeking, saving them.

This God, having thus, by divers portions and in divers manners, spoken of old time unto the fathers of the race by prophets, has, in the climax of His incarnation, spoken unto us by His Son, Jesus Christ, who has taught us to call Him "Father," and who is Himself Mind of the Father's Mind and Thought of the Father's Thought. He has brought the new knowledge that God is forever seeking men to save them. God is not dumb, that He should speak no more. His prophets think His thoughts after Him, speak His words, reveal His mind to-day as in any other day. But the truth which Jesus taught in the Hill Sermon and proclaimed from that high mountain, Calvary, is fresh with the eternal youthfulness of God. It is new as we proclaim it now, good news, true news, old news, and news which is always new. In the acceptance of it and the appropriation of it and in the application of it to the necessities of our time lies the salvation of Christianity and the hope of the world.



A WORD IN SEASON

BY OWEN OLIVER



WHEN Captain Trueman came to port with the brig *Mary Anne*, he went straight home to his widowed mother, like a dutiful son. He stayed with her till just before supper time. Then, since she was a rigid teetotaler, and he held that ginger beer disagreed with him, he went off to seek beer without the ginger. He found it.

His success raised his spirits considerably; but it is not to be understood that he was the worse for liquor. In his own view he was the better for it; and when he had finished the first eight verses of "The Jolly Jane," he felt fully equal to the remaining fifteen; but the landlord was persistent in calling "time." So Captain Trueman went out into the cool eleven-o'clock air with a slight list to starboard and two strange companions, whom he registered mentally as "land sharks."

"There's a fortune in that voice of yours," said one of them. His name was Abraham Moses, and he was a pawnbroker's assistant by profession.

"A regular mint," added Bob Talbot, a ferrety little clerk to a ferrety little lawyer.

"I ain't no Crusoe," said the captain—he meant Caruso—"and I ain't the chap to have my leg pulled neither; and what I take gets in my legs, and not my head. What's your game?"

"The captain," said Mr. Moses admiringly, "is a man of the world."

"And comes straight to the point," remarked Mr. Talbot.

"And that's what *you'd* best do," observed the captain, buttoning up his pocket. He suspected Mr. Moses of designs upon his watch. "If there's money in my voice

I'd like to have it; but I ain't going to be a blooming music-hall star in tights. I'm a British sailor. That's what I am; and I'd take on the pair of you for two pins!"

"My dear friend!" Mr. Moses expostulated. "You may not be a Crusoe; but you are a Robinson, do you see?"

"No," the captain contradicted. "I don't."

"In voice; only in voice; and in being a seafaring man, like Captain Robinson."

"What Robinson?" the captain demanded.

"Old Conkey Robinson. Ran one of Ingram and Martin's little steamers for twenty-five years. Knew him perhaps?"

"Knew of him," the captain corrected. "Had a fortune left him; two pubs and a row of small houses. Gave up the sea three year ago."

"And went off eighteen months after," said Mr. Talbot. "Left it all to his widow. We proved the will."

"Then she didn't get much," the captain suggested.

"Don't you make any mistake!" Mr. Talbot shook his head. "She's got a business head, that woman! Come into the club and have a drop of whisky? It wouldn't hurt you."

"Well," the captain said reflectively, "I could carry a bit more sail, at a pinch."

They crowded sail upon the captain till they thought that he was running before the breeze. The list of his body was certainly more pronounced when he came out; but spirituous cargo got into his legs, as he had warned them, and not into his head, and he was far more sober than they judged him—or than he meant them to judge him. The captain, in spite of certain failings, was a sharp man. He disliked being "had"; and since these land sharks



"The captain got three verses and two choruses upon the first cylinder."

had evidently set out to best him, he meant to best them.

"You were talking about my voice," he suggested, stumbling against Mr. Moses.

"It's a very strange thing," Mr. Moses told him; "a most remarkable thing. Your voice is the very image of Captain Robinson's; and there are certain—er—nautical expressions—that you both use—at least he used to—when put out. If anyone heard you on a phonograph, as I've heard him, they wouldn't know the difference."

"On a phonograph," the captain stated, "I'd sing like—like Robinson Crusoe."

"And you'd speak like Captain Robinson," Mr. Talbot asserted. "I've got one at my house. Come and try."

"Ah!" said the captain artfully. "Ah-h-h! You want me to make records, for you to pass off for that chap Crusoe! And make a fortune!"

"No, no!" Mr. Moses assured him. "We want to pass them off for Captain Robinson's; to comfort his poor widow. We gave her three that we'd taken—having a phonograph herself—and you never

saw a woman so pleased. Unfortunately the mice ate one, and the cat broke another going after the mice; and the third got wet and she put it in the oven to dry. She's always asking if we can't find any more, poor soul!" Mr. Moses sighed. "I dare say she looks for a word of advice about that money. She's got it all in four-and-a-half-per-cent mortgages, which he could never have meant, and we could tell her better."

"I see," said the captain. "I see! I might sing a tune, just to cheer up the poor widow?"

"Or say a few words," Mr. Talbot suggested.

"Just to advise her about the money, eh?"

"Or to get *us* to advise her."

"Just so; just so," the captain agreed.

"You could do it in a few minutes."

"They say that chap Crusoe makes a fortune every minute he sings," the captain observed.

"Singing's different from speaking," Mr. Moses pointed out.

"For speaking," said the captain, "I'd take five pounds a minute."

"For the sake of our old friend's widow," Mr. Moses offered, "and her peace of mind, we'd give ten shillings for

"You're joking!" Mr. Talbot complained.

"Now look here," said the captain. "I ain't a curiosity dealer to bargain for an hour. They're my terms and you can take



"His mother looked at him severely."

a song, and a pound for a few words in season."

"A song," said the captain firmly, "would be a pound, and words in season ten pounds. I couldn't make them really seasonable under."

"Ten pounds!" cried Mr. Moses.

them or leave them. You said there was a fortune in my voice; and I don't reckon fortunes under two figures."

Ultimately they agreed upon ten pounds for the song and the word in season combined. The captain offered to throw in a hornpipe, but they did not want it.

They went to Mr. Talbot's house, and he produced the phonograph and the recorder. The captain got three verses and two choruses of "The Jolly Jane" upon the first cylinder. Then they consulted about the word in season. Mr. Moses composed it, Mr. Talbot edited it, the captain touched it up with a few nautical phrases, and finally Mr. Talbot wrote out a fair copy. The captain held this in one hand, and as much of the sideboard as he could grasp in the other, while he roared into the receiver.

"Betsy, my gal, I'll soon be in dry dock, and I'm leaving it all to you. I'd like you to make enough out of it to live like a lady, as such a good-looking woman ought to. Money makes money, as sure as a ship makes port, if you know how to sail her. If you don't ask those as do. There's old Moses——"

"Look here," the captain objected, "I ain't going to perjure myself under twelve pound."

"Eleven," Mr. Moses promised. "Go on!" And the captain went on.

"Who has been a good friend to me, and Bob Talbot as honest a chap as ever lived. They know all about it. You let them handle the money for you and you'll have enough to roll in, Betsy my gal. That's all at present, from your loving husband, Tom Robinson."

"Excellent!" cried Mr. Talbot.

"And cheap at twelve pound," said the captain.

"Ten!" objected Mr. Moses hastily.

Finally the captain took eleven pounds and departed for home. He chuckled all the way till he came within sight of his mother's cottage. Then he rubbed his head doubtfully. Then he pulled himself together and made a laborious effort to walk straight. When he had knocked he steadied himself by the doorpost. When the door opened he went carefully in. His mother looked at him severely.

"You've had too much to drink," she pronounced.

"Ah!" he told her. "You aren't the first that's made that mistake to-night. Just wait till you hear what I've got to tell you."

He had not meant to tell her anything; but he feared her curiosity less than her wrath. So he told her the whole story,

while she ejaculated, "Well I never!" and "I never did!" and "Lawks-a-mussy me!" in turn.

"And now," he concluded, "just tell me two things. What do you know about this Mrs. Robinson? And where does she live?"

"She lives at Andlebury," Mrs. Trueman stated, "so far as I know. All her people live there. Elizabeth Barber she was, and her father the blacksmith. 'Big Ben' they called him, being six inches taller than your father, and he was six foot like you. A fine figure of a man, and four sons all bigger, they tell me. I saw her once, and reckoned her a good-looking girl; and never heard anything against her. Her mother was the sort to bring her up well."

"Ah!" said the captain. "Ah! Well, I'll be able to judge for myself to-morrow."

"A lot of use that will be!" said his mother scornfully, "seeing that you've promised those—those—" She paused to find a word suitable to an elderly lady esteemed at her chapel.

"Dirty, skulking, cheating swabs!" the captain suggested. "I know what I promised. I'd not tell her that I made those records, I said. Well, I won't. But suppose I made another record? And she noticed the voice? I haven't promised about *that*. And suppose the record was this—?" He whispered; and Mrs. Trueman's stern countenance slowly relaxed.

"You're like your poor father!" she said. "What you take gets in your legs, and not in your head!"

Early the next morning a seafaring gentleman arrived at Andlebury and found the house of Widow Robinson. A saucy-looking young lady opened the door to him, the one servant not being yet presentable. The captain eyed her with admiration.

"Is your mother in?" he asked.

"No," said the pert young lady. She eyed him without disapproval. For Captain Trueman was a fine-looking man.

"Is she anywhere where I'd be likely to meet her?" he suggested.

"I doubt it," she informed him.

"Why not?" he wanted to know.

"I should judge you're not very likely to go there!" The young lady laughed a little, and showed her white teeth.

"Oh!" the captain grinned. "Ah-h! Dead?"

"Seven years," said the young lady.

"Then," said the captain, "your mother ain't Captain Robinson's widow, that I've come to see."

"I am Captain Robinson's widow," she informed him.

"You!" said the captain. "Why, you're hardly old enough to be his daughter." He looked at her suspiciously. "If you're a widow, why don't you wear a cap?"

"Because I've such pretty hair," she said sarcastically.

"You're pretty altogether," retorted the captain.

"You haven't come to tell me that," said she.

"No," said the captain. "I've come to make a record for your phonograph."

"Indeed!" She stared at him.

"I've got a voice like Crusoe," he stated. "*Robinson Crusoe*. D'you see?"

She stared harder.

"You've a voice," she said thoughtfully, "like—very like—What do you mean?"

"You'll have to guess," he said, "when you've heard the record. I'm pledged not to tell you anything; but if you're the woman that I take you to be you'll guess. Have you a thing to take records with?"

"Ye-es; but—but I don't know you."

"I'm Captain Trueman," he explained. "I run the *Mary Anne* for Leader and Law. My mother came from these parts and knew your father. You can make any inquiries you like about me afterwards; but I want to make the record *now*, so that—so that it will be *ready*."

"Ready for what?" she wanted to know.

"For anyone who might come by the 12:7 train. I can't tell you more than that. You'll have to trust me or not trust me, on my looks—such as they are. Now, ma'am?"

He looked at her frankly.

"Well, Captain Trueman," she said, "I dare say I am very foolish; and, come to that—" She laughed and showed her white teeth again—"I dare say *you* are! But—will you come in?"

He went in. According to the maid a gramophone man came and stayed an hour, and "the missus seemed mighty took with him!" When he left, Mrs. Robinson hurried round to her father's, and hurried home again. A few minutes after her re-

turn Mr. Moses and Mr. Talbot called to see her. She sent a note to her father before she went to them in the front parlor.

Mr. Talbot had a parcel, which proved to contain two phonograph records. He had found them in turning out a cupboard, he explained. They were labeled "Song. Captain Robinson," and "Captain Robinson. Private. Made by himself." Mr. Talbot had felt that it would be improper for him to try the latter over, and so they had brought both to Mrs. Robinson. If she preferred to try them by herself—he paused abruptly at this point. For the parlor door opened, and in walked "Big Ben" and his four six-foot-six sons. "We should much prefer you to try them by yourself," Mr. Talbot said hastily; and he and Mr. Moses took up their hats.

"Hulloa, Betsy!" said the old giant. "New toons?"

"Tom's!" she cried enthusiastically. "Tom's! Mr. Moses and Mr. Talbot have just found them, and brought them straight to me. Isn't it *nice* of them, father?"

"If they're nice toons," the old man agreed, "and haven't been baked in the oven. Ha, ha, ha!" He pinched his daughter playfully. "Morning, gentlemen. Tom's toons, eh? Put 'em on the machine, my dear, and then we'll know how much thanks is doo."

"Mrs. Robinson will naturally prefer to hear them in private," Mr. Moses suggested.

"Might feel a bit agitated," Mr. Talbot explained.

"But *you* will excuse me," she said. "It is only fair that you should hear them, and be properly thanked." She smiled bewitchingly.

"But—" Mr. Moses commenced.

"Don't waste time paying compliments, like a lot of Frenchies!" the old man grumbled. "Put 'em on and roll 'em out!"

His daughter put on "The Jolly Jane"; and it "rolled out" vigorously.

"You *couldn't* mistake Tom's voice!" she declared.

"It's him exact," her father agreed; "and you can tell he'd been wetting his whistle previous."

"Considerable!" said the gigantic third brother.



"Betsy, my pretty gal, tell your father and brothers to duck them in the horse pond."

"Father!" expostulated the widow. "I'm ashamed of you, Harry."

"Never sang unless he had," remarked the fourth brother. His sister boxed his ears, and he said that it was like a fly tickling!

"Try the other," her father suggested, pushing himself between his son and daughter, who were still scuffling good humorously.

They tried the other. Messrs. Moses and Talbot looked doubtfully at each other at first; but as the family made no sign of suspicion or disapproval, they gradually became at ease.

"I am surprised," Mr. Talbot observed at the end; "and yet not surprised. Captain Robinson always had confidence in us." He sighed.

"He was an acute man," added Mr. Moses; "and if he had lived— We had often talked over the question of investments; and I remember his saying to me

that he believed I'd turn a few thousands into a million under a year. As a matter of fact I would!" He also sighed.

"Why don't you?" the eldest brother wanted to know.

"I haven't the few thousands," Mr. Moses explained, "as Mrs. Robinson has. If she asked us to do what we could for her—" He paused and sighed again. So did Mr. Talbot.

"As Tom wished it," said she, "I feel bound to—don't you think so, father?"

Messrs. Moses and Talbot turned their eyes to the old giant; and Mrs. Robinson slipped another record on the phonograph unobserved by them.

"What Tom says," the old man stated firmly, "I'll carry out. All of us will, eh, boys?"

"Yes," said the four sons.

"Then—" said the old man; and paused; and Captain Robinson's big voice roared out from the phonograph:

"Betsy, my pretty gal, if those cheating, lying, mean land sharks Moses and Talbot bring you any bogus records of mine, tell your father and brothers to duck them in the horse pond. Mind you do it, Betsy dear!"

Messrs. Moses and Talbot made a bolt for the door; but the big men blocked it, and put them back with a touch of the hand.

"Betsy," said the old man solemnly, "are you satisfied that those are Tom's words?"

"I am satisfied that they are his wishes," said Mrs. Robinson. "*You mean wretches!*"

"If you'll let us explain," Mr. Moses protested.

"It was for your good," cried Mr. Talbot.

"This," said the old giant, "will be for *your* good!"

He took off his coat, folded it carefully, and laid it on the sofa. His four sons did the same.

"Come along," he said mildly; and they went.

"Tom only said 'duck them,' mind," Mrs. Robinson pleaded; but they were outside the door. So she ran up to the attic, where there was a good view of the horse pond. As they neared it Captain Trueman emerged from the trees, and joined the merry party—merry, that is, by a majority of six to two.

Nothing was said till Messrs. Moses and Talbot emerged from the sixth dip, and started their dripping course toward the station. Then Captain Trueman addressed them.

"If you look in the *Shellbury Mercury*," he said, "you'll find eleven pounds given to the hospital under the name of 'A Word in Season.' And if you like I'll fight the two of you. Now then?"

But the minority went hastily on; and the majority went back to the house, calmly and deliberately, like men who have seen a good work well done.

The five giants put on their coats, shook hands with the captain, and departed. The captain lingered behind. He

looked at the widow; and she looked at him.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "I'll be off to sea soon. That's the way with a seafaring man. He—he goes to sea." He sighed.

"And comes back again," the comely widow suggested.

"And comes back again," the captain agreed; "but—but he don't come much in the way of meeting ladies like you, and—Good-by, ma'am."

"Sit down, Captain Trueman," she urged politely.

"I—I'm not much good at sitting down." He sighed once more. "Well, I'm glad I've saved your money, anyhow."

"You are very kind," said the widow, "but—you see I invested the money myself, and—" She shrugged her shoulders and pulled a wry face.

"Oh!" said the captain. "Ah—ha!" He rubbed his hands. "Lost it, eh?" She nodded. "Then in *that* case—if I was to come and see you, you'd know that I wasn't after your money."

"In any case," the pretty widow stated, "I might—might be vain enough to think that I was—as well worth coming to see as my money was."

"You might," the captain agreed; "and I might; and I did. Come to that I do. Leastways I should, if it hadn't gone; and seeing that it has— Well, I don't expect you to answer now; and I don't say that it isn't downright impudence to speak so soon. But the moment I saw you— What little I've got is yours to share—any time you choose. Well, now I'll go—"

"You needn't go—just yet," said pretty Mrs. Robinson faintly.

"You're liable to find me no better investment than the money, my dear," the captain observed a quarter of an hour later.

The flushed lady laughed.

"Mind you're no worse," she told him. "I invested the money in good solid property; and when I want it I can always find it. I hope I'll be able to say the same of you!"

"Betty," said the captain, "that's a word in season. I'll take it to heart!"

THE STAR OF LOVE

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

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FRONTISPIECE BY ARTHUR BECHER

CHAPTER XXIII

A KING FOR AN HOUR



THE night interview of Haman with the king and its astonishing sequence flew from mouth to mouth in royal Shushan, and the first beams of the rising sun had scarce gilded the stately façades of the many palaces before everyone knew that for one hour Matacas, the keeper of the royal seal, would be in semblance and in power also king of Media and Persia. No such extraordinary honor had been vouchsafed to any prince, potentate, or ruler in the past; and there were not lacking those who made dismal prognostications of evil resulting from the king's rash action. Others shrewdly foresaw great and sudden changes in the royal policy presaged in this signal honor paid to one of the doomed Hebrews. The kingly favor was ever most capricious, so they that stood to-day on the topmost pinnacle of wealth and glory might to-morrow be numbered with the dishonored dead, their bodies exposed to public ignominy, their estates confiscate to the crown, or given to some new favorite.

In the chamber of Amytis, daughter of Xerxes, all the details of this latest bit of palace gossip were being discussed in low tones by the tire-women and ladies in attendance, as they set forth the various articles requisite for the use of their young mistress. To-day the princess was to be formally presented to Mathistan, Prince of Ecbatana, who had come with alacrity at the king's bidding to fetch home his bride; so the toilet about to be made was a most

magnificent one, and the tire-women were anxiously busy, even as they talked of the doomed Jew and his brief hour of glory, with the many embroidered articles to be worn beneath the royal robe of violet and white, which already lay in order on a long divan.

The low hum of voices ceased instantly as the royal princess entered from her bath in an adjoining chamber; for it was well understood among her attendants that Amytis would not listen to the tales circulated from lip to lip in the palace. She was ever a kind mistress, but imperious and determined withal, as became a daughter of the Achæmenian line, whose head and founder was the great Cyrus, long since dead and buried in a stately tomb of marble at Pasargadæ.

On this day of all others when a maid, be she royal or baseborn, should smile and be glad, Amytis appeared pale and languid as she gave herself into the hands of her women to be made yet more beautiful. And one of her maids observing this, ventured to suggest the merest touch of the fragrant rose color compounded for royal lips and cheeks and inclosed in one of the golden jars upon the toilet table.

"I am too pallid, say you?" Amytis demanded, leaning forward to gaze at herself in the wide expanse of her silver mirror. "Nay, I care not; and were I colorless as the dead, I should not allow you to paint me. I despise the practice, and shall not permit it in my court."

"The honorable Prince of Ecbatana cannot but find you fair in whatever guise you choose to appear," said the tire-woman, anxious to please.

The princess drew her pretty brows together in a decided frown. She had already

seen the Prince of Ecbatana, and had taken a violent dislike to both his person and manner.

"Where is Dinora?" she asked sharply. "I do not see her here."

The maids looked at one another in dismay. Then one of them spoke.

"Dinora is, as the gracious princess knows, a Hebrew."

"Yes; I know it. What then? I wish her attendance at once."

"The gracious princess knows of the excellent edict of the king regarding the Hebrews?"

"It is not an excellent edict. It is a wicked, outrageous edict, and I have already told my father so; but what has the edict to do with my poor Dinora? I shall hide her in my own chamber when the day of doom comes. I have promised her that no one shall harm as much as a hair of her head."

Her women exchanged significant glances behind her back; they thought they knew the reason for this promise. Then one shook her head and sighed.

"Dinora ventured to absent herself from the service of the princess this morning because she hoped to do something for her people. She thinks of nothing else by day—dreams of nothing else by night."

"What can she do—poor slave?" murmured Amytis compassionately. "Even I—should I entreat my father for the Hebrews—could not undo the edict, which is of the laws of the Medes and Persians and cannot be unsaid. But—I shall save alive whom I will. I, the daughter of Xerxes, have said it!"

The princess was silent for a space, submitting to her coiffeuse, while she braided and curled the rich masses of silken hair under her skillful hands.

"Dinora has gone forth to supplicate the king-for-an-hour, who will this morning be crowned and sceptered in Shushan," ventured one of the women respectfully.

"What wild thing are you saying?" demanded the princess sharply. "Is my father ill—or demented, like the Babylonian Nebuchadnezzar?"

"The great king—may he live forever—is neither ill nor have the gods afflicted him; but it is said that because the Hebrew Matacas saved his life from the conspirators who are long since dead and devoured by

vultures, as is good for malefactors; and because the reward of Matacas was late in coming, he now rides upon the king's horse, and wears the king's crown, and for one hour carries the king's scepter. More than this, he will ride through the city to be supplicated by whoever will; and for this has Dinora gone forth to seek mercy for the Hebrews of a Hebrew who for one hour is king and lord of nations."

Amytis listened to this singular explanation of the absence of her favorite maid in silence. Then she waved aside her tire-women who would have put on her silken robe of state, in which it was supposed she would presently be given by her father in marriage to the Median prince.

"I must think," she said.

After a little she questioned the women further of the matter, asking through what streets the procession would pass; and if it was true beyond a peradventure that to Matacas the king had intrusted all his powers for even so brief a space.

The maids declared that it was so; and that even at that hour preparations were going forward to carry out the king's orders. One had seen the chiefs of the royal wardrobe going forth from the palace, followed by slaves bearing the sacred garments of the king; another averred that Haman had already gone to the Jew's house, and a third protested that she knew where Matacas dwelt; and that, moreover, all the city was agog to see the strange sight of a Hebrew wearing the king's crown and riding openly through the principal streets, and so to the palace, where Xerxes would himself view the procession from the Northern Portico. A fourth added that Matacas would doubtless be further distinguished, since a man who had thus worn the purple could not in future be an obscure person.

"Bring me," ordered Amytis, "a plain robe of white, such as I wear in my garden when I work among the flowers. Fetch also a veil of a dark-blue color, like the veils worn by maids of humble station."

"But, may I remind the gracious princess that the Prince of Ecbatana will be waiting?" ventured one of the older women, who held a quasi-authority over the princess, since she had been her nurse from babyhood.

"Let the Prince of Ecbatana wait," quoth Amytis, with a tilt of her pretty head.

And now her maids observed that the cheeks and lips of the princess were sweetly tinted with the warm blood beneath, and that with the unbecoming pallor had also vanished her lassitude and unhappy looks.

"Make haste!" cried she, "for I must needs supplicate this new monarch on my own account, since I would ask a boon which my father will not grant me."

Her women obeyed with eager good will, for they loved the princess, and her tears and the sad droop of her once gay and buoyant figure had irked them sorely. They fetched the plain dress of white, and the coarse veil of blue worn by the maids in the great city below. And presently, followed by one small maiden, also close wrapped in the coarse mantle of the common people, the daughter of Xerxes fared forth to the great terrace of the palace; and being quite unobserved among the multitudes of hurrying figures, the two maids presently made their way unchallenged down the great staircase, and so into the town.

Never before had Amytis set foot upon the streets of her native city, and at first the sights and sounds terrified her, so that she clung fast to the arm of her maid, her breath coming and going in little gasps of fear and astonishment.

"I could never before imagine what it would be like to be poor, and live in these narrow streets," she murmured, as the two girls were forced to flatten themselves against a wall to avoid the bulging packs on either side of a diminutive donkey, driven by a tall Sagartian, wearing the scarlet loin cloth, striped woolen shirt, and barbaric ornaments of his province. The man shouted roughly to them as he passed, stringing out vulgar oaths in his own tongue, which happily neither maid could understand.

"Presently we shall reach the market," the companion of the princess said encouragingly, "and from thence to the street of the Hebrews it is not far."

In the market was a great noisy crowd of those that bought and sold, and here the princess recovered some of her adventurous spirits. She kept close, it is true, to her bolder and more experienced guide, but her blue eyes peeping out from under cover of the dark veil took note of the many-hued crowd that jostled her as if she were any low-born maiden of the people. Here,

mixed with the hucksters and the townspeople, were to be seen travelers and sight-seers from the distant cities of the empire, and soldiers from the lofty fortress adjoining the palace. These were of many nationalities, and the scarlet kilts and gilded breastplates of the handsome Median archers were contrasted with the plain leathern jerkins of the Berbers, or the flowing cotton dress of the natives of central Ind. Here and there swart Ethiopes from the Upper Nile, their glistening shoulders half covered with leopard or lion skins, made their way amidst the babbling crowd, intent upon the piles of melons with which the stalls of the venders were loaded. In the center of the square a space had been cleared for the antics of a couple of Scyths in loose spangled trousers and tall pointed caps, who divided the attention of the gaping onlookers with a Babylonian astrologer, who proclaimed in a loud singsong his willingness to read the stars for the benefit of any who desired to know his destiny, and this for the insignificant sum represented by a silver daric.

On either side were low-arched booths, their façades shielded from the glaring light of the sun by party-colored cloths stretched over the heads of the crowd. Here were sold the many commodities necessary to the maintenance of existence, many of which the wide-eyed princess had never seen in their natural state. Poultry and game, including wild boars from the forests of the foothills, stags, antelopes, wild partridges, and with them the domesticated fowl, such as chickens, geese, and ducks, heaped certain stalls, and overflowed onto the neighboring square; while of eggs, vegetables, and fruit there seemed to be no end. On the opposite side of the square were booths whereon were displayed carpets of Babylon and Sardis, rich shawls from Kashmir and Ind, and fine linens, variously dyed, from the looms of Borsippa and Egypt. There were also coverlets and hangings from Damascus, curiously wrought with many-colored threads of wool; while the muslins of Babylon, many of which were almost as diaphanous as the silken tissues furnished by the same splendid marts, occupied a corner by themselves. All these booths were presided over by Greeks, Egyptians, Babylonians, or Hebrews, since no Mede or Persian would demean himself by entering into

trade either as a buyer or a seller. Shopping and bargaining involved the necessity of falsehood, it was said; hence it was fit only for slaves and barbarians. The labors of the loom, the toil of gold, silver, and coppersmiths, as well as the more general tasks of purveying to the needs of the vast empire were thus given entirely into the hands of foreigners, who waxed fat on the profits of trade.

"We must make haste, dear mistress," whispered the slave girl in the ear of the princess; "there will be a great crowd gathered about the house of the Jew, and no one will show us consideration in such a multitude."

"I am coming, Pactya; but first tell me what the men yonder are selling—see, the odd-looking women, quite unveiled, with children clinging to their skirts."

"Those are the Arabian venders of perfumes, gracious princess," the maid answered unthinkingly. "You would find on their stalls boxes and vases of alabaster and agate, filled with fragrant salves and cosmetics; they also sell frankincense and nard, with many other spices, precious gums and perfumes."

Neither mistress nor maid were aware that their conversation was being overheard by a veiled woman, who had crowded close behind them in the press, and who now fixed piercing eyes upon the two as they made their way to the street Kashkar, which branched off from the busy market square at right angles. The veiled woman called sharply to a small boy who was playing with a handful of copper rings almost under the feet of the crowd.

"Go," she said sharply, "call Vaj-Niya; tell him to follow me straightway. I have a quarry in view."

Then she, too, melted into the crowd which was steadily streaming into the street called Kashkar, which led toward the river and the southernmost wall of the city.

"If we do not find the Jew, we ought to return at once to the palace, dear mistress," the slave girl was saying, as the strange woman once more jostled them in the ever-increasing throng. "See, the sun is riding high above the houses; it will soon be the hour of noon."

Amytis shuddered slightly. She had been commanded to appear that morning in the great hall of the royal house, there to be

formally given to the Median prince. From thenceforward she knew that she would be his property, to do with as he liked—assuredly to be taken away to distant Ecbatana under a strong escort of troops, there to be immured in some gilded and cushioned prison, where nothing more interesting than the sipping of sherbets and the unending processes of the toilet would break the dreary monotony of the days.

"We must find the Jew," she said decidedly. "That is why I came. I always do as I intend. Have you not discovered it?" And she quickened her steps, so that the veiled woman was forced to quicken hers also.

This person presently ventured to touch the princess upon the shoulder.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor woman, who has lost an only daughter, and has not the means to purchase the wax wherewith to preserve her body from contaminating the elements," she whined.

The serving woman in quick alarm would have thrust her strong young body between her mistress and the beggar, who was, her quick eye told her, a woman of the nomadic tribes which haunted the black foothills of the Zagros mountains; but Amytis waved her imperiously aside.

"Be quiet, Pactya," she said, "I wish to question this poor woman," and she pushed aside her veil, the better to look at the suppliant. "Your daughter is dead, you say? Why then are you here and not weeping at home? But stay, I will help you. Have you any money, Pactya?"

"There is nothing in my pouch; and do not, I beg of you, tarry to talk to this woman, dear mistress," entreated the girl, more and more alarmed as she saw the bold eyes of the nomad staring greedily at the princess's soft white hands and richly embroidered tunic which showed beneath the hem of the coarse blue veil.

"I am coming, Pactya; but first let me give the woman a bracelet. Take this and sell it, poor creature, and buy what you will with it."

The woman took the twisted circle of red Egyptian gold and turned it over in her coarse hands.

"This bauble is copper," she said contemptuously; "I can do nothing with it."

Amytis's blue eyes flashed.

"You deserve to be beaten for your bold

insolence," she said haughtily. "Come, Pactya."

"Not so fast, my pretty one," sneered the woman. "Your bracelet may be copper, but you, I am confident, are pure gold. You will come with me and comfort me for the loss of my daughter. Come!" and she laid hold of the slim wrist of the princess with a determined hand.

"How dare you touch me?" cried Amytis, trying vainly to wrench herself out of the woman's powerful grasp. "Let me go this instant!"

The serving woman of the princess, half out of her wits with terror, gave vent to a loud scream as she beheld her mistress separated from her in the throng, the veiled woman and an ill-looking man wearing a yellow cap pulling her along, one on either side.

"What's amiss, my bird, that you sing so loud?" asked a voice in her ear.

Pactya looked up wildly and recognized a soldier wearing the gold and scarlet of the king's archers.

"Yonder is the king's daughter, being dragged along by gypsies. There! with the blue veil and white robe. Quick! they will take her away."

The soldier breathed a great oath, and stood staring incredulously at the girl.

"You are, of course, lying," he said at length, interrupting the tide of frenzied supplication which Pactya poured out. "The king's daughter could not be here—attended only by you. Nevertheless——"

He dashed forward, followed by the girl, and presently put his hand upon the man with the yellow cap.

"Here, fellow," he growled. "What are you doing with this——" He stooped to lift Amytis's veil. "By Ormazd! you have gagged the woman!" he exclaimed sharply, and fetched the man with the yellow cap a great buffet over the ear.

Instantly there was a hubbub of confusion, in the midst of which the veiled woman slipped adroitly away like a scared rabbit overlooked by fighting dogs; and Amytis and Pactya, finding themselves also unnoticed, wrapped their veils about their white faces and shrank away out of sight into the dark shadow of an arched gateway.

"What—what shall we do?" panted the slave girl, her tongue thick with fright. "Almost you were lost to me, and I—what

must I have done? Anon I should have thrown myself into the river."

"You are a fool, Pactya," said Amytis, stamping her small foot. "You should have given the alarm at once. There are plenty of soldiers about."

"Plenty of soldiers—yes: it was a soldier who saved you. And see, he has punished the man who was dragging you away, and now he is looking around in the crowd for us. Shall I call him? He would take us safely back to the palace. He would not dare do otherwise."

Amytis motioned to the girl to be silent, while she bent forward, her blue eyes alive with determination. "Do you not hear the sound of trumpets?" she said. "Come; it cannot be far, and the procession will be starting from the Jew's house."

And so it was that just as the cavalcade headed by the king's trumpeters defiled into the street, a maiden wearing a plain robe of white and wrapped in the blue veil worn by the women of Shushan appeared in the road before the slow-stepping Arabian bearing the stately figure of Mordecai, robed, crowned, and sceptered with royalty. And the maiden cried out in a loud clear voice, so that all that heard it stopped without knowing wherefore they obeyed.

"A boon, my lord, who is to-day the great king. A boon of thy graciousness!"

The tall figure of the erstwhile scribe was observed to stiffen slightly. He slowly extended the scepter, and the girl drew near and touched it, bowing herself low as she did so.

"What wilt thou, woman?" asked the deep voice of the Hebrew. "Speak quickly, for there must be no delay."

"There must needs be delay, when my lord king rides among his subjects," said the girl, "for there will be many to supplicate his favor. But, listen, I pray you, to my matter; it is but a little one—yet to me my whole life. My father is a soldier and well used to command, and he has ordered me, his maiden daughter, to wed a man of thrice my years. To-day am I to be given to this man, whom I fear and hate, to be borne away to a distant city. I entreat your Majesty's grace that I be released from this promise of my father's!"

Mordecai looked kindly upon the veiled figure of the girl.

"Maiden," he said, "do you love another

than the man whom your father has chosen for you?"

Amytis clasped and unclasped her small hands in an agony of confusion; a tide of passionate color flooded her hidden face.

"I—love—another," she whispered, "but he—is condemned under the law against the Hebrews. Cannot you—save him? O king! I entreat your clemency and mercy for that doomed race!"

"And yet—you are not a Hebrew maid," mused the Jew who wore the royal crown. He bent forward to scan the slender figure which knelt upon the stones of the street, her white slender hands joined high above her head in fervent supplication.

"What may I do—in the face of the king's edict?" he muttered, more to himself than to any other. "It is written, and nothing can alter or erase the writing."

Haman, the magnificent, who held the bridle of the king's horse, his face alternately livid and purple with the ebb and flow of humiliation and fury, gave vent to an impatient oath.

"Out of the way, girl!" he said—only he used a vile word to address the kneeling woman; it was a word which cost him dear.

The girl sprang up and threw back her shrouding veil.

"Call you the daughter of the great king by a foul name?" she cried, and her voice rang out over the crowded place like one of the silver trumpets, which now swung mute from the hands of the king's guards. "Nay, the tongue that hath spoken it shall shortly wither in your mouth, great Haman. Of that be well assured!"

A thousand incredulous eyes were now fixed upon the beautiful face of the bold princess, but of all that stared wondering, Mordecai alone knew certainly that it was the daughter of Xerxes who stood before him; and he trembled beneath the purple to think what might be the bitter consequences of her impulsive act.

"Peace be with thee, maiden," he said slowly. "I grant you the boon of release from a loveless marriage; and let the scribes so write. But I—cannot—revoke the king's edict concerning the Hebrews. It is already among the laws of the Medes and Persians which cannot be altered."

There was a fresh stir among the dense crowd as a young martial figure, wearing the uniform of a high officer of the king's

Immortals, pressed forward. Amytis cast an amazed glance at the lofty figure and glittering armor, then she hastily drew the shrouding veil about her face. The Commander of the Immortals bowed himself and touched the extended scepter of majesty.

"If it seem good to the king's majesty let the king grant that on the thirteenth day of the month Adar, which is the twelfth month, that all the Jews which are in every town and city have the king's leave to defend themselves against the attack of their enemies, and to put to death whoever ventures to touch them or their goods."

The voice of the young Prince of Edom trembled slightly as he preferred this bold request; but he stood proudly erect beside the slender figure of the daughter of Xerxes.

A murmur of astonishment passed through the crowd, and every eye fastened expectantly upon the crowned and sceptered Hebrew.

"Jehovah be my witness that I would gladly lay down my life for my people!" groaned Mordecai, and the bystanders saw the great drops that stood out upon his forehead. "But I—cannot tamper with the king's laws, even though mine own life and the lives most dear to me are forfeit. I must—*refuse!*"

A great incoherent cry arose from the ever-increasing multitude, and many dark Hebrew faces glared at the pseudo-monarch.

"Traitor! He is a traitor to his people! He belies our trust! He thinks to escape himself, and leave us to perish!" were some of the angry words which reached the ear of Mordecai. But the stern face under the kingly diadem of Persia and Media only grew a shade more pallid.

"Do you, Prince of Edom," he commanded, "see to it that yonder maid, who but lately entreated a boon at my hands, is safely escorted to the shelter of her father's house. Do not fail of this, as you hope for the mercy of Jehovah on the day of doom!"

Then he bent his head and spoke to the man who held the bridle of his horse. "Let us go on; the time grows short for what we must do."

The chief counselor, whose small, wicked eyes were rolling curiously upon the girl, who had now drawn back among the crowd, muttered an oath in a strange tongue.

And the procession moved forward, the crowd making way before it sullenly, and

closing again after it; as a red wound opens and closes upon the glittering track of a keen knife.

And Haman with a face of clay upon which was plainly written all evil passions walked before Mordecai through the streets of the city, proclaiming in a stifled voice the words which he had himself put in the king's mouth:

"Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delights to honor!"

CHAPTER XXIV

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

THE Prince of Edom, mindful of the command laid upon him by the man whom the king's honor had set for an hour above the heads of the populace, approached the maiden who had been pointed out to him. He had not been present when she had declared herself to be the daughter of Xerxes, and to his careless eye she was a woman of the people, no more.

He spoke to her, therefore, in a tone of gentle authority, as was fitting for a man high in the royal service.

"I am bidden to convey you safe to your father's house, maiden," he said. "And this it would seem I must do at once since other duties press upon me. If you will go before, I will follow, and I give you my word that no harm shall befall you."

Amytis drew aside her veil and looked at him.

"Do you not know me?" she asked in a stifled voice. He bent forward and scanned her features.

"Amytis! Gracious princess, what do you here?"

"I came," the princess said proudly, "to ask a boon of the Jew—nay, two tokens of the kingly favor I begged. One he granted me; the other—he refused. I shall at least not be forced to wed the Prince of Ecbatana, whom I hate; but I could not save—your race, as I had hoped. But—I will save you."

"You will save—me? Why?"

The prince looked deep into her eyes, and her eyes told him the truth. He trembled and grew pale under all the bronze of foreign suns.

"I am most grateful, daughter of

Xerxes," he said slowly, and would have knelt to kiss the border of her mantle in the midst of the deserted street, but she repulsed him with a haughty gesture.

"I am the daughter of Xerxes," she said, after a silence, filled with the silver notes of distant trumpets and the sullen murmur of the departed multitude. "I am the child of many kings—the blood of the great Cyrus beats in my veins and urges me to bold action. It is true, alas, that I may not be a conqueror of provinces, a warrior whose word becomes fateful law, but I would gain for myself—happiness. I care for no other crown than the crown of—love. And this diadem I crave from—one—*who*, I fear—loves me not."

Her head sank upon her breast and a rosy color flooded her pale cheeks, only to fade again as she waited for him to speak.

"Princess," he began slowly, "it is not according to the laws and customs of the court for a man such as I to speak to the king's daughter. And so, I beg—"

"I care not for the laws and customs of the king's court," she interrupted him passionately. "They are altogether vain and false. I will not be bound by them. Nay, to be a baseborn slave were better—far better than to be the daughter of Xerxes, if I may not seek—my happiness."

He hesitated, his dark eyes averted from her lovely, petitioning face.

"As I am the prince of a doomed race and a soldier of Xerxes, I may not, in honor, speak with you longer," he said at last. "Let me take you at once to the palace."

"You are afraid," she cried scornfully. "You—the Commander of the Immortals?"

"Yes, princess," he answered steadily. "I am afraid—for you."

Her blue eyes blazed upon him—the eyes of the imperious Achaemenian, inherited through many warrior kings.

"Do you love me?" she asked.

"I dare not answer you, daughter of Xerxes."

She turned from him with a heart-broken sigh that was half a sob. "I am ready," she said coldly; "but you must call a litter. I am—*weary*."

He looked about him perplexedly.

"If your gracious Highness would condescend to enter the house of Matacas which

is close at hand, I will at once cause a litter to be fetched from the palace."

She made a listless gesture of assent, and he knocked upon the door. And when presently Abihail cautiously opened the peephole in the portal, he explained briefly that a noble lady with her maid would like to rest within while he should go away to summon litters.

The woman hastened to open. And so it came to pass that the daughter of Xerxes rested in the cool shadow of the fig tree, where Esther had fed her doves in the old days. And Nathan, Prince of Edom, beholding her there, wondered, even while his heart was filled with memories, sweet and bitter, that it should be so.

Abihail brought her guest refreshment in a silver bowl; and she could not refrain herself from foolish boasting in the presence of the Persian lady whose fingers sparkled so with jewels, though her veil and mantle were of coarse stuff, and about whose neck hung an engraved gem of price.

"Fear not to drink from the cup, gracious lady," quoth the old woman, "for I may assure you that the queen's majesty hath oftentimes drunk from it. Aye, and possets of my own making more than once."

Amytis lifted her heavy eyes to the woman's face.

"You are babbling, Jewess," she said haughtily. "How could the queen drink from this cup?—though 'tis a fair enough example of the silversmith's art. The figures about the rim speak curious stories."

"The cup is of ancient Hebrew workmanship, noble lady," Abihail said proudly, "and the legend is that of Boaz and the Moabitess, Ruth—she who left the land of her birth to follow after Naomi, the wife of Elimelech. Aye, the queen's majesty used often to hear the story from my lips—though you might not think it to look at me."

The daughter of Xerxes was looking hard at the woman now, and her eyes grew suddenly keen and searching. "This is the house of Matabas, the scribe, is it not?"

The woman nodded her head with an air of pride.

"To-day he was king," she chuckled. "With my own eyes I beheld them set the crown upon his head and the scepter in his hand. Did you see him, noble lady?"

"I saw him—yes: but tell me, did Es-

ther—did the queen ever live in this house?"

"They tell me everyone in the palace knows that she is a Hebrew," Abihail said, approaching her plump face, creased and puckered with many wrinkles, close to that of the princess. "For my part I am not afraid that anyone should know the truth—especially now that Mordecai hath been so honored of the king. It can mean but one thing, and that is that the great king—may he live forever"—and Abihail paused to perform a queer genuflection, which caused her ample figure to quiver—"will through him presently set aside that terrible edict."

"And Esther lived here—and drank from this bowl?"

"I have said it, and it is true. For fifteen years I—and I alone—served the queen, as I now serve you."

The face of Amytis grew dark as she glanced about the humble place.

"Did the Prince of Edom come often to this house to see her?" she demanded.

"Who—Nathan? Ah, yes; you may well believe it, madame. He knew and loved her from a child. Many is the time I have seen Hadassah playing about this very courtyard, and Nathan studying the scrolls of the Prophets upon this bench of olive wood where you are sitting. Aye, those were good days! But now they have taken my lamb from me, and I cannot see her even to kiss the hem of her garment. The wife of Haman promised me that much, but when I went yesterday to her house to remind her of her word I was sent away with ignominy."

"The wife of Haman? Did you tell that woman what you have told me?"

"She questioned me; yes. But she declared that already she knew all and more than I could tell her."

"How does the tongue of the fool ever work dire mischief," murmured the princess. Aloud she said severely:

"You deserve to be strangled for babbling of the king's wife—even to me. But you must shortly suffer the penalty of your folly with those whom you have helped to ruin. Here are the litters at last. I shall be glad to go. Come, Pactya."

The Prince of Edom walked with drawn sword behind the litter of Amytis; and once he fancied he heard the sound of a smothered sob from behind the silken curtains.

And so presently the two litters, borne by stout Nubians and guarded by the Commander of the Immortals, approached the palace on its western side, and were borne up a staircase little used save for the incoming of the vast supplies daily required to meet the demands of the thousands resident in the royal palaces. Within the hour the princess was set down unharmed in her own house, to be told by her frightened and weeping women that her royal father had thrice sent for her, and that further delay meant undoubted ruin.

"I will go to Xerxes as I am," declared Amytis; "for I must tell him what I have done."

CHAPTER XXV

THE COURT WAITS

MATHISTAN, Prince of Ecbatana, was a man who had been seldom denied or contradicted during the course of a life whose exact duration was known only to the scribes who kept the births and deaths of titled personages. He had figured in many wars and had won distinction in none, yet because he was the hereditary prince of Ecbatana, descended from Astyages, King of Media, he had ventured to demand the hand of Amytis, daughter of Xerxes; and he had come with all haste at the king's bidding to claim his bride. The alliance, he conceived, might serve to strengthen his pretensions to the throne of Media and Persia, should the eagerly sought opportunity of overthrowing the usurping Achæmenian dynasty arise.

In person Mathistan was short and stout, and his broad swart face, half covered by a perfumed and ringleted beard which yet failed to hide a weak and sensual mouth, his short neck, and the small fierce eyes which rolled dully under thick bushy brows did not commend him to the favor of fair women. This circumstance, however, had not up to the present time been of the least moment to the prince. To behold a woman, to languidly desire her, and to place her in that portion of his well-guarded palace devoted to his wives, had been the easy programme hitherto practiced by his Median despot. For the reception of Amytis he had prepared somewhat more carefully. The daughter of Xerxes was to

be the princess paramount, before whom all lesser favorites must bow the knee. He had therefore caused certain apartments to be lavishly beautified with gilding and semi-precious marbles, and he had brought with him a chest of jewels, inherited from the ancient Median kings, which he intended to bestow upon the princess, once she was his.

He had already held audience with his bride elect—once, twice, on each occasion the interview taking place in the presence of the king. And though the princess had looked coldly enough upon her royal suitor, he was conscious of an agreeable sentiment of admiration for the beautiful young girl, which he felt might shortly warm into a genuine passion. On the day set for his espousals he had presented himself with his suite at the royal house, for the purpose of participating in the preliminary ceremonials which always prefaced a royal marriage.

The great pillared hall of audience with its vast sculptured portico was crowded with titled personages and lesser courtiers when the magnificent figure of Mathistan, surrounded by his retinue of Median nobles, appeared.

The Prince of Ecbatana was seen to be garbed in the stately robes of ceremony formerly used by the Median kings, and still affected by all loyal adherents of the ancient Susianian dynasty, which in secret every Median subject of the Achæmenian crown hoped might yet be reestablished. His slow stride scarce disturbed the clusters of perpendicular folds and the formal festoons of his robe, fashioned of a rich yet semitransparent silken stuff, in color a deep purplish crimson suggesting the purple of reigning royalty. Beneath this distinctively Median garment, far-famed in the annals of historians and slavishly copied by kings and potentates of every age, showed closely fitted garments of embroidered linen stiff with pearls and thread of gold. The Median had chosen to supplement his rather insignificant stature with heeled shoes of gilded leather, an innovation lately introduced from Egypt, and upon his head towered a lofty Kitaris of stiffened linen, jeweled and cinctured with bands of turquoise and pearl, which boldly suggested the spotted fillet of blue and white sacred to the Achæmenian monarch alone. Beneath this headdress of arrogant suggestion the Echa-

tanian prince wore an ample wig of reddish hair which jutted out behind in a baglike mass of close, flattened ringlets. It was further observed by the curious, who had assembled from every part of the palace, that the aspirant to the hand of the royal Amytis must have spent many hours in the hands of his "adorners," for his swart skin plainly showed the lavish application of cosmetics, while his brows and lashes had been as skillfully treated with the famous Babylonian dyes in order to increase the size and brilliancy of his eyes. For the rest, he was loaded with chains, collars, and bracelets of wrought gold; a short jeweled sword, scarce larger than a dagger, hung from the broad cincture of gold about his middle, and great hoops of gold depended from the thick lobes of his ears and hung far down on the close-curved beard. As this barbarically splendid figure strutted slowly along it exhaled the mingled perfumes of precious nard and the costlier unguents of Egypt.

Within the chamber of audience, with its many-colored pavement of precious marbles, its light wooden pillars plated with gold, and its brilliantly colored sculptures and draperies, were gathered such persons as had been formally commanded to be present, all magnificently garbed, all hushed—expectant. It was said that the king and queen would presently emerge from the curtained doorway to the left of the dais and take their seats upon the elevated thrones under the canopy of gold and purple. The Princess Amytis, escorted by noble maidens, would then emerge from the door to the right and pass in front of the dais, where she would be met by the bridegroom. The two would then pass out from the Hall of Audience to be met at the door by a procession of white-robed Zoroastrian priests and a hundred noble children bearing garlands of roses and myrtle boughs, and all would repair to the altar of sacred fire, upon the steps of which two white horses would be sacrificed to Ahuramazda and Armaati, the goddess of fertility, whose united blessing could alone give peace and the assurance of wedded felicity. The hour set for the stately ceremonial was that when Mithra ascending the heavens pauses halfway to shed beams of full morning into all dark places of the earth. No other hour was deemed more auspicious, and both day and hour had been carefully chosen with ref-

erence to the stars governing the nativities of the high contracting parties.

When the auspicious hour finally arrived, waxed, then waned, and still the king did not appear, the hush of the expectant guests was broken by whispered conjecture and buzzing inquiry. It was rumored that the king was ill, or dead, and when this was promptly disproved it became known in the mysterious fashion in which winged rumor flies, swift as light from mind to mind, that the princess had disappeared. The king's eunuchs dispatched to her apartments reported that she had left the palace in the early morning attended by a single woman in waiting; and no one, least of all her distracted attendants, knew whither she had gone. The king was declared to have fallen into a transport of mingled rage and anxiety, and the expectant bridegroom, who had also disappeared from public view, threatened dire revenge, it was whispered, for the insult put upon him and the powerful half of the kingdom which he represented. A herald in blue and silver presently commanded the spectators to disperse in the name of the king. And this they finally did amidst much vain conjecture as to what was passing behind the curtained doorways of the royal house.

When Amytis, still appareled in the coarse blue veil and mantle she had worn in her bold descent into the city, appeared before her royal father, his attendants trembled lest he should straightway strike her dead with his own hand.

But the girl approached fearlessly, apparently quite untrifled by the stern looks of the king.

"I am somewhat late, it would appear," she observed calmly, as she met the fierce question in his eyes.

"Late?" echoed the king. "What mean you, girl?"

The princess made a disdainful gesture toward the crowd of curious persons who surrounded the monarch.

"Send them away," she said coldly. "What I have to say, I will say to you alone, my father."

"On the contrary, princess, you will say before them what you have to say to me. Do you know what you have done?"

"I know—yes, and I care not what the penalty may be. I am even willing to die."

There was a mournful cadence in the

girl's voice, a desperate sadness in her eyes which pierced the cloud of the king's displeasure and reached the father's heart beneath. He waved his hand impatiently in token that his attendants withdraw themselves from his person.

"Now, tell me, my child, why did you not come at my bidding at the hour and in the manner specified?"

"Because," she burst out, "I could not wed the Prince of Ecbatana. I hate and loathe him. My flesh shudders and cries out at the touch of his hand, the glance of his eye. And to be his wife—nay, I could not."

The king frowned. "But I had commanded it. You have forgotten, it seems, what it cost your mother to disobey me."

"You did not love my mother," the girl said in a tone of sad conviction. "If you had loved her, no one could have persuaded you to punish her as you did."

"Insolent girl! You shall suffer for this. But explain your absence from the palace in the face of my express command."

"I went down into the city and craved release from this hateful marriage with Mathistan from the Hebrew, Matacas, who to-day wears your robe and bears the scepter of your power."

"From Matacas!"

"From no other, since he and he alone could help me. My marriage to the Median was not yet a decree, and this I knew. It has now become impossible, since I have obtained the word of Matacas that it shall not take place."

The king smote his knee with his broad palm in a sudden gust of anger.

"What other act of mine did the bold Jew venture to contravene?" he demanded.

"No other," the princess told him. "I knelt before him in the dust of the streets, and begged the lives of the Jews from him; but he—refused."

"Refused? *Matacas—refused?* I had hoped that he might do something to save himself and his people."

"You might well hope for this, my father; for in that sweeping edict of destruction is involved your own wife and queen, Esther."

Xerxes stared at his daughter, while his bronzed face slowly paled.

"She—is—" he gasped.

And Amytis bowed her head. "The

queen is a Hebrew," she told him, "and of close kin to Matacas. To-day I saw her house, and even drank milk from her cup, at the hands of an ancient serving woman with an indiscreet tongue, which Matacas would have done well to remove, since by means of it Haman learned the truth many moons ago."

The king's eyes were terrible to see.

"Again I have been tricked and dishonored," he groaned, "and that by a man I trusted above all others. Is there no one true—no one whose heart is not utterly false and corrupt?"

"Yes," his daughter told him, a proud light leaping to her eyes and a brave color to her cheeks, as when a flag is suddenly unfurled, "there are two such men in your kingdom. This day I have proved them."

"Who are they?"

"The two men who refused to take what was offered them this day by the daughter of the great king—Matacas and Nathan, Prince of Edom. Matacas rejected life, honor, and happiness, when he refused to tamper with the king's laws. The Prince of Edom sacrificed more: for he refused—*me*, when I would have given myself to him utterly!"

CHAPTER XXVI

ZARARA

THAT same day, while yet the king held converse with his maiden daughter, the chief counselor Haman, having completed the hateful task given him to perform by his master, went to his own house. He went ashamed and humiliated, for his ears yet rang with the gibes of the multitude, many of whom had beheld the building of the lofty gibbet in the square before his house. And as he went he gnawed his bitten lips with curses.

The Princess Zarara met him on the portico of the palace, her dark eyes alive with terrified questionings.

He gnashed upon her with his teeth like some savage animal.

"Why did you advise me to go to the king last night?" he cried violently. "But for you I might have slain Matacas by stealth, as he passed through the streets. A sword-thrust in the dark, and the swine would have troubled me no more!"

"Did not—Matacas seek revenge upon you, while yet he held the scepter? I—I feared lest you might not return—alive."

Haman stared at the woman, his heavy jaws agape. For an instant the thought of his enemy's rare generosity and the lofty magnanimity of his conduct struggled with the black hatred which had come to possess his whole nature. Then he laughed contemptuously.

"He durst not lay hands upon me—the king's favorite," quoth he, with an oath. "I could have strangled him with these naked hands."

Zarara clung to him in a sudden passion of foreboding.

"You might better have fallen upon your knees before the Jew and entreated his forbearance," she murmured. "But now, alas! I fear it is too late."

"Too late? Aye, too late to see the Jew's foul body dangle from our tree of death to-day, my beauty; but not too late for my revenge! You shall see. This day I am again invited to banquet with the great king and with the Queen Esther. And look you, woman; I have thought much concerning this strange action of the queen's. 'Why,' I asked myself, 'does she come, at very risk of her life, to crave my presence at a banquet?' Why? The answer is clear as the noonday beams of Mithra; the woman fears me—the great Haman. She would fain beg her life at my hands when the day comes—the day of my wrath—when a crimson death shall work my pleasure on the Jews. Shall I save her—this bold Hebrew woman who has dared to steal the crown? What say you, my Zarara?"

But Zarara appeared half paralyzed with some unknown and as yet unseen terror.

"I—I dreamed a dream this day," she faltered with stiffened lips. "A frightful dream of woe. And I—am afraid."

"A dream—a wild, foolish dream? Nay, all our dreams are but shadows."

"Shadows—yes; but—shadows of something vast, terrible, which looms unseen in the near future. Listen! I dreamed of our gibbet yonder—the tree of death which towers fifty cubits into the air. Know you that it looks in at the windows of the chamber where sleep our sons?"

"Nay, I thought nothing of it. But it matters not. So will I teach my sons how to avenge insult and contumely. The lion's

cubs must ever learn to devour the lion's prey. But what of your dream, woman?"

"I saw it—our terrible tree—laden with the fruit of death. High was it—so high that the bulging eyes of the dying man looked into mine, as I stood with my sons upon the roof of our palace. But the face was—great Ormazd forbid!—the face was—your own!"

"Faugh! You disgust me with your insane vamping, woman. Already I have suffered enough in the rage which consumed me as I toiled on foot through the dust of the streets. Is there no wine with which to quench my thirst?"

"The wine is here, my lord."

Haman raised the cup to his lips, then dashed it to the earth.

"This is no wine!" he howled. "It is blood, and you have given it to me to drink! Blood—and I cannot drink it!"

The contents of the fallen cup splashed upon the white robe of Zarara, and she stood, stiffened with stark terror, staring at the spreading crimson.

"It is an omen!" she whispered with dry lips. "Be warned and fly while there is yet time! For so will the blood of the Jews be snatched from your thirsting lips and fall upon me—upon me!"

The words ended in a long quavering shriek, and the woman tottered and fell, a huddled shape at his feet.

Haman stared at her dully for an instant.

"She is but a weak fool, after all," he muttered, as he stirred the limp body with his foot, "and no fit mate for one whom the fates have chosen for lofty distinction. I will yet take the queens in the palace yonder to wife."

He called Zarara's women presently, and they bore her away to her chamber, where she lay silently awaiting the slow approach of the event whose icy shadow already lay heavy upon her.

Once only she spoke to the women.

"Where," she asked, "is my husband?"

"He has gone forth," they told her, "to banquet with the queen and the king's majesty."

"Did he first ask how I fared?"

And her women answered with many smooth and lying words that the great Haman had sent one of his servants to ask after the health of the princess, and that

he was rejoiced to learn of her recovery from the swoon which had so suddenly afflicted her.

She resolutely closed eyes and lips after that, and lay like one tormented by unseen fires, while the fateful hours passed, minute by minute.

CHAPTER XXVII

ESTHER THE QUEEN

ESTHER the queen was alone in the small chamber which she had chosen for her morning and evening devotions. The room was built entirely of white marble, and nothing marred the flower-like purity of walls or floor; toward the east a single wide window opened outward, and since the queen's house stood near the verge of the lofty platform upon which the many palaces were built, this window showed nothing to the kneeling woman within save a wide expanse of sky and the dim horizon, where serrated peaks of purple arose to meet the softer tints of the bending heavens.

Esther had learned to love the broad expanse of sky, where in the late autumn months occasional swift showers hurried past to be dissipated again in the warm sunlight, which appeared to her like the smile of God as it rested upon the lowly earth.

The queen spent many hours alone in this quiet room, for here she could think the deep still thoughts which calmed and soothed her, and kept her from the fret of the feverish life which beat just outside the door. To-day she knelt longer than her wont by the open window, her lips moving in timid petitions for a strength and courage which she knew she must have in the hours to come. On this day the king and Haman would again come to the banquet which slaves were even then preparing in the pavilion of the garden.

She had bidden her tire-women make her beautiful; for even her beauty, she knew, must tell to-day in the struggle for a nation's life. They had clothed the queen all in white, above which a robe of transparent cloth of gold from the looms of Babylon fell like pale sunshine. About her brows was bound a band of dull gold, and from beneath it fell the rich masses of her hair starred here and there with pearls. About her throat and hanging far down upon the

whiteness of her robe ropes and clusters of the rare pink pearls of Sidon gleamed like sun-kissed snow upon distant Lauristan. She was indeed very beautiful in her queenly robes, and she humbly thanked Jehovah for her beauty, and for the returning happiness which she scarce dared to clasp too close lest it again elude her grasp. The king himself had sent her the rose-colored pearls that morning, and she raised the strands to her lips, as she besought Jehovah to purify her utterly from all false and unworthy thoughts and to give to her peace and courage wherewith to speak to her husband of all that was in her heart.

The queen arose from her devotions after a space, and with one last, lingering look at the wide plains, the wider sky, and the purple peaks at the far horizon's rim passed out into the garden, where she spent many hours each day, and where the summer yet lingered in rose-embowered walks and lily pools. Before long, she knew, the court would journey to the south, where the winter would be passed in the softer climate of Babylon. Meanwhile the terrible twelfth month was steadily approaching along its long avenue of days. It would loom close; it would dawn at last in all its terror! How could the crushing blow of the edict be avoided? How could the carnage and ruin be hindered? The king might indeed protect her from the swords of the assassins; she would also ask for Mordecai and Nathan. But her heart, so lately strengthened and calmed by devotion, again failed her as she thought that Xerxes might well be angry with her for the long deception which had been practiced upon him.

She bent over a half-open rose to inhale its fragrance, scarce knowing what she did.

"If only I might have told him at the first," she was thinking, and the white rose was not whiter than her cheek.

She became aware presently of the approach of a slight girlish figure veiled in blue. It was not one of her own women, she knew; and a slight feeling of anger caused her to draw her black brows together as she stood at her full height, watching the girl step boldly across the flower beds, treading down more than one choice exotic in her haste.

"You do not know me," said the girl, casting aside her veil; "but I must tell you at once what nearly concerns you."

Esther held out her hand without speaking, and Amytis perceived that she trembled violently.

"You are frightened, Queen; and I cannot find it in my heart to pity you overmuch. Why did you deceive my father into thinking you a princess of Babylon, when you were of the Hebrew race? Did you not know that he despises a liar above all base persons?"

The queen's beautiful head hung to one side like a flower whose stalk has been rudely broken.

"I—I did not willingly deceive the king," she whispered. "I would have told him all, but I—was forbidden."

Amytis's blue eyes flashed scorn upon the queen.

"Forbidden—nay, who should forbid the wife of Xerxes anything? You are no queen of Persia and Media if anyone save the king may dictate speech or silence."

Esther was silent for a space; then she lifted her head proudly.

"You have spoken the truth, Princess," she said quietly, "and right bitterly have I repented my obedience. I should have disobeyed Mordecai."

"Of what kin is the scribe to you?" demanded Amytis, staring hard at the lovely figure of woe which the queen in her rich robes and flashing jewels presented.

"He is the son of my father's brother," Esther made answer, and again she hung her head, and her eyes filled with slow-gathering tears. "He took me a feeble babe from the arms of my dying mother, and always he has loved me and protected me even as a father. I loved him even as a daughter, and as a daughter I gave him my obedience."

"And he forbade you to speak to the king of your parentage? But I cannot understand. Are you the child of a slave—or baseborn—that he should do this thing?"

The queen drew her slight figure to its full height as she cast a look full of displeasure at the girl.

"I am of the royal line," she said proudly, "descended from the kings of Judah."

"Why did not Mordecai so represent you?"

"We were—Hebrews; and he feared—the king."

Amytis stamped her small foot upon the

ground. "That is always the way," she said. "Everyone fears and cringes before my father. Yet only the coward, the liar, the cheat need tremble in his presence. He is truth itself, and more merciful than most kings, even in his wrath. But I may not tarry. I came here to tell you that the king already knows all."

"The—king—knows?"

"I myself informed him that you are of the Hebrew race. Haman, as everyone is aware, hates and despises Matacas; but I suspect that his poisoned dart was aimed higher and by another hand. But of that I may not speak; only when the king and Haman come to your banquet to-day, do not whine and cry and beg for your life like a scourged slave. But demand it boldly, and do not be afraid to denounce Haman to the king."

Esther's dark eyes were fixed upon the imperious face of the princess. She fancied she could read there the loved lineaments of the girl's father.

"But the king will be very angry with me," she said simply.

"No, he will not. He will understand—even though I cannot. And he will forgive you for all your foolish deceit and for your fear of him. I think I should divorce you and marry a warrior queen, were I Xerxes; but he has a strange liking for weak, silly women like you."

The rude words of the princess appeared to act like a tonic upon the despondent queen. She took a sudden step toward the bold speaker with an angry exclamation.

"How dare you address me in that manner?" she demanded. "You forget that I am the queen!"

Amytis burst into a tinkling laugh.

"Nay, it was you who had forgotten, gracious Majesty, and I wished to bring your royal estate more clearly to your mind. You are the queen. Act the queen, and tear your insolent enemies from their high places. And hark you, Haman will weep and howl and grovel before you, for he is a coward and no man. Of this I warn you; do not show him any mercy, for he would to-day have hung Matacas upon a gallows to be the derision of the city. You did not know it? Well, you should have known it. Your slaves and women knew it—every one. A great queen may not hide herself in a closed garden like a sucking

dove. She must have eyes and ears everywhere, as does my grandmother, Queen Atossa."

"Nay, I will not soil my mind with all that eyes and ears may see and hear in the palace," Esther said proudly. "Jehovah will protect me from my enemies. I trust in Him!"

The princess shrugged her slim shoulders.

"I also am a believer in the All-Wise," she said crisply. "But there are serpents as well as doves in the world, and perchance we are expected to emulate both. Be innocent, but be wise also. Pray to your Jehovah all that you will; but command trusted servants of yours to observe what your enemies are doing while you pray."

"Nay, I do not wish to know if I have enemies," Esther said, and again her tone of childlike simplicity and candor caused the princess to stare in amused astonishment.

Amytis breathed a laugh which was yet half a sigh.

"You are a strange woman," she said at last. "Sometimes I think you are more simple and foolish than a little child; and again I doubt if you are not wiser than the wisest sage. Perchance 'tis your mingled innocence and wisdom that charms the king. Nevertheless, remember what I have told you. Be fearless, truthful, merciful!"

With this parting word of advice the princess wrapped her veil about her as if to depart.

"Farewell, Queen," she said, "and may the gods of Persia as well as those of your own land be kind to you."

Then she suddenly approached her face quite close to that of the queen.

"Tell me truly," she said, and her blue eyes brimmed with hot tears; "do you love Nathan? Do not be afraid to tell me the truth. I must—must know it!"

Esther gazed at the girl in astonishment.

"I—do not understand," she stammered.

"Once before you questioned me of this matter, and I told you I had known the Prince of Edom in my youth."

"But to-day, Queen, I was in the house of Matacas, and the woman there told me that he—loved you. And I—most miserable of women—love him, and because I love him I could kill you for being so beautiful. I—hate you!"

Esther reached out and drew the girl into her arms.

"Nay, do not hate me because you love him," she said tenderly. "You must the rather love me because I am even as his sister, the daughter of his mother. He is a brave and good man, and guiltless of all evil. Love him purely, and he will love you."

And the princess, willing to be comforted, rested her bright head upon the breast of the queen and sobbed out all her heart there.

"If it be possible," she entreated, "speak to the king of me; for verily I would choose to die with the Hebrew prince on the thirteenth day of Adar, rather than be wed to any other."

And this word of the daughter of Xerxes was destined to be remembered, for in it was a wild prophecy of things yet to be.

While the women yet talked together there came a eunuch to tell the queen that the honorable Prince Haman was already arrived and craved immediate speech with the queen's majesty.

"I will not receive the man," said Esther, "for the hour is not yet, and the king tarries."

"Nay, go," Amytis bade her. "Let the man speak what is in his mind. But do you betray nothing of all that I have told you. So you will be able the more completely to overthrow him when the moment appointed of the gods is come."

So Queen Esther received Haman, the Prince of Agag, in her house; and the magnificent one, observing traces of tears in her beautiful eyes, felt wickedly sure of his prey; yet as an eagle hovers high in air staring hungrily at its quarry, so did Haman gloat over the beauty of the queen and over her utter helplessness also.

Esther shrank under his evil gaze and turned her eyes away, murmuring vague words of greeting.

"I had thought," she said, "that you would come in the train of the king."

"Not so, most beautiful of all queens; I came purposely before the hour that I might speak with you of that which has caused tears to flow from your lovely eyes."

Esther's queenly figure seemed to grow taller as she looked at the man.

"You are overbold in your speech, Prince," she said coldly.

"Nay, sweet Queen; I am at once the boldest and the humblest of those who serve you. But serve you I would with my life."

"If it is for such empty words as these

you craved private audience with me," said Esther, her tones plainly revealing her growing displeasure, "I may tell you that the fealty of subjects is nothing less than my right as the queen consort of Xerxes."

Haman leered his admiration of her as he bowed his great glittering bulk almost to the ground.

"You are as unflinching in the face of desperate odds as you are beautiful, O Queen," quoth he; "and by the nine attributes of Ormazd I but love you the better for it!"

Esther grew pale to the lips at this insolent declaration.

"I see you are afraid of me, beautiful Hebrew," muttered Haman with an evil smile. "And well you may be, woman, for even now the sword is at your breast. But I am all powerful, and I hold your life in my hand to give or to withhold. I will give it you for one small mark of your royal favor. Will you take it from me, Queen—at my price?"

Esther forced her stiffened lips to make reply.

"What is the—price you would ask of me in exchange for my life?" she asked, her eyes blazing strange fearsome lightnings upon the man as he bowed and grimaced before her.

He put out his great hand as if to seize her, but she eluded him with a lithe movement of her slim body.

"Hah! I see that you do not yet understand me, lovely Queen. But you are aware of the edict of Xerxes concerning the Hebrews?"

Esther's mute lips formed the words of assent.

"And you dare not deny to me that you are a Hebrew. Nay, Queen, I have all the proofs. You are of close kin to the swine Matabas who will to-morrow hang dead in chains before my palace. You also are mine, and you cannot escape except as I open before you the door of deliverance. You are hoping that the king will save you. But he cannot. Did he save Amestris from the decree of divorce which he made in his cups? You know the event which made you queen in her stead. Even so will another wear your crown and your robes of state. Beautiful women are not hard to come by. Xerxes has but to speak

the word and they flock to his call like doves from every part of his vast dominions."

"Leave me, base creature!" gasped Esther. "I will not listen to you further."

"Not so, sweet Queen; I must say all, now that the hour is propitious. And be calm, I entreat you; the king does not know that you are a Hebrew. I have purposely kept the truth from him. And I will keep it—even to the day when there shall be a sword for every Hebrew breast—your own, also. The word has gone forth; and no one can save you if I save you not. But hark you, I will preserve you because you are beautiful and because I desire you. I have an estate in the far Zagros mountains where you shall dwell in such luxury as even a queen may envy. When the day arrives, I will bribe your eunuchs to deliver a veiled and gagged slave clad in your royal robes to the swords of the executioners; but you shall escape in a way which I shall provide."

Esther's dark eyes had become consuming fires of wrath.

"Stop!" she cried. "You pollute my ears!"

Haman laughed aloud; a dreadful sound it smote upon the shuddering ears of the pallid queen.

"I am bidden to banquet with the king this day; and I shall banquet with the king," he said loudly. "And I will even forgive you, my Esther, for your unthinking words. Nay, you are but the more beautiful in your anger. I am well accustomed to the ways of women, and I fear not the lightning of your eyes nor the sting of your words. You will think of what I have said to you as the dreadful days creep on, and you will send me word. One word will secure to you life, safety, and such happiness as I alone can give you. Come, sweet Queen, you are not angry with me?"

"Hist!" she murmured; "hear you not the sound of many feet? The king is at hand!"

Haman stared in angry astonishment; of a sudden the queen's face had become suffused with a glorious rose; her eyes softened and grew even more large and beautiful; her whole figure appeared to dilate, so that she seemed some lovely being from another world whose light feet touch not the sordid earth but float above it.

"The king," she repeated, "is at hand!"

(To be continued.)

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